

General
Reference



THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

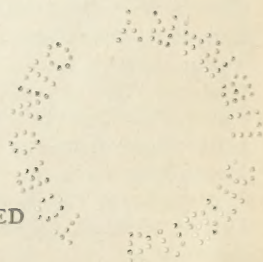
OF POLITICS, SCIENCE,
ART AND LITERATURE



VOL. XLVII
MAY, 1916, TO OCTOBER 1916, INCLUSIVE

TORONTO
THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED

1916





351822.

Aug't 2 1917

Contents of Volume XLVII

MAY, 1916—OCTOBER, 1916

ARTICLES.

	PAGE
AFTER THE WAR, WHAT?	S. T. Wood 179
ANOTHER PATRIOT GENERAL	Hon. William Renwick Riddell 218
ALDERSON, GENERAL	Britton B. Cooke 159
ALONG THE ST. JOHN VALLEY	T. C. L. Ketchum 114
AS OTHERS SAW US	Lawrence G. Burpee 125
BATTLE OF WINDMILL POINT, THE	George C. Wells 149
BOSHAM, HAPPY IN THE MUD	Amelia Dorothy Defries 363
BOY'S ADVENTURE WITH QUEEN VICTORIA	Richard Dobson 413
CANADA AND ITS NICKEL	George Wilkie 259
CANADIANS FROM THE FRONT, WITH	Lacey Amy 345, 491
CANADIANS IN FRANCE, THE FIRST	F. McKelvey Bell 431
CANSO AND HAZEL HILL	Lacey Amy 225
CENSOR IN GERMANY, THE	Prof. F. V. Reithdorf 238
CHEECHAS OF SERBIA, THE	Paul Fortier Jones 183
CHILDHOOD IN AN INDIAN WIGWAM	W. McD. Tait 460
COERCIAN OR CO-OPERATION	John Lewis 456
COLOURED THINKING	Prof. D. Fraser Harris 213
CONSTANTINOPLE	Florence Withrow 137
EAST IN THE WEST, THE	Main Johnson 331
EXHIBITION, THE	H. B. Joseph 281
FIRST CANADIANS IN FRANCE, THE	F. McKelvey Bell 431
FORT HOWE, A ROMANCE OF OLD	H. A. Cody 373
FUTURIST POLITICS	Main Johnson 241
GAEL IN NEW SCOTLAND, THE	S. P. MacDonald 37
GARDEN OF EDEN, THE	Florence Withrow 56
GENERAL ALDERSON	Britton B. Cooke 159
GERMANY, THE CENSOR IN	Prof. F. V. Reithdorf 238
GRAND PRE TO THE SEA, FROM (Illustrations by Bertha des Claves).....	Betty Thorneyc 277
HAPPY BOSHAM IN THE MUD	Amelia Dorothy Defries 363
HOWE, FORT	H. A. Cody 373
HENRY, JOHN, THE SPY	Charles S. Blue 3
INDIAN WIGWAM, CHILDHOOD IN AN	W. McD. Tait 460
INSTINCT	Prof. Herbert L. Stewart 207

CONTENTS

iii

	PAGE
JOHN HENRY, THE SPY	Charles S. Blue 3
LITTLE WARDEN OF PRAIRIE FIELDS, A (Illustrated)	Hamilton H. Laing 449
LOST STATE, THE	Ernest Green 411
MONTREAL, THE SPELL OF	Bernard Muddiman 92
NICKEL, CANADA AND ITS	George Wilkie 259
NIPIGON	Arthur G. Penny 30
OUR NATIONAL HEROES	245, 327, 417
OUTNAVYING THE NAVVIES (Illustrated)	Alfred Fitzpatrick 21
PAN-SLAVONIC IDEAL, THE	Prof. J. Dyneley Prince 15
POLITICS, FUTURIST	Main Johnson 241
PRAIRIE, WINTER ON THE	H. H. Pitman 105
PROPHYLACTIC PUBLIC SCHOOL	Mary E. Lowry 64
QUEEN VICTORIA, A BOY'S ADVENTURE WITH	Richard Dobson 413
QUEER THINGS	Dr. W. T. Grenfell 173
RANGING THE NIPIGON	Arthur G. Penny 30
ROBSON, THE TRAIL TO	William James 200
ROMANCE OF OLD FORT HOWE, A	H. A. Cody 373
RUHLEBEN, A CIVILIAN PRISON IN GERMANY	A. J. Flint 235
SAVING SENSE OF HUMOUR, THE	Estelle M. Kerr 191
SEIGNORIES OF THE SAGUENAY, THE	William P. Anderson 351
SERBIA, THE CHEECHAS OF	Paul Fortier Jones 183
SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS, WHO WROTE?.....	Prof. H. C. Simpson 269
SOLDIERING IN CANADA FIFTY-FIVE YEARS AGO	Dr. George Bryce 60, 146
SPELL OF MONTREAL, THE	Bernard Muddiman 92
STATE, THE LOST	Ernest Green 411
ST. JOHN VALLEY, ALONG THE	T. C. L. Ketchum 114
TRAIL TO ROBSON, THE	William James 200
VICTORIA, A BOY'S ADVENTURE WITH	Richard Dobson 413
WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS?	Prof. H. C. Simpson 269
WINDMILL POINT, BATTLE OF	George C. Wells 149
WINTER ON THE PRAIRIE	H. H. Pitman 105

FICTION.

ABOVE THE POST OFFICE	Martha Stoddard 389
ADVENTUROUS ENGLISHMAN, THE	A. Judson Hanna 379
BIGELOW MANSION, THE	M. I. Coggeshall 51
CHICKEN OATH, THE	Rene Norcross 405
CHILD OF THE MORNING LIGHT	Nancy Rankin 444
DIAMOND FOR A SONG, A	A. Barnhart Brown 69
FROM THE TRENCHES	Patrick MacGill 11, 122, 176, 305, 369, 496
GIURKA'S NIGHT, THE	A. Judson Hanna 87
GIFT OF WAR, A	A. Gertrude Jackson 293
GYPSY BOY, THE	G. Murray Aikins 291
HEART OF WOMAN, THE	Francis Haffkina Snow 467
IMPERSONATOR, THE	Edith G. Bayne 501
JORDAN DAY	Arthur B. Watt 321
MARTHA OF DRANVOORDE	Ralph W. Bell 301
ME AND MATILDA	Jennie Zelda Karlan 232

	PAGE
REVENGE THAT FAILED, THE	<i>Theodocia Pearce</i> 477
ROBBERS OF SALT RIVER, THE	<i>Henry Adelbert Thompson</i> 96
SCHOOL KEEPS	<i>Jean Campeau</i> 316
THIM FRINCH	<i>Ben Deacon</i> 397
THROWN OUT	<i>Mary Russell</i> 483
WALKING UP BADGERBORO'	<i>Paul A. W. Wallace</i> 311
WAR BABIES	<i>William Banks</i> 155

POETRY.

BY A GIRL'S GRAVE	<i>George Herbert Clarke</i> 113
BY THE FIRELIGHT	<i>Arthur L. Phelps</i> 404
CITY OF SILENCE, THE	<i>Carrol Aikins</i> 378
EASTER, 1916	<i>R. J. Templeton</i> 145
FAIRY GARDEN, THE	<i>Margaret Yandis Bryan</i> 446
FROM A HOSPITAL COT	<i>Carl Hawes Butman</i> 28
HOUSE I LOVE, THE	<i>Margaret Watkins</i> 199
KIRKFIELD TRAGEDY, A	<i>Main Johnson</i> 63
RECRUIT, THE	<i>Isabel Ecclestone MacKay</i> 231
SONG	<i>Carroll Aikins</i> 283
SPOILED SONGS	<i>Arthur L. Phelps</i> 63
TO RUPERT BROOKE	<i>Millicent Payne</i> 10
VEERY THRUSH, THE	<i>Charles Barttrop</i> 360
VICTORIOUS DEAD, THE	<i>Minnie Hollowell Bowen</i> 304

FRONTISPIECES.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL	Painting by <i>Bertha des Clayes</i> 258
BEAR RIVER	" " " " " 430
BLUE BOAT, THE	" " " " " 86
EVANGELINE'S WELL	" " " " " 344
NORTHWEST ARM	" " " " " 172
STARR'S POINT	" " " " " 1

PAINTINGS.

BOAT LANDING, THE	Painting by <i>Franklin Brownell</i> 223
BREAKFAST-ROOM, THE	Painting by <i>Arthur Crisp</i> 153
DOGE'S PALACE, THE	Painting by <i>J. W. Morrice</i> 275
FISHERMAIDEN, THE	Painting by <i>R. Gemmel Hutchison</i> 189
GIRL AT THE GATE, THE	Painting by <i>George Clausen</i> 103
IN COSTUME	Painting by <i>F. Louis Mora</i> 19
INCOMING TIDE	Painting by <i>William Brymner</i> 361
LADY WITH THE HYDRANGEA, THE	Painting by <i>Henri Caro-Delvaile</i> 499
MA-TA-ME	Painting by <i>Festus Kelley</i> 309
MONTREAL HARBOUR	Painting by <i>Maurice Cullen</i> 395
SPANISH SHAWL, THE	Painting by <i>Dorothy Stevens</i> 465
TRINKET, THE	Painting by <i>William Brymner</i> 447

DEPARTMENTS.

CURRENT EVENTS	74, 163, 249, 335, 420, 507
THE LIBRARY TABLE	78, 167, 253, 339, 424, 511
TWICE-TOLD TALES	82, 428, 515





From the painting by Bertha Des Clayes.

STARR'S POINT, NOVA SCOTIA

The Basin of Minas, which is historically interesting because it was upon its waters that the Acadians set sail at the time of their expulsion, contains no more interesting spot than Starr's Point, which as a community is not even a village. It contains, however, a few homes, and there is a delightful sandy beach, with battered cliffs and caves. Large orchards stretch back into the country, while the view in front embraces the promontory of Blomidon, at whose base may be found deposits of amethyst and other interesting, even if less valuable, formations.



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLVII

TORONTO, MAY, 1916

No. 1

JOHN HENRY THE SPY *By Charles S. Blue*

A DISTINGUISHED British statesman has declared that "wars are won as much by emissaries as by armies". It might be said with even greater truth that the agents of diplomacy and militarism not only win wars but provoke them. No one can study the inner history of the struggles which marked the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth century without being impressed by the important and sinister part played behind the scenes by designing ambassadors, secret agents, and common spies. They served the State with zeal, but not always with discretion, and sowed seeds of distrust and disaffection which too often ripened into war and revolution.

Despite the iniquity of the Stamp Act, and the egregious policy of George III. and his Ministers, it is doubtful whether Britain would have lost her American colonies had it not been for the mischievous activities of the American agents in London.

"There are men walking the streets of London to-day who ought to be in Newgate or at Tyburn," observed one writer of the period, referring to Franklin, Quincey, and other representatives of the colonies; and it was the opinion of Goldwin Smith that Franklin, "by the dishonourable publication of an exasperating correspondence, which he had improperly obtained, shared with Grenville, Townsend and Lord North the guilt of bringing this disaster (the loss of the American colonies) on the English race".

With still greater historical accuracy can it be said that but for the intrigue and treachery of a Canadian secret agent, the War of 1812 might never have taken place. Concerning what is usually referred to as the "Henry affair," our historians are somewhat reticent. In their view, it was a discreditable business, of which the less said the better; and, accordingly, it is dismissed in the text-books

with a brevity which leaves the reader rather in doubt as to the facts. He is informed that at a critical period, when the hostile attitude of the United States towards Great Britain seemed to presage war, the Governor-General, Sir James Craig, despatched one John Henry across the border on a confidential mission, with the ostensible object of ascertaining the state of public feeling in the New England States regarding the probability of hostilities; that Henry reported on the situation in a series of letters addressed to the Governor's secretary; and that, subsequently, failing to obtain a reward for his services, he betrayed his mission to President Madison, who made use of the information to inflame public sentiment in the United States against Great Britain, and so brought about a condition which culminated in war.

That is practically all that the historians tell us of an episode as singular as it was grave. Who John Henry was, how he came to be employed as a secret agent, the precise nature of his mission, and the circumstances under which he was led to betray it, etc., are matters upon which little light has been shed.

Of Henry, Kingsford says, "nothing is known but his conduct," and other writers are equally uncommunicative. There is less doubt as to his character, however. Henry Adams, the American historian, gibbets him as "a political blackmailer, an adventurer and, like a good many of his political superiors, more or less of a liar". According to other authorities, he was also something of an impostor, who cleverly deceived the head of one State, hoodwinked that of another, and pocketed a handsome fortune as the proceeds of his infamy. But, as Macaulay once observed, "spies, and deserters, by whom Governments are informed of conspiracies, are generally bad men" who have at least one redeeming virtue—there is usually an interesting story attached to them.

And John Henry was no exception.

His was a strange and romantic career, the record of which is not unworthy of preservation among Canadian annals of adventure.

Born in Ireland about the year 1775, Henry emigrated to the United States when a youth of sixteen. One story has it that the motive which induced him to cross the Atlantic was, not so much an ambition to push his own fortune, as a desire to participate in that of a rich uncle in New York. Presumably, his expectations were not realized, for in 1793 we find him editing a newspaper in Philadelphia and married to a local lady with means. Of his restless and adventurous spirit there are early evidences. Abandoning newspaper work, he started a wine merchant's business, which, in turn, he gave up to join the army raised by President Adams. Obtaining a commission as major in an artillery corps, he served at various points in New England, and when soldiering palled he took to farming in northern Vermont. Here he remained for five years, relieving the monotony of his bucolic pursuits by studying law and writing for the press articles strongly denunciatory of Republicanism, his pet aversion, and of Napoleonic tyranny.

According to some authorities, it was these journalistic anathemas which brought him under the notice of Government circles at Quebec and led to his migration to Canada. Another view is that, having made the acquaintance of some of the prominent fur-traders of Montreal, he was persuaded by them to try his fortune where his political opinions and business talents would, in all likelihood, find readier recognition and reward. Whatever may have been the inducement, it is, at all events, the fact that in 1807 he removed to Montreal, where he lost no time in using what influence he possessed to advance his interests. He had not been many months in the country when there occurred the famous embroglio which resulted in the dismissal of Judge Thorpe from the Court of King's Bench in Upper Can-

ada: and though he possessed absolutely no qualifications for the office, nothing would hinder Henry from applying for it. Among his friends were Edward Ellice and William McGilivray, the fur magnates, who strongly backed his claims, and he was not without supporters among the leading men of Upper Canada; but Lieutenant-Governor Gore would have none of him. "An Irish adventurer, not even called to the bar, and a citizen of the United States who has obtained the favour of the merchants of Montreal by advocating their conduct in a party newspaper". Such was the caustic characterization of the applicant which Gore communicated to the Under Secretary of State, and it effectually settled the matter.

Disappointed in one direction, Henry promptly turned his attention to another. What Upper Canada had refused, Lower Canada might offer. There his influence was stronger, and he was better known, perhaps, also, more liberally appreciated. By his contributions to the press in support of the English party in Quebec, as well as through the good offices of the "fur gentry", he had found a friend and patron in H. W. Ryland, the able, if somewhat self-assertive, secretary of Sir James Craig. That keen politician recognized in the Irish-American a man of ability, vain and ambitious, and not over scrupulous, whose facile pen and knowledge of affairs in the United States might be of service to the Government.

An opportunity to make use of him soon presented itself. In March, 1808, Henry received intelligence that his agent at Boston had suffered considerable losses in consequence of the embargo imposed on American shipping by President Jefferson. The disastrous effects of that restrictive measure, intended as a blow at Great Britain, were nowhere more severely felt than in the New England States. There the Jefferson régime had never been popular, and the adoption of a policy which interfered with the lucrative

commercial intercourse that had developed with Canada, and which threatened to paralyze trade generally, was not calculated to improve the temper of a people many of whom, attached to the Federalist party, had become so embittered as to threaten secession from the Union.

The situation thus presented was interesting to the Government at Quebec, not merely from the point of view of Canadian trade, but because of the increasingly hostile spirit shown by the United States Administration towards Great Britain. Consequently, when Henry found it necessary to cross the border for business reasons, it was not unnatural that his friend Ryland should conceive the idea of turning his mission to political account. In the event of war, the attitude of the people of the northeastern States would be of vital importance, and there was no man in Canada better qualified to gauge the potentialities of the situation there than the former Vermonter.

Accordingly, in March, 1808, we find Henry on his way to Boston, carefully taking notes of the state of public feeling, as he passes from one place to another, and communicating his impressions to Ryland. In northern Vermont he reports that the clamour against the Administration is such that armed resistance to the embargo law may be expected. At another point he finds "every caste of society against the Government"; while at Boston, "the men of talents, property, and influence are resolved to adopt without delay every expedient to avert the impending calamity, and to express their determination not to be at war with Great Britain in such a manner as to indicate resistance to the Government in the last resort". His summing up of the situation is that "in case of a war, the States on our border may be detached from the Union, and, like the Germanic body, each State consult its own safety and interest". Incidentally he informs Ryland that, owing

to the failure of his Boston agent, he has lost \$8,000, a significant hint which was probably not lost upon the Governor-General's astute secretary.

Anxious to do his friend a good turn, Ryland handed over Henry's correspondence to his chief, who, impressed, apparently, by the nature of the information disclosed, forwarded the letters to Lord Castlereagh. "Mr. Henry," he wrote, "is a gentleman of considerable ability and, I believe, well able to form a correct judgment of what he sees passing. He resided for some time in the United States and is well acquainted with some of the leading people of Boston." Sir James Craig added: "He has not the slightest idea that I should make use of his correspondence, which, therefore, can have no other view than that of an unreserved communication with his friend, who is my secretary".

From this it is clear that, whatever may have been the understanding between Ryland and his friend, the Governor-General had not, up to this point, committed himself to any engagement with Henry. Indeed, the suggestion that the latter's services might be further requisitioned seems to have emanated, not from Sir James Craig, nor even from his secretary, but from Downing Street. Thus, in a letter dated July 7th, 1808, the Colonial Secretary writes: "The secret intelligence transmitted . . . appears to come from a person of good information and discretion, and he deserves encouragement". The point is of some importance, since it proves that if, in employing Henry as a secret agent, Sir James Craig acted indiscriminately, as most historians allege, he acted with the authority, if not approval, of the Home Government.

A few months later Ryland informs Henry that, "the extraordinary situation of things at this time in the neighbouring States has suggested to the Governor-in-Chief the idea of sending you on a secret and confidential mission to Boston"; and, by way of in-

ducement, the secretary adds, "There is no doubt that your able execution of such a mission . . . would give you a claim, not only on the Governor-General, but on his Majesty's Ministers, which might eventually contribute to your advantage". Influenced probably less by a desire to serve the public interest than by the prospect of a substantial reward for his services, Henry promptly accepted the invitation; and among the records is a letter, signed by Sir James Craig, setting forth the objects of the mission and giving instructions. Henry was to endeavour to obtain the most accurate information of the true state of affairs in the New England States, and to report upon "the state of public opinion both with regard to their internal politics and to the probability of war with England, the comparative strength of the two great parties in which the country is divided, and the views and designs of that which may ultimately prevail". The appearance of being an "avowed agent" of the British Government was to be avoided, but if any members of the Federalist party wished to "enter into any communication with our Government" he was authorized to receive and transmit such overtures to Sir James.

Armed with these instructions, a credential to be used if necessary, letters of introduction, and a cipher code, Henry set out for Boston in February, 1809. Since his previous visit, however, the political situation in New England had considerably changed. The embargo had been removed in the interval, and though a good deal of dissatisfaction and unrest remained, the possibility of secession was no longer seriously entertained. Even the dread of war with Great Britain had, for the time being, vanished. In these circumstances Henry had to be content with chronicling small beer. He mixed freely in the political circles of Boston, fraternized with members of what he termed the "Federalist junto", listened to the gossip of the taverns, and

wrote a series of letters to Ryland signed "A.B.", which, though giving an accurate enough description of the condition of affairs as then existing, conveyed little information that could not have been gleaned from the New England newspapers.

Of his sojourn in the Eastern States we have an interesting glimpse in the "Memoir of Josiah Quincy", the Federalist leader. "Henry came to Boston," wrote Quincy, "ostensibly for health and amusement, bringing letters of introduction to many families in the place—among others, to mine. He was received with the attention due to the respectability of the letters he brought, and regarded as a man passing idly through the world, seeking and entitled to no special interest or confidence. He flitted about New England, sometimes at Windsor, and sometimes at Burlington, in Vermont, but chiefly resided in Boston. His manners being manly and his letters of introduction good, he was admitted freely into society, and heard the conversation at private tables, but without any reference to him". One can picture the disgust of the veteran Federalist when he learned that his gentlemanly guest was a spy.

Recalled to Quebec in June, 1809, Henry expected perhaps not without reason, that his services would be promptly rewarded; but he was doomed to disappointment. Ryland had gone to England to look after his own interests; Sir James Craig was on the eve of his departure, and his successor, Sir George Prevost, was not the kind of Governor to accept responsibility for a transaction of which he knew little and approved less. He recommended Henry to apply to the home authorities, and to London the importunate Irishman went in the early part of 1811, only to be referred back to the Governor-General. An appeal to Ryland proving equally vain, and exasperated by what he regarded as his ill-treatment, he resolved to have revenge. And it was while meditating in the Isle of Wight

upon what form it should take that fate brought him into contact with a character even more amazing than himself.

This was a French adventurer named Soubiran, *alias* Emile Edouard, *alias* Edward Wyer, a fugitive from justice, who had sought temporary asylum in England, there to obtain needed relief from the attentions of Napoleon's police and to plan further rascalities. In the French Archives in Paris there is preserved a memoir of Soubiran, together with a series of letters, in which is given, with all the appearance of veracity, an account of the strange meeting and subsequent intrigue of these two consummate rogues. Soubiran describes his new acquaintance as "a young Irishman, a very handsome man, with an air of melancholy showing some secret trouble", and adds that he is "about thirty-six years of age, blonde, about five feet nine inches in height".

Drawn to each other by the common bond of misfortune, as well no doubt by a certain affinity of type, the two adventurers quickly became friends. "Soon our acquaintance became intimate," writes Soubiran, "and we confided in each other our most secret thoughts."

In the Irishman's story of his secret mission to New England, and particularly of his efforts to bring about a secession of the northern States from the Union, the engaging Frenchman saw an opportunity to assist his friend and, at the same time, to do himself a good turn. "I profited by this avowal," he unblushingly confesses. "I discovered the discontent that seemed to animate him, and I turned to the profit of France what was intended to destroy her cause." Said the tempter: "Why not sell the documents in your possession to the United States Government?"

The idea had probably occurred to Henry already, but it was Soubiran who conceived the means of carrying it out. Posing as Count de Crillon, the owner of large estates, from the

enjoyment of which he was temporarily debarred by the ill-favour of the authorities in France, he claimed to be a friend of the French Ambassador at Washington, and offered to use his good offices in that quarter to assist Henry in the prosecution of his design, stipulating, of course, that in return he should obtain a share of the reward.

Thus was formed a conspiracy which was to bear remarkable fruit. Having perfected their plans and sworn eternal fealty, the two plotters sailed for the United States in the early part of 1812. "I neglected neither promises nor hopes," boasts the bogus Count, "and at last master of the correspondence and the official despatches, I reached the continent of America."

In his memoir and letters Soubiran takes credit for having not only inspired but negotiated the betrayal, and it would appear that for the most part Henry was content to remain in the background, while his accomplice beguiled the authorities at Washington.

Circumstances were favourable to the accomplishment of their object. The feeling of antagonism to Great Britain, inflamed by a series of untoward events, had become intense. The party supporting the Madison Administration clamoured loudly for war, and all that was needed to precipitate a declaration of hostilities was a pretext which would render such decisive action popular. Scarcely less propitious, from the point of view of Henry and his intermediary, was the strength of French influence at Washington. Lafayette was still a name to conjure with in the capital, and politically, as well as socially, the *entente cordiale* prevailed to a degree which assured any Frenchman of a warm welcome. With his engaging manners and aristocratic bearing, Count de Crillon took Washington society by storm. Wearing the cross of the Legion of Honour, which probably he had stolen or counterfeited,

he represented himself as a chevalier of all the orders who, having unfortunately incurred the displeasure of Napoleon, had come to the United States in the hope of being able to render some service to his beloved France, which would rehabilitate him in the eyes of the Emperor. He became the social "lion" of the season. The doors of the White House were thrown open to him; Madison and his Ministers courted his company, and no society function was complete without his presence. Even the French Ambassador, M. Serurier, though suspicious at first, succumbed to the fascinating personality of the accomplished adventurer. "The man has such exaltation of brain," he wrote, "he shows so delicate a sense of honour, that one cannot suppose him engaged in a double intrigue." The British Ambassador, Mr. Foster, alone was undeceived. After dining with the Count, he denounced him as an impostor, whereupon Soubiran wrote him a most insulting letter, which he was careful to show to President Madison, with the effect anticipated.

Meanwhile Henry was lying low, patiently awaiting developments. He had not to wait long. Blinded by their hatred of Great Britain, and eager to fan the flame of public animosity, Madison and Monroe, the Secretary of State, swallowed with avidity the Count's story of Henry's mission and accepted almost without question the documentary evidence produced in support of it. Of the negotiations we have an interesting account in a letter written by M. Serurier on February 18th, 1812. "The bargain was concluded on the 7th," he writes. "The papers are in the hands of Mr. Monroe. Mr. Henry at first asked £25,000 sterling, and the secretary granted it; but on examining the affair afterwards with the Secretary of the Treasury it appeared that the President could not dispose of more than \$50,000 for secret service. Mr. Monroe offered to give that amount first, and to pay the rest, after

publication, with the necessary approval of Congress. These clauses displeased Henry, who declared that he would rather burn the papers than haggle over them. As he is a very violent man, they took alarm. M. Crillon said that he thought the price too high, and that he would persuade his friend to come down to £18,000 sterling, but the same difficulty remained for the £8,000 in excess of the \$50,000. Mr. Monroe put the whole negotiations into his (Crillon's) hands."

How the Count succeeded in persuading his friend to come to terms forms one of the richest parts of the story. Producing a package of papers purporting to be the title deeds of his castle and estate of St. Martial, in Spain, he offered to cede them to Henry as part of his reward if the latter would agree to accept the \$50,000 offered by Monroe. To the palatial residence, thus generously conveyed, he could retire with his fortune, live a life of opulence and ease, and forget the base ingratitude of the country he had served. The offer was too tempting to be resisted. The bargain was sealed and, three days later, Henry sailed from New York for France on the Government vessel *Wasp*, carrying with him \$50,000 minus De Crillon's share, the amount of which does not appear to have been very large, and the title deeds of the castle in Spain, which, needless to say, existed only in imagination.

The sequel is known to every reader of history. On March 4th, 1812, President Madison announced his great discovery in a message to Congress. "I lay before Congress," he grandiloquently declared, "copies of certain documents which remain in the Department of State. They prove that at a recent period, whilst the United States, notwithstanding the wrongs sustained by them, ceased not to observe the laws of peace and neutrality towards Great Britain, and in the midst of amicable provisions and negotiations on the part of the Bri-

tish Government through her public Minister here, a secret agent of that Government was employed in certain States, more especially at the seat of government in Massachusetts, in fomenting disaffection to the constituted authorities of the Union, and in intriguing with the disaffected for the purpose of bringing about resistance to the laws, and eventually, in concert with a British force, of destroying the Union, and forming the eastern part thereof into a political connexion of Great Britain."

The effect of this inflated pronouncement was precisely what President Madison and his advisers had calculated upon. The Federalists, at whom it was aimed, probably as much as at Great Britain, were compelled to disclaim pro-British sympathies and to repudiate any taint of disaffection; opposition to the bellicose attitude of the Administration was effectually silenced, and a wave of war sentiment swept the Republic, giving the President the support he needed for the declaration of hostilities which followed three months later.

Whether the Henry letters were genuine, or forgeries, or garbled copies of the originals, doctored to suit the American taste, is a question upon which opinions have differed, and will probably continue to differ. Certain it is that they were not worth the price paid for them. As one eminent American historian pithily puts it: "Henry got \$50,000 from Mr. Madison for revealing intrigues which Boston Federalists had not had with the British Government." Indiscretion there may have been on the part of Sir James Craig in employing one so unworthy of confidence on a mission capable of being misinterpreted, though in the circumstances perfectly justifiable; but whatever lapse the Governor-General may have been guilty of, history has forgotten it in condemnation of the treachery of his agent, and of the blunder of the statesman who was beguiled by it into declaring a disastrous war.

Of Henry's subsequent history little definite is known. That he was still in France in 1814 we learn from a letter written by his forsaken friend the "Count" in July of that year. The latter had followed his fellow conspirator to France, hoping, no doubt, to obtain a larger share of the spoils than had been allocated to him, and possibly also to secure pardon, if not reward, from the authorities of his beloved land. But he was rudely disappointed, for immediately after landing at Bayonne he was arrested and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. Not long afterwards he was again in the hands of the police, and in his possession was found a letter address-

ed to Henry, whom he had trailed through the streets of Paris in the vain hope of obtaining an interview. He reminds the Irishman of what he had done for him, reproaches him for his ingratitude and neglect, appeals for assistance, "since I have no longer a sous", and assures him of his desire "to renew an acquaintance formed under very unfortunate auspices, but such as has always opened for the future the participation of what one might attain when one is aided by your counsels and your genius."

That is the last we hear of a pair of rascals as symmetrical as any to be found in the rogues' gallery of history.

TO RUPERT BROOKE

BY MILLICENT PAYNE

GOOD-NIGHT! It chanced all idly that I saw
Your picture on the fly-leaf of a book—
Your heart-songs; and, as one who dares to look
Half-curious through his neighbour's open door
And wonder what is he who dwells within,
So I peered in.

Passion I knew had been there, and delight;
Love that was ended, and a gloom of pain
Shot through with shining threads of hope again,
As gleams of comfort flashed athwart the night
That once had darkened all your life's keen joy,
You—still a boy!

Though you are dead now, and the life and laughter,
Love, and the pain of love have left you now;
Though your brief song is merged in the hereafter,
Your music stilled, I know not why nor how—
Though in the darkness of all-shrouding space
I cannot see your face—

Still, for a deathless world of thought surrounds us,
Finding your own, my heart can say, "I know;
I, too, have felt that grief which lies around us,
With you have wondered why should things hurt so":
Yet, in the sureness of a coming light,
Once more I say, "Good-night".

FROM THE TRENCHES

I. THE RETREAT

By Patrick Macgill

Author of "Children of the Dead End" etc

THE FIRST OF SIX GREAT WAR SKETCHES BY A GREAT WRITER
THE NEXT IS "THE RATION PARTY"

THE hour was noon: it had been wet all the morning, but now the rain had ceased. A dug-out in the bay leaned wearily forward on its props; the floor of the trench, foul with blood and accumulated dirt, showed a weary face to the sky. A breeze had sprung up, and the watcher who looked over the parapet was met in the face with a soft, wet gust laden with rain swept off the grassy space in front. A gaunt willow peeped over the sand bags and looked timorously down at us. All the sand-bags were perforated by machine-gun fire, the gun was hidden on the rise on our right, but none of our observers could locate its position. On the evening before it had accounted for eighty-seven casualties; from the door of a house in Loos I had seen our men, who had attempted to cross the street, wiped out like flies.

The regiment to which I belong was now holding a support trench; in front was our first line, and very heavy fighting had been going on there all through the morning. Several bomb attacks were made by the enemy, all were repulsed. For the men in

the front line trench the time was very trying. They had been up there for four days; we had also been four days in our position, which we had taken at a great cost from the enemy.

"'Ow long 'ave we been 'ere?" asked Bill Teake, my Cockney mate, as he removed a clot of dirt from the foresight guard of his rifle. "I've lost all count of time."

"Four days we've been here," I told him. "It's a long time to be in after a charge."

"Time's long a-passin' 'ere," said Bill, leaning his head against the muddy parados. "Gawd, I'd like to be back in Nouex Les Mines drinkin' beer, or 'avin' a bit of a kip for a change. When I go back to blighty I'll go to bed and I'll not get up for umptee-eleven months."

"We may get relieved to-morrow night," I said.

"To-morrow'll be another day nearer the day we get relieved, any'ow," said Bill sarcastically. "And another day nearer the end of the war," he added.

"I'm sick of it," he muttered, after a short silence. "I wish the damned

war was blurry well finished. It gives me the pip. Curse the war! Curse everyone and everything! If the Allemongs would come over now, I'd not lift my blurry pipe. I'd surrender; that's wot I'd do. Curse . . . Damn . . . Blast . . ."

I slipped to the wet floor of the trench asleep and lay there. No sleep for three nights in succession.

I awoke with a start; somebody jumping over the parapet had planted his feet on my stomach. I rose from the soft earth and looked round. A kilted soldier was standing in the trench, an awkward smile on his face and one of his knees bleeding. Bill, who was awake, was gazing at the kiltie with wide open eyes.

The machine-gun was speaking, a shrewish tang in its voice, from the enemy's line, and little spurts of dirt flicked from our sandbags shot into the trench.

Bill's eyes looked so large that they surprised me; I had never seen him look in such a way before. What was happening?

Several soldiers belonging to strange regiments were in our trench now; they were jumping over the parapet in from the open. One man I noticed was a nigger in khaki . . .

"They're all from the front trench," said Bill in a whisper of mysterious significance, and a disagreeable sensation stirred in my being.

"That means," I said, and paused.

"It means that the Allemongs are gettin' the best of it," said Bill, displaying an unusual interest in the action of his rifle. "It's goin' to be a blurry row 'ere," he muttered. "We're goin' to stick 'ere, wotever 'appens. No damned runnin' away with us!"

The trench was now crowded with strangers, and others were coming in. The field in front of our line was covered with figures running towards us. Some crouched as they ran, some tottered and fell; three or four crawled on their bellies, and many dropped down, and lay where they fell . . .

The machine-gun swept the field, and a vicious hail of shrapnel swept impartially over the quick, the wounded and the dead. A man raced up to the parapet, which curved the bay in which I stood, a look of terror on his face. There he stood a moment, a timorous foot on a sandbag, calculating the distance of the jump. . . . He dropped in, a bullet wound showing on the back of his tunic, and lay prostrate, face upwards on the floor of the trench. A second man jumped in on the face of the stricken man.

I hastened to help, but the newcomers pressed forward and pushed me along the trench. No heed was taken of the wounded man.

"Back! get back!" yelled a chorus of voices. "We've got to retire."

"Oo the blurry 'ell said that?" I heard Bill Teake thunder. "If ye're not goin' to fight, get out of this 'ere place and die in the fields. Runnin' away, yer blasted cowards!"

No one seemed to heed him. The cry of "Back! back!" redoubled in violence. "We've got orders to retire! We must get back at once!" was the shout. "Make way there, let us get by."

It was almost impossible to stem the tide which swept up the trench towards Loos Road, where the road leaves the village. I had a fleeting glimpse of one of our men rising on the fire position and gazing over the parapet. Even as he looked a bullet hit him in the face, and he dropped back, clawing at the air with his fingers. . . . Men still crowded in from the front, jumping on the struggling crush in the trench. . . . In front of me was a stranger, and in front of him was my mate, Rifleman Pryor, trying to press back against the oncoming men. A bullet ricocheted off a sandbag and hit the stranger on the shoulder and he fell face downwards to the floor. I bent to lift the wounded fellow, and got pushed on top of him.

"Can you help him?" Pryor asked. "If you can keep the crowd back,"

I muttered, getting to my feet and endeavouring to raise the fallen man.

Pryor pulled a revolver from his pocket, levelled it at the man behind me and shouted:

"If you come another step farther I'll put a bullet through your head."

This sobered the soldier at the rear, who steadied himself by placing his hand against the traverse. Then he called to those who followed: "Get back! there's a wounded man on the floor of the trench."

A momentary halt ensued. Pryor and I gripped the wounded man, raised him on the parapet and pushed him into a shell-hole behind the sand-bags. Lying flat on the ground up there I dressed the man's wounds. Pryor sat beside me, fully exposed to the enemy's fire, his revolver in his hand.

"Down, Pryor," I said several times. "You'll get hit."

"Oh, my time hasn't come yet," he said. "I'll not be done in this time, anyway. Fighting is going on in the front trench yet, and dozens of men are racing this way. Many of them are falling. I think some of our boys are firing at them, mistaking them for Germans. . . . Here's our colonel coming along the trench."

The colonel was in the trench when I got back there, exhorting his men to stand and make a fight for it. "Keep your backs to the walls, boys," he said, "and fight to the last."

The Irish had their backs to the wall, no man deserted his post. The regiment at the moment was the backbone of the Loos front; if the boys wavered and broke the thousands of lives that were given to make the victory of Loos would have been lost in vain. Intrepid little Bill Teake, who was going to surrender to the first German whom he met, stood on the banquette, his jaw thrust forward determinedly and the light of battle in his eyes. Now and again he turned round and apostrophised the soldiers who had fallen back from the front line.

"Runnin' away!" he yelled. "Ugh. Get back again, and make a fight of it. Go for the Allemongs just like you'd go for rum rations."

The machine-gun on the hill peppered Loos Road, and dozens dropped there. The trench crossing the road was not more than a few feet deep at any time, and a wagon which had fallen in when crossing a hastily-constructed bridge the night before, now blocked the way. To pass across, the men had to get up on the road, and here the machine-gun found them; and all round the wagon bleeding bodies were lying three deep.

A young officer of the — Regiment, whose men were carried away in the stampede, stood on the Loos road with a glinting revolver in his hand and tried to urge his followers back to the front trench.

"It's all a mistake," he shouted. "The Germans did not advance. The order to retire was a false one. One regiment had to make room for another, that was all. Back again; boys, get back. Now, get back for the regiment's sake. Come now, make a stand, and I'll lead you back again."

Almost simultaneously a dozen bullets hit him and he fell, his revolver still in his hand. Bill Teake procured the revolver at dusk.

The rush was stopped for the moment. The — Regiment recovered its nerve and fifty or sixty men rushed back. Our boys cheered. . . . But the renewed vitality was short-lived. A hail of shrapnel caught the party in the field and most of them fell. The nigger whom I had noticed earlier came running back, his teeth chattering, and flung himself into the trench. He lay on the floor and refused to move, until Bill Teake gave him a playful prod with a bayonet.

Our guns were now speaking boisterously, and the German trenches on the hill were being blown to little pieces. Dug-outs were rioting, piecemeal, in air, parapets were crumbling hurriedly in and burying the men in the trench, bombs spun lazily in air,

and the big caterpillar howitzers flung their projectiles across with a loud whoop of tumult. One thousand and one guns were bellowing their terrible anthem of hate.

I came across Pryor standing on the first step, his bayonet in one hand, an open tin of bully-beef in the other.

"There's no damned attack on at all," he said. "A new regiment of our men came up and the — got orders to retire for a few hundred yards to make way for them. Then there was some confusion, a telephone wire got broken, the retirement became a retreat. A strategic retreat, of course," said Pryor sarcastically, and pointed at the broken wagon on the Loos Road. "A strategic retreat," he muttered, and munched a piece of beef which he lifted from the tin with his fingers.

The artillery now lessened in intensity, and the men who had just come into our trench plucked up courage again, and took their way back to the front line of trenches, keeping well under cover of the houses in Loos. In twenty minutes' time we were left to ourselves; nothing remained of those who had come our way save their wounded and their dead; the former we dressed and carried into the dressing-station; the latter we buried when night fell.

"Blimey; 'twasn't 'arf a blurry go!" said Bill Teake when speaking of the incident later. "We were feared, all of us. We turned blue with fear, and the nigger turned white. This is no job for a man no'ow. If there doesn't come a good ration of rum up 'ere this 'ere night I'll go over to the Alle-mong trench and surrender."



THE PAN-SLAVONIC IDEAL

By J. Dyneley Prince

PROFESSOR OF SLAVONIC LANGUAGES, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

THE Slavonic nations are in a position to-day very similar to that of the Italian States before the Union of Italy into a compact entity in 1870, but with this important difference: the Italians have always had a commonly-recognized literary language, while all the Slavs have not as yet fixed upon any idiom which might be used as a general Slavonic medium. Outside this distinction, however, the comparison between Slavs and Italians holds good. Every Italian state before the Union used its own dialect, not merely for purposes of conversation, as is still the case in most parts of Italy to-day, but also, to some extent, for literary purposes. In spite of this diversity of language and feeling, the House of Savoy, aided by the Garibaldian activities, seized the opportunity made by the culmination of a general discontent which had long been seething, and with a few deft strokes marvellously welded what had been a heterogeneous mass into an enduring and solid nation.

The Italian dialects differ from one another far more radically than do the Slavonic languages of our time. Thus a Piedmontese or Bolognese, speaking in his own tongue, would be quite unintelligible to a Florentine, a Roman, a Neapolitan, or a Sicilian. The common linguistic bond between the Italian tribes is now the Tuscan idiom, which had for centuries been the higher literary medium among the

educated classes of all Italy. This Tuscan language the unifiers of Italy found ready to their hand, and they made it the official language of their united country, requiring Tuscan to be taught in the army to the levies from every corner of the kingdom, so that, at the present day, it is a rare thing to find an Italian of middle age who does not speak and understand the *lingua toscana*.

Unlike the Italians, who before their Union were satisfied to develop only purely local serio-comic literature in their various dialects, each Slavonic people has, most unfortunately, striven to foster a national literature in its own idiom. Of course, geographical separation is largely responsible for this tendency, which has had more effect than any other influence in keeping the Slavonic peoples apart from each other, and thus has hindered the growth of a true feeling of that Slavonic brotherhood, which has, however, arisen and grown in spite of all obstacles.

The rise of these distinctive national literatures is unfortunate also from the æsthetic point of view, in that only two Slavonic peoples have succeeded in producing truly great modern literatures. There are attempts at literature, for example, among the Bulgarians, the Slovaks of northern Hungary, the small tribe of Serbs known as Slovenes in the neighbourhood of Trieste, and even among the Wends of Germany who, although

surrounded as they have been for centuries by alien German hordes, have maintained their Slavonic character and during the last fifty years have established a *Matica* or literary association for the purpose of developing a purely Wendish literature. Of the people just mentioned, not one has succeeded in bringing forth anything of permanent value from a literary point of view. On the other hand, the Serbs and Croats, who use the same language, have done better in fixing their idiom as a literary vehicle. The only difference between Serbian and Croatian is the fact that the Serbs, who are Orthodox in religion, write their language in the modern modification of the Cyrillic alphabet, while the Croats, who are chiefly Roman Catholic, use the Latin letters.

Among the Serbs proper there have existed from very early times certain popular epics and lyrics of considerable literary value which were collected in the eighteenth century by Miosić and attracted the attention of Goethe himself, owing to their simplicity and beauty of form. The little mediæval republic of Ragusa was for centuries the centre of a very charming Croatian lyric literature, the productions of which, although greatly influenced by the Italian style, are none the less characteristically Slavonic. The Czechs in Bohemia also have produced a well-marked national literature which has considerable merit, although in this branch of Slavonic expression, more than in any other, it is possible to feel the Germanic spirit; a not unnatural result of the historic position of Bohemia during the middle ages.

It was reserved for Russia and Poland to develop a really great line of literary men who have brought forth two European literatures second to none in profundity of thought and beauty of expression. Westerners may find fault with the analytical sadness of much of the Russian literature, the introspective character of

which has been attributed by some critics to Scandinavian influence.

The prevailing tone of sadness in some of the Russian expression is undoubtedly due to the joy in gloom inherent in the northern Slavonic nature, not unlike the marked delight in sorrow perceptible among the Irish and Highland Scottish Celts. No one can deny, however, that the Russian literature is the exponent of a genuinely great effort. Moreover, the Poles have been excelled by no modern people in poetry, for which their imaginative national character has peculiarly fitted them. It is a pity that Mickiewicz wrote practically for the Poles alone; that much of this poetical effort is masked from the world by the intricacies of the most difficult Slavonic language. It is true, we know something of Polish prose literature from the excellent translations of the late Jeremiah Curtin who rendered Sienkiewicz's stirring style into vigorous and idiomatic English, but of the great mass of Polish literary effort we know as yet but little. Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Turgenieff and other great Russian names are also well known through English and French translations, but it must be regretted that unhealthy productions such as "Sanine" and the "Millionnaire" of Artsibasheff should have such vogue among the English speaking peoples as to give an unpleasant colour—one might almost say "unpleasant odour"—to modern Russian literature.

With such a diversity of interest and so much feeling of separatism as exists among the Slavonic nations, it is not difficult to see that these peoples are still far from a common Slavonic ideal, although the underlying impulse to incline towards each other is undoubtedly there. The various Slavonic idioms are really mutually comprehensible. It is possible for an orator to deliver an address in any Slavonic language to a mixed audience of Slavs and make himself generally understood. The present writer

has often spoken in Russian to hearers of every Slavonic tribe and been followed well enough to be questioned as to the points of his address by non-Russian Slavs speaking their respective idioms. Here, then, there exists a possible connecting link for a common Slavonic fellowship, and, at the same time, a cause of disunion, as all these nations are still very jealous regarding their own vernaculars. For example, Poles are apt to feel offended if they are addressed in Russian; they ridicule Bohemian and despise Slovák. Serb or Bulgarian they would consider idioms quite beyond the pale, as they affect to regard the southern Slavs as mere barbarians. In fact, the Poles at the present moment are the *enfants terribles* of a possible united Slavia. Their horizon is, as a rule, bounded by the limits of their own language and they are opposed to all efforts to promote a common Slavonic feeling, not being far-sighted enough to perceive that only in this way can the smaller Slavonic nations hope to preserve their individuality in the coming readjustment of national values after the present war.

And yet no impartial observer can deny that there actually exists a feeling of common Slavonic brotherhood in spite of all these mutual jealousies, and this feeling is rapidly growing under the influence of the war. Accounts reach us constantly of the unwillingness of Slavonic levies in Austria to serve against Russians and Serbs. We hear of willing surrenders to the Russian forces of, for example, Bohemian and Slovák troops; of similar surrenders to the Serbian army, before their evacuation of Serbia, on the part of Croats who had been sent against them by the Austrian. That there is a well marked underlying tone of mutual Slavonic good will is evident to anyone who has his ear to the ground. The pro-Ally attitude of the majority of the large Bohemian and Slovák colonies in New York may also be cited as a significant barometer of this

tendency. We have Serbs and Croats, Bulgarians, Bohemians, Slovaks and Poles, all striving to assert themselves as national factors and yet not one of them strong enough to stand alone without support, which could be had from no Slavonic nation save Russia, for no Slavonic nation except Russia has been able to found a permanent empire.

Disagreeable as it may seem to some of the smaller Slavonic separatists, the only possibility of a common Slavonic future lies under the Russian *aegis*. This does not mean at all that Russia must *absorb* her smaller sister peoples, but that she must be placed in the position of being able to protect them, not only from outside interference, but also against themselves, for in local matters they are too often apt to be as inharmonious as the average meeting of Connaught Irishmen! What is needed is not a strong compelling hand, but a firm guiding hand; nor is it necessary for the lesser Slavs to fear that Russia would try to quench the other Slavonic languages and literatures. Within her borders to-day Russia acquiesces in the existence of a flourishing Little Russian (Ukrainian) language and literature. She makes no effort to still the literary and linguistic aspirations of the Letts and Lithuanians; and there is no reason to imagine, if the smaller Slavonic states were to agree to look to her as their arbiter and natural protector, that Russia would do more than encourage the study of the Russian language as a common inter-Slavonic medium and also strive to prevent internal dissensions among them, leaving each individual nation to develop itself intellectually as it might wish.

Nowhere is the feeling of Slavonic brotherhood stronger than among Russians. "Our brother Slavs" is a common expression among them and one rife with the deepest feeling to-day. The interest which Serbs, Bohemians and Slovaks are beginning to show in the Russian literature and

language is a very hopeful sign that the smaller Slavonic nations may soon be brought to believe that they ought to extend a friendly hand to a Russia which shall show herself equally friendly to local Slavonic ideals. The heroic wounds of the Serbs, driven from their hard-won territory by the irresistible force of alien hosts; the sullen, but necessarily restrained, opposition of the Bohemians and Slovaks to an alien ideal; the pathetic cry of such Bulgarians as have not been blinded by the dazzling and illusive promises of the non-Slavonic Ferdinand—and there are many such—; the in-born objection of the Croats to serve against their brethren; all these are elements which can be turned into a great unifying force.

A united Slavonic confederation should on no account be viewed with apprehension by the people of the

British Empire, for it would be with such a Slavonic union headed by Russia that an enormous mutual commerce would grow. Even now, Russia having lost Germany as her chief source of supply, is crying out to the British Empire to feed her with the necessities of civilization. It is highly likely that the other Slavonic peoples, if they had the slightest political solidarity under the hegemony of Russia, would add to British markets, both in export and import trade. These nations have not yet had their day, but if such a day is to dawn under the influences of common Slavonic interest and similarity of speech, it is to be hoped that it will be an auspicious one, not merely for the Slavs, but also for the English speaking peoples who can become their natural allies both diplomatically and commercially.





IN COSTUME

From the Painting by F. Louis Mora

An American painting exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition and bought for the
National Art Gallery of Canada

OUTNAVVYING the NAVVIES

By Alfred Fitzpatrick

HOW A UNIVERSITY GRADUATE WON THE SYMPATHY OF A
WHOLE CAMP OF FOREIGNERS

WHEN W. E. Givens, Master of Arts, undertook to conduct a reading-camp for the edification of two hundred navvies laying steel on the Canadian Pacific Railway between Monitor, Alberta, and Kerrobert, Saskatchewan, he put aside his good clothes, rubbed clay on his hands and overalls and asked the boss, a Swede, for the hardest job he could assign.

"Look here, Mr. Johnson," he said, "I'm a Reading-Camp man and want something to do, the hardest job you have. I wouldn't be clerk or time-keeper for a farm."

That was a great surprise to the Boss. He had never been asked for a hard job before.

"Looks lak Englisman, too," he thought to himself, "talk Englis, damn good looker. A Canadian-American Englisman want hard yob on railway! Someting goin' to happen."

Johnson looked him over for a few seconds and asked, "You Englisman or Canadian?"

Givens hesitated a few seconds. He would go to another camp rather than tell a lie about it. Finally he blurted out, "I'm from Indiana."

"Don't look lak Hindoo," said the Boss, "no nightcap, must be half-breed."

"I'm from the States, man," replied Givens, laughing. "Will you give no-one but a foreigner work?"

"Yankee man rader mak machine

work for him dan work hisself, but, hell, go and buck ties wid da Galicians and hip to it. Dat's the hardest yob around here," said Boss Johnson, greatly wondering.

As is usual on railway construction, the great majority of the men were foreigners. In this case eighty-three were Poles and one hundred and four Ruthenians, two of the races



MR. W. E. GIVENS

A University graduate who became a navvy and a Reading-Camp Instructor



INTERIOR OF A READING-CAR. MR. GIVENS IS IN CENTRE FRONT

generally supposed to be least easily assimilated. Only ten were English-speaking, about five per cent. of the whole camp.

Chief Engineer Reid placed a cook-car at Givens's disposal, but left him to adapt the car to suit his own purposes. This was entirely to Givens's liking. He cut the dining-table in two, making a reading-table for one end and an instruction table for the other. He had so much faith in the work he was given to do—the uplift of the Canadian navvies—that for the remainder of the day he forgot to eat. When night overtook him he was so busily engaged cleaning and fixing up his car that he had not realized he had missed both dinner and supper, until at length the engine struck his car to pick it up and attach it to the work train. In fact when he woke up the next morning they were on the open prairie with no provision for food and, as so frequently happens on newly-laid track, were delayed. They reached the end of steel the

second morning, just as the gang were going to work. And Givens had to start as a buckler.

New track is laid by means of the material train, carrying suitable machinery for handling rails and ties. The front car is called the "Pioneer" because it is the first over the line.

In laying steel the rails are run out on rollers at one side of the pioneer from flat cars in the rear. They are picked up, swung around and placed in position by the crane. The ties are also forwarded automatically, but on the other side of the Pioneer. As they are lighter than rails and more are needed, they are not handled by the crane but by hand.

This receiving of the ties from the Pioneer and laying them in position on the new grade is known as "bucking ties". Such work is not generally sought after by Anglo-Saxons, not only because it is heavy work for a ten-hour day, but also because the company anticipates the laying of the steel, holds up great quantities of



GENERAL VIEW OF A CAMP WHERE READING-CAMP INSTRUCTORS
CARRY ON THEIR WORK

hay, oats, flour, beans and other supplies formerly toted over unspeakable roads, and urges on the task at break-neck speed. Twelve, thirteen, fourteen and even fifteen is the usual number of hours a day put in by the steel, jack, tamping, and ballast gangs. It is small disgrace to the English-speaking man that he shuns this job. The newly-arrived foreign immigrant has seldom any choice in the matter. In a strange country he must take the first thing that turns up. It is therefore little wonder that the Swede Boss was astonished at a strong, fit, in-at-the-elbows-and-knees, Anglo-Saxon seizing the chance to "buck ties" as if it were a sinecure.

Givens started to work at once and soon set a new pace for a twelve-hour day. According to Henry Ford, an eight-hour day pace is faster than a ten-hour gait, and generally this is true, but Givens set an eight-hour pace for a twelve-hour day and kept it up. When his energy at the close

of the day was remarked, he simply replied, "My strength comes in mighty nice, now that I have to work from ten to fourteen hours a day".

The men were astonished that a sane looking man should work as if he were insane, and they expected to see him collapse or at least slacken his speed considerably. The few English-speaking fellows—clerks and engineers—were surprised that a college man should not only work with the Poles and Ruthenians but that he should hobnob with them and make it known that he was pleased to be one of them and to serve them. In his own words he said, "I tried always to be patient and kind and to be their servant in all matters, always recognizing them as my equals and in some things as my superiors".

This in itself was enough to win the foreigners. The Anglo-Saxons had always treated them as a lower order of beings, rarely speaking to them except when business demanded



READING-CAMP INSTRUCTOR GIVING A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY

it. Givens's conduct contrasted sharply with that of a certain medical student whom the Reading Camp Association once sent to a southern Manitoba construction camp. As it happened the gang there was also composed of Galicians, and the student was asked to work with them. He went to the camp, but on seeing the men refused to work, returned to Ontario and held the Association up for other work, claiming that he did not know his contract implied his working with foreigners.

Givens told his fellow workmen, the first day he was with them, that he was there to teach them English and that it would cost them nothing. That they appreciated his offer was witnessed by the fact that he had seventeen in his instruction car the first evening, twenty-one the next and within a few days he had forty-five, while his average for the summer was forty-two. One cannot help but wonder if when thirty-five per cent. of a

gang of Galicians working from ten to fifteen hours a day at thirteen cents an hour could be induced to attend night school seven days a week, what percentage would attend if working eight hours a day and earning thirty cents an hour.

On arrival at camp Mr. Givens found only one Ruthenian boy out of a gang of one hundred and eighty-seven trying to improve his spare time intellectually. He tells us that this lad had some Canadian school readers, an arithmetic book, a Ruthenian-English dictionary and a couple of note-books. "He moved these into my car and spent all his spare time in the car reading and studying. He would come in with the rest right after supper, and while they recited he sat in one corner reading or working problems, and when they were through he recited. He studied English, arithmetic, geography, history, grammar, and spelling and liked very much to read the Bible. He was a Greek



INTERIOR OF A READING-CAMP NEAR SUDBURY

Catholic and seemed well satisfied with his church. While we played baseball on Sundays, he was in the reading-car at work. He did not play cards, gamble, drink, use tobacco or swear. His religion meant much to him in his practical every-day life."

Mr. Givens's success in forming a good night school was due not only to the fact that he did more work than any other man in camp, but also that he liked fun better than anyone else. After the longest day's work he returned to camp singing at the head of the gang. The very first Sunday in camp he held a field meet and organized nearly all the popular American sports. Had it not been for this, he might never have attracted the attention of the walking boss, Stanley Chadawoski, also a Galician, commonly known as "Stock".

While busily engaged coaching the boys in a hop-step-and-jump that none of them could approach, Givens saw two men drive up across the prairie in an automobile and recognized the larger of the two to be Chief Engineer Reid, whom he had met at Red Deer. The visitors looked on in silence for a while, and Reid's companion was overhead to remark:

"That's a great thing for the boys in this camp. He has not only changed the life of the camp, but he is the best d—— man in the gang. You never have to tell him anything, and he does about twice as much in a day as the rest of them."

Givens afterwards learned that the man who so appreciated his efforts was the walking boss.

After Reid left camp Givens went to "Stock's" car, had a confidential chat with him, and from then on they

became fast friends. That evening "Stock" got his first lesson in English, and as he seemed rather ashamed to go to the instruction car, Givens went to his. His gratitude to his teacher knew no bounds. Givens was only two months in camp when the boss urged the chief to promote him to the position of an assistant foreman. Although there was no opening, Reid gave his consent, and a position was created. The next evening after Givens dismissed his class in the reading-car and had gone down to teach his star pupil, the walking boss, he said to him, "That new job is a sinecure, Stock, there's nothing for me to do. You have plenty foremen without me. I'm going back to buck ties in the morning, where I'm needed."

Stock laughed and replied: "You're the d——t man to work I ever see. You can do anything you like about this camp; if you like your own way best, then buck away. We don't need another foreman, but we can't afford to let a man like you kill himself."

Givens went back bucking ties again, but their friendship marched on apace. Every evening the classes were held in the car, three classes and part of the time four.

The last thing he did before going to bed was to go to the bunk cars and visit the sick and injured, carrying with him a miniature apothecary shop.

The water-boy, a young Pole, was a devoted admirer and diligent pupil of the Instructor. His attachment was shown in various ways. There were fourteen tie buckers in front of the pioneer. They could not stop for more than a few seconds to drink, as the ties kept rolling out. "Casey," for that was the boy's nickname, would invariably offer the first drink to Givens. Some of the others thought this unfair and would maul the poor chap roughly. Givens avoided trouble by pretending that he was not thirsty and, after the others had all been served, saying that he guessed he would take a little. Casey also

showed his devotion by hard study. He was the champion in ciphering matches, and he was nearly always first in the speed test in multiplication and division.

Givens honestly tried to act on the principle that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. Although a student for the ministry at Union Seminary, New York, he began the Sabbath in a manner that would shock many orthodox Christians in civilization. But, had they been with the one hundred and eighty-seven Galicians and been partakers with them of his self-sacrificing services they would have admitted that had he started the day with a Bible Class he would not have had a corporal's guard present. These men would not have understood him, and what little they would have grasped would have offended the Greek and Orthodox Catholics. Instead, he did little acts of kindness to the men, which they interpreted perfectly and which touched their hearts so that they worshipped him. Instead of beginning Sunday morning with formal prayers, he used his instruction car for a barber-shop from breakfast to eleven o'clock and taught classes from eleven to one. What an advertisement for a school! The barber is the most popular man in camp. No pupil who had been given a good "trimming" would play truant. After dinner came baseball and other sports. After a few Sundays they insisted on more games after supper. They had known nothing of baseball or other American sports before, but "by the end of the summer they were playing fair ball while often as many as a hundred would come to see the game and "root," to use Mr. Givens's own words. Nothing raised Givens in the estimation of the men more than this ability as an athlete.

One Sunday afternoon he made the boast that he could throw anybody in camp. The walking boss at once took him up, saying, "I'll throw you". But as he knew none of the tricks of the

game and lacked fifty pounds of the college man's weight he was worsted every time. Givens was surprised to see how readily they yielded the palm after Stock's discomfiture. Their champion defeated, it was almost impossible to get anyone else to try. Only one other could be persuaded to try, but he wrestled solely on the defensive. Although a heavier man than the boss, he counted on defeat from the beginning. He knew his opponent.

When the writer visited Mr. Givens last, he remarked, "The men, taken as a whole, are more peaceable, more moral, and more gentlemanly than any two hundred American labourers that I have ever known and I grew up on hard work, and am therefore capable of judging. They are good-natured, big-hearted fellows, just longing for someone to do something to help them."

This is mission work of a high order. It is the antithesis of the kind that would "compass sea and land to make one proselyte". It is the kind that respects another's religious convictions; the kind that the late Bishop O'Connor, Roman Catholic Bishop of Peterboro', commended—an honest, self-sacrificing effort to make all men good children of God, leaving their desire to identify themselves with any Church to take a free course.

The writer wishes to add his testimony to that of Mr. Givens. The foreigner on railway construction in Canada is a better type than the English-speaking navvy, perhaps because the former are men who have failed in other walks of life and are there because down and out, while the latter are making a new start in a new world and take what comes to hand. Colour is lent to this theory by the fact that the foreigner in the city does not show up better than the native. I have never carried firearms, never had the slightest fear of any of the many and diversified men I have met on the grade; while meeting their confreres in the slums of the city, one does not have the same sense of se-

curity and appreciation of their worth. Is it because we have neglected the foreigner at his work on the right of way that he often drifts into the city's cess-pools?

Mr. Givens was in camp when war broke out. He observed that the men showed little emotion except at the danger of their having to return to fight. They would all say: "War hell; Austria no good; me stay Canada". After a few days, when they learned that they could not return, and that if they attempted it, they would be held as prisoners of war, they seemed perfectly contented. The only man who expressed a wish to go home was a "straw-boss", who wanted to go solely in order to dispose of some cattle he owned, before they should be commandeered by the Austrian army.

These were rough and picturesque men. The nature of their work and their living conditions made that inevitable. They showed little emotion, but they heard and were touched by the unspoken sermons of loving service. It mattered not that those sermons took the form of a Sunday shave or hair cut, a game of baseball or a lesson in arithmetic, the results attained were the same as those brought about by the preaching of Newell Dwight Hillis, Cardinal Gibbons, or Charles Haddon Spurgeon. Men were refined and elevated, their hearts were touched with the love and devotion of their English-speaking brother. They abstained from filthy and blasphemous language in his presence. They returned his kindness in kind. They were in short born again not of the "corruptible seed" of love of gain and ease and sinful pleasure but of the incorruptible seed of goodness and honour and virtue and of a citizenship like to the big man who sought not his own good but loved himself last and the strangers in a foreign land first and always. Givens's whole life at camp was a manifestation of a nature bent on pleasing and helping his fellows. That it was

understood and appreciated by the men who could not make their gratitude known in well-rounded sentences, he had many evidences. On one occasion he found his old working-boots, which he had discarded as worn out, neatly mended and polished up by an expert, without ever finding out who had done the kindness.

When he left camp the Galicians voluntarily collected a purse of twenty dollars out of their small earnings

and commissioned one of their number to give it to him. Givens had become endeared to every man in camp. By play and work, teaching and doctoring, he touched most of their lives, and he himself got a glimpse of the magnitude and manner of the task before Canada and the United States if the immigrant is to become a citizen indeed and not remain estranged, misunderstood, often despised and politically and socially dangerous.

FROM A HOSPITAL COT

By CARL HAWES BUTMAN

AT first they said I was dyin',
 But I prayed to my God not to go,
 There's the folks back 'ome and Jimmie;
 I've been missin' 'em lately, you know.
 I fought best I could in the trenches,
 Do you think that I wants to be 'ere?
 But wot could I do? I was shot through and through.
 An' they ordered me back to the rear.

We'd 'ad an 'ard fight with the Deutchers;
 I must 'ave plugged forty or more,
 Orders came to advance on the beggars—
 I must 'ave got 'it in the fore.
 But I never knowed that until later,
 When I woke in a 'ospital cot,
 With a nurse fussin' round, 'andy some'ow;
 I was clean, but the fever burned 'ot.

To-day I'm more fit an' quite 'opeful,
 That last charge—it ain't 'arf been told;
 We'd been waitin' and waitin', most tiresome,
 With weather first 'ot and then cold.
 When it rained you were wet to your middle,
 You couldn't keep dry an' stay whole;
 Everyone was clear out of tobacco,
 And the stench from the field 'urt your soul.

Well, the charge come at last, on a Sunday,
 We was up an' away at the sign,
 'Twas me and Jimmie, me Bunkie,
 Were a-leadin' that khaki-clad line.
 There was bullets and shrapnel a-plenty—
 Small wonder we didn't all die.
 But we fired from prone on our bellies
 At nothin' mostly, an' 'igh.

I'd sort o' lost track o' Jimmie,
 'E was firin' somewhere on the right;
 I was busy a-workin' me Enfield,
 An' a-cussin' with all o' my might.
 Then I noticed a figger far forward,
 A-shootin' and crawlin' like 'ell,
 No sooner'n I saw it was Jimmie
 'E was lost in the burst of a shell.

'Twas then I 'eard "Retire" sounded,
 But I wouldn't leave Jimmie to die;
 The Captain, 'e couldn't stop me—
 I'll get 'ell for that by and by.
 Jim wasn't 'urt much—just knocked looney.
 'E was moanin' and tearin' the sod;
 But I managed some'ow to drag 'im
 Out o' reach o' the Deutschers, thank God.

On a sudden, I sort o' went 'elpless,
 Just as Jimmie was comin' around;
 An' I didn't know nothin' till later.
 When I come to, my wounds bein' bound.
 I'd been 'it in three places, they tell me,
 An' fainted, just like a kid,
 But Jim 'auled me to First Aid and safety;
 Swear to God, I'll repay wot 'e did!

That was only one scrap in a 'undred;
 It didn't count much on the whole,
 But us as was there won't forget it—
 Some fifty less answered the roll.
 I've written a postal to Lunnon,
 Tellin' all about Jimmie an' me;
 'Ow I wish we could drop in on mother,
 An' sample a pot of 'er tea.

You say you come from the Colonel,
 The Captain reported me, then?
 No? It's a cross that you're bringin'?
 That can't be for me—it's for Jim.
 'E's got one, too—we're both sergeants?
 The Captain's not angry? That's fine!
 I'll soon be out now, back with Jimmie,
 A-holdin' my place in the line.

RANGING THE NIPIGON

By Arthur G. Penny

THIS is the story of a man-size job, handled with neatness and despatch—by public servants. In these days when “government” not infrequently means inefficiency, and the civil service is neither civil nor serviceable, it is not only pleasant but right to give credit where it is due. Few Canadians know of the Nipigon Forest Reserve as a name, and still fewer of them have visited it. Until very recently there were no transportation facilities within its extensive confines, and small encouragement for zeal existed in the shape of recognition or rebuke. It speaks much, therefore, for the men to whom the preservation of this national heritage has been entrusted that their work should be performed tirelessly and efficiently from day to day, in difficulty often and in silence always.

This great reserve was created by the Ontario Government not long after its accession to power in 1905. It is eight thousand square miles in extent, and embraces all territory adjacent to the Nipigon Lake and River. The land is extremely rugged in formation, and is densely covered with virgin forest, through which practically no one but Indians and trappers have ever passed. The conditions are such, therefore, that should a fire originate, either spontaneously or through carelessness, it could easily spread devastation for miles. For this reason, given even normal circumstances, the price of prevention is vigilance and prompt action. But from the first the rangers' task has

been immensely complicated by the problems attendant upon railway construction in such a natural tinder-box. Parallel to the northern boundary of the reserve for its entire length is the National Transcontinental Railway, while the Canadian Northern Railway traverses its south-east corner, touching both river and lake. As is well known, these two lines were under simultaneous construction, but the fact may not convey a proper sense of the situation to the layman without some explanation.

Where the engineers have located a proposed railway line through extensive tracts of forest land the only practical method of clearing the right-of-way is by burning, since to cut down and haul out millions of trees would be both slow and costly. By dint of care and close supervision it is possible for this to be done without needless destruction of timber, but in too many cases the contractors have not been greatly impressed with the ideals of national conservation, in addition to which, among large numbers of uneducated and foreign labourers, the thoughtless handling of fire has been almost inevitable.

After the right-of-way has been cleared come bridge and tunnel gangs, steam shovel gangs, grading gangs, track-laying gangs, and all the various divisions of the army of construction. These bring with them engines breathing fiery sparks, a single one of which is sufficient to set the wilderness ablaze. Small wonder, therefore, that for years after the opening of a new

line travellers look out from either side of the track on a dreary prospect of charred stumps and blackened turf.

The facts of the case in Nipigon were that not only was the Canadian Northern Railway burned in the middle of the summer, when wood is dry, but that construction was going on at the same time in two sections of the reserve, from fifty to one hundred miles apart, in spite of which, and with only some seventy-five rangers, the completed line runs through green and unblemished bush, while no serious conflagration has marked the history of Nipigon Forest Reserve to the present time. That such a seeming miracle was possible is due in large measure to the restraint of the contractors as a whole, which the rangers are willing to admit, but beyond this one must look for an efficient organization directed by executive ability of no mean order.

As to the second factor, one may offer the personality of Mr. L. E. Bliss, chief ranger of the Nipigon, who speaks of himself with quiet pride as being "only a bushwhacker". Here

is a man full of contradiction. The first impression is that of a practical man of action; yet Mr. Bliss speaks to you as a college graduate. Short and thick-set, he leaves you entirely unprepared for the quick, nervous action that is his, while a rugged jaw and shaggy brows are at open variance with a quiet voice and a most genial manner. Mr. Revells, assistant chief ranger, is a second factor. While the chief sits in his office at Nipigon town and drives the machine, Revells is out seeing that every part is in working order. He is short but wiry, and is distinguished by the fixed expression and slow speech of one who has been much out-doors and alone. Like the moose, the caribou, and other wild things of the woods, he has no roof to cover him, for he is continually on the trail, except for those brief occasions when some matter of importance brings him to headquarters. It is rumoured that even then he prefers the office floor to the easier springs and mattresses of civilization.

For the staff it is only necessary to say that the Provincial department knows when it has a good thing in



VIEW FROM FIRE-RANGERS' LOOKOUT STATION ON THE
NIPIGON FOREST RESERVE



MR. L. E. BLISS, CHIEF RANGER OF THE NIPIGON FOREST RESERVE

Mr. Bliss, and leaves him to do his own hiring and firing—no small mark of confidence. No callow students find a summer's occupation here, for the rangers are all seasoned natives of the district, with its best interests at heart, who wear their metal badges of office on brace or shirt as proudly as does the more decorative city policeman his uniform.

So much for the men, but what of their work and methods? At this point it should be said that the Nipigon River, filled for its forty miles with the largest and gamest speckled

trout in the world, attracts a yearly influx of sportsmen and camping parties, while the lake, roughly, sixty miles square, is the home of numerous Indians, who fish for sturgeon and lake trout, or hunt and trap over its eight hundred miles of shore. These conditions necessitated the wide distribution of rangers, and a constant patrol so that when a fire did break out, much time used to be wasted in getting word to headquarters and more in mobilizing a force to fight it. As a solution, a telephone system was put into every fire ranger's lodge, so

that Mr. Bliss, sitting in his office at Nipigon, can keep in touch with his farthest patrol, and reinforcements can be despatched wherever necessary without delay. The stringing of the wires throughout this large area of rolling hills and dense timber was "some stunt", nor is it an easier feat to keep the line clear, for falling trees and branches break the wire, as also the awkward horns of moose or caribou, in spots which are not always readily located. The lodges themselves, established at every strategic point,

the hills confined the outlook for those below them it would also enlarge it for those on top. Four lookout stations were accordingly established on commanding peaks and men with families put in as stationary posts, who are obliged to report to Nipigon every hour. As a result, efficiency was still further increased, while work that previously required some seventy rangers is now performed by less than thirty, a statement which one striking instance will bear out. At a quarter to six on a certain morning, Station



CAMERON FALLS, NIPIGON RIVER

are comfortable and well kept, and time has been found not only to post hundreds of Government fire warnings conspicuously but also to leave fire buckets and axes and to erect public conveniences near every campsite and to build neat landing-places at every portage. After the telephone installation it was possible to work more efficiently, but still Bliss was not satisfied. Owing to the character of the country already referred to, it was necessary to have short patrols and a correspondingly large staff, but if

No. 3, south of Lake Nipigon, reported a fire near Armstrong, across the lake and seventy-two miles farther north. Owing to the great distance this report was not very seriously taken, but to play safe a party was sent on a gasoline speeder on the Canadian Northern and fast motor boat to the head of the lake, where Mr. Revells, who had just come from this very place and knew nothing of the fire, was met. The latter turned back, and on arrival at Armstrong found that fire had actually been



VIEW ON PINE PORTAGE, NIPIGON RIVER



VIRGIN FALLS, NIPIGON RIVER



A LOAD OF JOLLY FOREST RANGERS

noticed in the neighbourhood at seven o'clock in the morning, or an hour and a quarter after Nipigon, 112 miles distant, had received the report. At present these stations consist only of shelters on the cliff-top, but Mr. Bliss has in contemplation the erection of high towers, which will command a much wider prospect, and so each year the service is strengthened and improved.

One final incident will throw light upon the fearlessness with which these men enforce the law of the reserve. As has been said, the conduct of the railway contractors as a whole was exemplary, but some exceptions, of course, were found. The regulations say that fire screens must be placed upon all smoke-stacks to prevent dangerous sparks, but these screens must be renewed from time to time and cost a certain amount of money, so that a

certain sub-contractor thought that he would do without. The chief ranger drew attention to this deficiency, and the boss evaded, whereupon the chief threatened to put on extra rangers at the expense of the offending company. This move was treated as a bluff, and so it was backed up by a telegram to Ottawa, after which things began to happen rapidly, and Mr. Boss, a big six-foot man-handler, thought he had better step down to Nipigon and reason with this persistent individual.

Asking for Bliss, he demanded, "What's this about fire screens?" in a manner certainly not calculated to reassure any timid person.

"You're quite a bit bigger than I am," answered the chief, "but I guess we'd better settle this thing. In the first place, the law requires you to put them on in the public interest, and in the second place, you are only



NIPIGON FIRE RANGERS AT HOME

a sub-contractor for the contractor. If I didn't make you put them on and a fire started the Canadian Northern would want to know what the fire rangers were up to. Here is my telegram to Ottawa; it's up to you."

After a glance at the document referred to, Mr. Boss growled: "I see there's no d—d Tammany Hall here. I'll tell you what—if I promise to get screens and to fire any foreman or hand who doesn't use them, will

you cancel that wire to Ottawa?"

"Sure, if you'll give me a letter to that effect."

Which done, Bliss wired a second time that the authority of the Department had been upheld, so that further steps would be unnecessary. Thereafter the two men became fast friends.

There are other reserves in Canada, and if the same high standard of accomplishment obtains throughout, the country is well served.



THE GAEL in NEW SCOTLAND

By S. P. Macdonald

IN six counties of the Province of Nova Scotia the greater part of the population is Gaelic. They are the four counties of the island of Cape Breton and the two easternmost counties of Nova Scotia proper. The anglicizing influence is strong in the peninsula, and though the mountain tongue is still much spoken, such characters as the novelist Neil Munro loves to paint are to be found mostly in Cape Breton. A mile of sea-channel and a long delay in the building of a long-promised government railway are largely responsible for this happy condition.

In this land of lonely glens and populous valleys, of rugged mountains and rolling hills, of lake and forest and torrent, the Gael resembles his ancestor more closely than in any other part of America. The influences of the great outside world have hardly touched him, in many cases. Not seldom he speaks any other language than Gaelic with much difficulty. His talk is mostly of the past; he peoples his glens with ghosts and his knolls with fairies; his heroes won their fame not later than '45, except for those to whom glory came in "Bonaparte's war"; he is generally great of body, and of heart, too, and the story of a fine fight goes to his blood like a horn of Farintosh.

I have before my mind's eye a certain glen. It runs parallel to the breadth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence

and opens at one end on a broad and gentle stream. A noble mountain shuts it off from the gulf, throwing up a barrier to the north wind. Part of its slope is gentle, and jibs of cultivated land cut deep into its maples and beeches; part of it is almost sheer, but even here a deep soil hides the rock and gives root to grass and trees, taking away from the sternness of the scene. A slightly lower mountain, of more regular swell, stands guard toward the rising sun, with a slow deep stream at its feet and broad meadows stretching across the glen. Right in the heart of the higher mountain, and piercing it for a depth of two miles, is a tributary glen. The great mountains crowd it so close that from the upper end the perspective hardly shows a gap at the other. It has its little river, tumbling over a little precipice as it leaves the glen, a few cozy farmers' cottages and a busy water-mill. I dare not attempt a more minute description. It is the only spot in which I have ever been able to see that ideality of detail which you will find in a painted scene, but generally seek in vain in the original. There are other glens near, and each has its own charm, but this is my perfect glen, even down to its name, which leaves a Gaelic tongue with a fine full-throated roll that would seem to have taken its tone from the distant roar of falling water. Many a June morning have I walked it, when

the rising sun sent a level ray along its whole length, turning the little river into liquid silver, while half-way up the mountain great ghosts of trees loomed through the rising mist. Perhaps I like it even more on an autumn evening, when the vivid green of its aftergrass is restful to the eye filled with gazing on the gorgeousness of the forest. I bless the day on which the dusty miller with the heart of gold first led me through my glen, and I return to it when I can, and dream of it and speak of it when I cannot, with a regretful sigh that some gentle Wordsworth cannot be found to celebrate its beauties. There are not many scenes so perfect as this in New Scotland, but there are a very many worth a better description than I can give: Surely the Highland emigrants could have found no other region in all America so thoroughly agreeable to their character and tastes.

The people of the great glen are Highland, almost to a man. Ask one of them what he is, referring to his nationality, and he will answer that he is a Gael, adding at once the name of his ancestral district, and claiming it in all seriousness as his own. The appellation "A Lochaber" or "Moidart" or "Skye" man is, perhaps, almost as common in New Scotland as in the Old Country. The distinction according to ancestral districts survives even in the differences of dialect, which are as well-marked to-day as they were a hundred years ago. "Listen to the Uist man," I heard a descendant of the Keppochs say once, as his ear caught the accent peculiar to that island, and he put into his tone all the mainlander's traditional contempt for the islesman. "And how is Uist a bit worse than the Braes of Lochaber?" answered the *Uisteach*. "I am a Clanranald, too, and that would make me as good as the best Lochaber man that ever lived, even if I were from the Isle of Muck." There was no Muckman present, but if there had been I should have heard, doubtless, some comparisons of Muck with Barra

by no means complimentary to the land of the MacNeils.

Let us enter now a typical farmhouse of the great glen. It stands near the foot of the smaller glen of which I have spoken, just where the steep side of the mountain falls away in a long easy slope to the highway. The interior of the house makes a favourable impression at once. It has been painted in quiet colours, and there is an air of neatness and good taste about it all. No hideously-coloured carpets hide the floor, and its bareness is just enough relieved by a few rugs of simple pattern, home-woven. There are no flaring magazine prints to disfigure the walls. The few pictures hanging upon them make little appeal to the artistic sense, it is true, but at least they do not shock it. The housewife, comely and capable-looking, will greet you with a quiet courtesy that is wholly unobtrusive because wholly natural, the delicate but hearty Gaelic courtesy which you can never doubt is based on generous sentiment and which never offends by obtrusiveness. Or it may be her daughter, fresh as one of the new-blown roses at the door, looking you straight in the face from two very deep and very quiet eyes. She has her mother's dignity and courtesy, only adding to it the charm of maiden bashfulness. It was the mother who welcomed me when the golden-hearted miller introduced me into the household. Her husband was out, and she led me at once to the "old folks", his parents. The old couple arose, and gave me the kindly Gaelic welcome, the old man keeping his grip on my hand till he had asked "And what Macdonalds are you of?" I ran up my paternal tree to the fourth generation, adding simply, "Moidart people". "Ah, yes, a Clanranald," he said, "good stock, good stock. There's not much of the old glory left, except what's in the songs and stories, and that's not a little," and then he placed me beside him and counted over "the heroes of my line",

from the first red-hand Clanranald to him who fell at Sheriffmuir. "Foolish people," I put in, willing to draw him out, even at the cost of taking liberties with the facts of history, "if they had kept on the safe side, with the Hanover party, instead of fighting for the Stuarts, a Clanranald might still be lording it at Castle Tirrim." The words struck like steel on flint. There was a flash from the old eyes, the old head went up with a gesture almost kingly, and the heavy stick he held between his knees came down on the floor with a force that set the windows a-rattling. "And what the devil else would a Clanranald do but fight for the Stuarts, and what the devil would one of them be doing courting a German laird?" The argument was unanswerable. What, indeed, could a Clanranald do, with the traditions of his house behind him, but fight for the Stuarts? I could not keep back a smile of satisfaction, which the old man was quick to see and understand. "Ah, you rascal, you don't believe a word of what you said. You were just teasing the *bodach*.* But it's a great relief to know you haven't lost the spirit of your race altogether. Jennie, a *cheist*, look and see if your father is coming. We are moving an outhouse to a new foundation, and some of the neighbours will be here soon to help"—I knew all this from the miller, and had accepted his invitation to make the visit all the more readily for it—"My son Angus is gone to the store. You won't leave here till you have dinner, and you'll be just as if you were in your own house. I must leave you now for a little while to help get ready," and the old man of five and seventy strode through the door, erect to the full of his six feet and more, with the free swing of five and twenty.

In a little while I followed. Hardly had I got out the door, facing the footpath to the main road, when I saw a sight that held me fixed and admir-

ing. A magnificent blonde giant was coming up the pathway. He could not have been less than six feet and four inches in height, with a mighty spread of shoulder and swell of chest, and his huge body pillared on legs massive as the spreading elm under which the path led him. His shirt and trousers—he wore no coat—were of honest homespun, and his lower legs were cased in cowhide knee-boots. After the first glance, which took in all these details, my eyes fixed themselves on his face. It was broad and open, a little lacking in expression, the eyes almost babyish in their soft clear blueness, hair and long drooping moustache of the colour of straw. "What a figure of a viking!" was the first thought that struck me after my eyes had had their fill, and surely no better could be found. The complexion, the hair, the eyes, the great body, even the gait, a little sprawling and unsteady, like that of a man whose feet are more accustomed to the deck of a ship than to firm land, all bespoke the Norseman. And yet he was Highland, and bore a fine old Gaelic name, but just as surely the blood of the vikings who wasted the Scottish coasts long ago was in his veins. I soon had an opportunity for a study of contrasting types. Another man was making his way up the footpath, and his appearance was striking enough to withdraw attention even from my viking. He, too, was of great size, but I judged, until the two stood almost shoulder to shoulder, that he was smaller than the fair-haired giant. I saw then that he was full as tall and as great of body, though his finer proportions partly concealed his gigantic bulk. In carriage and expression and features he was an almost complete contrast to the other. His hair, which he wore longer than the ordinary, was of a deep rich brown, and it showed in long waves under his back-tilted hat. Homespun shirt and trousers, and cowhide boots made up a costume

* Old man.

like enough to the viking's, yet it sat on him far more gracefully. His carriage had an ease and erectness unusual in men of his stature, and he moved with a long lilting swing, like the gait of a man when good red blood is tingling to martial music. The features were no less bold than expressive, and the eyes a dark elusive Celtic gray, equally ready to flash with sudden anger, or sparkle with mirth, or darken with the Gaelic gloom. There was a little haughty lift to his head, heritage of his chieftain ancestors, and as I looked at him I could not repress a feeling of regret that he had not come into the world in the Highlands, and a couple of centuries before our time. What a foray-leader he would have made, and how the glens would have resounded to the rallying cry of the clan had *he* sent out the call to "gather together for Charlie." "In the name of all the heroes," I said to the old man, **who had joined me** and was watching me closely, perhaps divining something of the thoughts that were running through my head—"Fionn, and Oscar, and Gall, and the rest of them, who is that young man who is dressed like a workman and looks like a king?" "That," he answered, "that is Ronald *Donn*,* son of my good neighbour, Black Donald. A fine lad, is he not? I doubt if he's as handsome a man as his father, though. Forty years ago Black Donald was counted the handsomest man in Cape Breton. And fight! I remember a trip he and I made to Halifax—" "But who is the other giant?" I interrupted, "the light-haired one." "That's Donald *Ban*, nephew to Black Donald, and cousin of Ronald *Donn*. They don't look very much alike. You see, his father's people were all dark, but his mother was a Lewis woman. There's Norwegian blood there." "Well," I answered, "it seems to me you might as well go ahead with the work. Two such men can surely pick up the outhouse and walk away with

it." "Oh, aye, they're strong lads. I'm doubting, though, that either of them is what his father was. Not much to choose between them for strength, but, Lord! Ronald *Donn* would tie Donald *Ban* in a knot. He's active as a cat and ready as a greyhound."

The work of moving the house was soon begun, but not, however, before the old man had made the round of the workmen with a huge earthenware jug, out of which he dealt to each a generous measure of whisky. Then he invited me to climb the mountain with him and enjoy the fine view. I succeeded in staying close behind him all the way, though in truth it was only shame that youth should lag when age was so sprightly that kept me at the task. I reached the top with bursting lungs and aching sides, and threw myself flat on the ground, panting and puffing, while the old man, fresh as when he started, pointed out and named every hill and valley and stream for twenty miles round. At noon we were back, and found the table spread for dinner. My viking and my Highland chief were both in their places, but there was another individual present who drew my attention from them. He was very tall and very spare, but sinewy, and his face matched his body for length and leanness. Its skin had the colour and apparently the thickness and toughness of undressed leather, yet it was an agreeable face, full of humour and shrewdness, and wonderfully lightened by a pair of very bright eyes. His appearance, and a tattooed anchor on the back of one huge hand, told me his occupation. He was a seaman, a deep-water sailor in his youth, I learned, and now a shore fisherman. In twenty years before the mast, "ten of them on the clipper ship *Greyling*, five hundred tons, sailing out of Baltimore, the fastest ship on the seven seas in her day," as he was sure to tell you before you were

* The brown-haired.

long in his conversation, he had visited nearly every important port in the two hemispheres. Though his stock of learning was small, his natural good sense and shrewdness made him a keen and intelligent observer, and his accounts of foreign lands, people, and customs, were far more accurate than it is usual to find in wanderers of his class. Withal he had the Gaelic mysticism and the Gaelic superstitions, intensified rather than dissipated by years of communing with the sea. There was something in his manner of speaking of it, and it showed even in the most commonplace remarks, that brought back to me scenes in "Children of Tempest". The sea was something more to him than a great mass of water. He would not have owned that he believed it an animate being, yet he spoke of it as one speaks of an intelligent power. "Aye," he said, when one of the young men spoke of the pleasures of a sailor's life, "just sailing along from one foreign port to another, like Angus the sailor here in the *Greyling*"—as he put it—"Aye, lad, it's very fine to travel and see the world, and it's finer still to be on the sea when it's in good humour, as I've seen it many a time, when you would think every inch of it had a fairy dancing on it, and the ship herself seems to be tossed along by the water spirits. I tell you, lad, never a horn of the best whisky ever distilled in a Highland glen, where the foot of a gauger never stood, could get to my heart like the playful sea. But it's treacherous—treacherous and cruel"—and his voice took on a solemn tone—"a few hours after it has been playing with the ship, and smiling up at you from every ripple of it, it has become blacker than a thunder cloud, and the ripples are changed into mountains of angry water, and every fairy is turned into an evil spirit. They chase the ship, not to play with her, but to drown her, and many's the brave boat they've dragged down with their cruel hands. Beautiful, and treacherous,

and cruel the sea is, and remembering and revengeful, too. I saved a man from drowning once at San Domingo, after he had gone down the third time, and I never put foot in my fishing-boat but I fear I shall pay for it with my own life. I saw such a thing happen once. One of the *Greyling's* crew, a Norwegian lad, fell overboard. He was a good swimmer, but he took a cramp and couldn't even keep himself afloat. We threw three or four life-belts at him, but they fell either short of him, or beyond him. A boat was lowered, but the first two men over the side upset her. By that time the Norwegian had gone under. Then the second mate, a fine strapping young Highlander from Oban, Angus MacNeil his name was, jumped overboard after him. He got his man by the hair of the head, six feet under water, and we hauled the two of them on board. But mark you what happened. That same night came a fearful storm, and it drove us all the night and all the next day, with never a rag of sail to a mast. It was the blackest and angriest sea I ever laid my eyes on. The *Greyling* staggered through it, taking blow after blow from waves that washed the length of her decks. The morning of the second day the storm was worse than ever. The seas were coming down on us faster, and, I swear, as I looked at them I thought there was more than natural force behind them. Then one came—I saw it long before it reached us—higher by a fathom than any of the others. It looked like the old father of them all, and you would think it was angry with its children for failing to sink us. I closed my eyes and clasped my hands around a shroud before it struck. Everything was silent for a moment—just as if the smaller waves were getting out of the way to give the old monster a clear passage. The ship trembled under my feet, and then, every plank in her screaming together, she seemed to be picked bodily out of the water and pitched the

length of a cable. A rush of water, swifter than a mill-race, swept my feet from under me, but somehow or other my hands kept their hold. When I opened my eyes the breaking wave had beaten the sea flat around, and we were in the middle of a valley of swirling foam with mountains of water around it. Men were hanging on to the rail and shrouds all about me. Then, above the roar of the sea and the howling of the wind, came a sharp, short cry. I looked, and there was Angus MacNeil struggling in the water. He was just at the edge of the valley of foam, and I sprang for a rope, for there was a bare chance to save him in the calm which the wash of the wave had made. But before I had time to lay my hand on a line the mountains tumbled over one another and filled the valley and we never saw him again. That was the end of the storm. Before dark the fairies were dancing and the sea was smiling again. Well it might! It had had its revenge on the man who had robbed it of its own.*

The story was told with a power of graphic and picturesque description that was partly from the immanent richness and expressiveness of the Gaelic and partly from the man's own vivid recollection of the awful scene. I looked around to see what effect it had had on the hearers. The viking's eyes were big with the wonder of a child, but Ronald Donn's were two mountain tarns, holding in their depths all the mysticism of his race, all its tending to the strange and weird, to the mingling of the natural and supernatural. All were silent, with the faces of men who are suddenly fronted with a scene so awful as to compel the mind from every unbecoming feeling. One moment springs of wit and humour were bubbling over on every side, and converged into a full stream which carried

the whole company along in gay forgetfulness of everything but the joy of life; the next, they were transported to the twilight land of shadowy shapes and mysterious powers. The old grandfather was the first to rouse himself. Come, come, *Aonghais Sheoladair**—so the man was called by everybody in the great glen—"Guidhidh mi marbhphaisg ort† We're as gloomy as the sea before a squall when we ought to be as happy as the birds." Then he raised a voice still steady and clear in the well-known notes of Duncan Ban MacIntyre's famous drinking-song:

Rheir a stuth grunn oirnn seinn ga sìleannta.
Chuir a thoil-inntinn binneas 'n 'ar cainnt,
Chaisg i air n'ìota 'n fhior dheoch-mhilis.
Bu mhladaich sinne na'm bi'dh i air chall.

"If Angus the sailor is going to put the gloom on us *Fear na Toiseachd* must lift it off." He left the table as he spoke, to return in a few moments with the earthenware jar under his arm. "One drink is good," said he, as he placed the jar on the table, "two are better, three are worth while, four are enough." The glasses were filled and raised high; the voice of Angus the Sailor started the chorus "O sud an deoch mhillis"† in a tone deep and powerful as the bass of the ocean, the company took it up, and the stream of mirth ran at flood once more. Oh, the Gael, the Gael! With the waves of shadow and light chasing each other over his soul, with his dark wells of sadness beside the bright springs of mirth, with his poetry and his mysticism and his universal sympathy. As I sat there and took note of the scene the western ocean shrank into a brook, and I should have felt no surprise if, throwing a glance through the window, my eyes had rested on a heather-covered Highland mountain, or, wandering about the room, had encountered the glint of broadswords on the walls.

* Angus the sailor.

† "I shall wish (or pray) for a death-shroud on you", a common imprecation in Gaelic.

‡ "Oh, that is the sweet drink."

"The blood, the blood, it's aye the same," cries a Highland writer. Aye, the same when the Druids did their awful rites, and when the noble truths of Christianity had supplanted the gloomy religion of his fathers in the responsive soul of the Gael; the same in the days of his glory and independence, of his humiliation and subjection; the same on his native heath and in the land of his exile. Always and everywhere its call is the same, and always and everywhere the Gael answers. Therefore it is that his heart is so greatly foolish, that he is the first forlorn-hope volunteer, that he plays the pioneer so often only to prepare a place for others, that his sentiments of loyalty to a cause have swayed him so often in defiance of every rule of self-interest. And the Gael realizes it all, too. Many a time have I seen the faces of men darken, while deep curses came through lips compressed in anger, when a woman's voice raised one of those wonderful heart-piercing Gaelic songs of lament for dashed hopes and a lost cause. And yet the very men who tell you they would "fight for Charlie" if only he could come back, are the same who will be the first to answer when a Saxon voice sounds the danger call of the Empire. "The Gael goes forth to war," said my namesake of *The Toronto Globe*, when he had visited the Highlands and had seen with his own eyes the progress of recruiting for the army which is to bring to earth the vaulting ambition of the Prussian war lord, "The Gael goes forth to war, gut he never comes back". Would we have it otherwise? It would be to exchange our gifts for those of another people, and that may not be; the Gael "*Maun dree his weird*."

The evening brought music and dance with it. Late in the afternoon, a light carriage had driven up, and a man of middle age, but active as a boy, alighted. The swelling hips and shapely legs were made for tartan

kilt and hose, but alas! they were cased in trousers, a garment made to conceal, not reveal, the comeliness of mountaineer limbs. There was no need to ask what the late-comer was and why he had not come in time to take part in the work. The short springy step, the sidelong glance of the eyes, the tilted hat, the air of importance—all betrayed the Highland piper. Black Angus MacDonald was, and indeed is, the most famous piper of the countryside. I have heard the skirl of his pipes at many a wedding and fair, and sometimes at funerals, for though the custom of carrying the coffin shoulder-high is going out, many of the older people, who carried the dead of the first generation of settlers on their broad shoulders, will make it their last request to be borne to the grave by stalwart youths, with the funeral dirges of the old land sounding in the ears of the living. My friend the miller told me a story, in the course of the evening, of a fine old Highlander of the neighbourhood who had died a few months before. He had been confined to his bed for weeks, and knew that the end was near. "I want to hear the pipes once more before I die," he said one day. "I wonder if Black Angus would come and play for me." Black Angus would, and did. One fine afternoon he came. Fearing that the tremendous volume of sound might over-excite the shattered nervous system, he tuned up the pipes in the room farthest removed from the sick chamber. The old man was in high displeasure at once. "The sound of the pipes," said he, "puts life into a Highlander, it does not take it away. Tell Black Angus to come near." The piper took a seat at the door of the room, and played his best clan-gatherings, marches, laments, strathspeys, and reels. The old man's delight was boundless. "There's no music on earth like the old Gaelic tunes," he cried, "long may there be pipers to play them and men to love to hear

them. Now there's one more thing I must see before I die—a reel, a blithe, lively foursome reel. On the floor, four of you, and dance your best." The young people hung back till they saw refusal would really grieve the dying man, and then, under the shadow of the reaper's wings, the house resounded to the brave notes of "Tulach Gorm" and "Cabar Feidh," while active feet tapped an accompaniment on the floor. When the reel was finished the old man spoke his thanks. "God bless you all for your kindness to a dying old man, and especially you, Angus, my friend. I shall never listen to the grand music of the pipes again, but I can die easier for having heard them to-day. Very soon the brave young lads will be carrying what's left of me to the churchyard yonder. You'll come again that day, and you'll pipe them to the church and to the grave, and be sure that the last tune you play be "Lochaber no More"—the last our fathers heard before they left the old land. Perhaps it will help to remind the young folks of what they owe their ancestors." A few days after the brave old heart was still, and Black Angus, I am glad to say, came to the funeral to sound the exile's lament for an exile returned forever to the house of his father.

During the dancing, one room was set apart for the old men. I was conducted to it early in the evening by the master of the house himself, who introduced me by leading me to the centre of the room and declaring my name and lineage to the company. It was enough. Everybody in Cape Breton knows everybody else within a radius of thirty miles. "A grandson of Seumas Mac Alasdair Mhoir," said one of the old men as he grasped my hand, "I knew him well. It is, let me see, seventy-five years at least since I saw him first. He spent a night in my father's house on the way to bring home his bride. The next day I went with my father and mother to the wedding. I remember

it all as if it were yesterday, the happy crowd—and a fine crowd it was, I can tell you—the red-faced piper, the young people stepping it out on the floor and the old people apart, as we are here, God bless us, and your grandmother, rest her soul, filling the glass for everybody once round—she held it to my own lips for just a tiny sip. Ochoin, the old days!"

For a time the talk ran on countryside topics—crops, prices, the fish-catch, the prospects for good harvesting weather. Then it turned suddenly as an April breeze. The old man who had been at my grandfather's wedding, broke into a lull with the remark, "Black John's widow will have a short watch, I'm thinking."

"How's that!" demanded the master of the house, "I didn't hear anybody was sick."

"Red Donald MacIntyre. He took a turn this morning and the doctor says it will be the last."

"Red Donald! A peaceful death to him, poor man, if he must go. How old would he be?"

"He was ten years younger than his brother John, and John was born the year of Waterloo. I have heard him tell it often enough. Figure it out for yourself."

"Well, well, Black John's widow will have a short watch indeed. Which of us will have the next turn?"

I watched the old faces while this conversation was going on. With the first mention of the graveyard watch they changed from their usual expressions to the subdued and awed look I had noticed when Angus the sailor told his story. Swiftly and suddenly as the clouds on a June sky the change had come. The eternal twilight of the spirit-land closed round us once more. There were a few moments of deep silence, and then the old man whose words had wrought the magic spoke in the solemn tones of a patriarch. "The grave will have us all soon. For my own part, short or long the watch, it will not matter

much, so long as it is peaceful. But God be between me and Sandy big John's watch!" The old men shook their heads and raised their hands, while a murmur of "God be between us and that, indeed," ran round the room. "Sandy big John," I said, "I don't remember to have heard the name before." "Sandy big John," answered the first speaker, "was one of the first settlers in this part of the country. A sour, hard man he was, and none too good a neighbour, they say, though it's not well to say such things of the dead. Well, Sandy big John was one of the biggest and strongest men that ever came across the water. They say he felled his horse with a single blow of his fist, one night the beast got stubborn while Sandy was on his way home from the village. An awful man he was in drink, too, and often he took it. Nobody would come near him when he was drinking, for it seemed to be his greatest delight to pick a quarrel and then beat his opponent almost to death. When he could get nobody in the glen to fight him he took to making journeys miles away just to keep his hand in, and they tell of one night he rode twenty miles to just such a dance as this, and was alone in the house by daybreak. As he got older he became sourer and bitterer. When he was spoken to he grunted his answers like a pig or snapped them like a dog. The liquor-sellers took to locking their doors when they saw him coming, but still he got the drink, nobody knew how or where. Things went on in this way for a few years, and then one night Sandy big John's horse came home without his rider. They found him the next morning, lying beside the road, with his head almost touching the stone that had dashed out his brains. Well, they buried him in holy ground, and the prayers were said over his grave, but, God help us! it seems his watch wasn't peaceful, for night after night

those who had to take the road past the graveyard heard the most awful noises, gaspings and groanings, and short, sharp shouts, and dull sounds like the trampling of heavy feet, like as if a dozen strong men were having a fight to the death. Black John MacNeil, a holy man, who had the second-sight, drove by the graveyard one night because there was a broken bridge on the road he usually took, and reached one of the neighbour's houses with his horse in a white lather of foam, and trembling all over, and himself so weak that they had to help him into the house. What he heard everybody knew, but what he saw nobody could find out. But ever afterwards, when people spoke of the noises in the graveyard, he would shake his head sadly and say, "*spiorad an duin' fhoghainnthaich ga sharachadh*"*

The story of Sandy big John's watch was the opening of a flood-gate, letting free a torrent of mystic lore which swept the company along—willing voyagers—to the dim shore of the world of ghosts and fairies, of fable and financial legend. Not a resource which the fertile Gaelic fancy has created to satisfy the craving for something beyond the things of sense, or which a higher power has given to that end—was left unworked. From ghosts the talk shifted to fairies and the spirits of air, earth, and water, and then to the deeds of Fionn and his warrior gand, and last of all came the *sgialachd* "*Mac rìgh Eirinn's nighean rìgh Eilean na h'Oige*."† Nobody in that company wished to remember that he was moving among shadows. The fairies, and the king's daughters, transformed into swans, and the golden boat with the silver oars, following the path of the setting sun to the Island of Youth—these were more real than the sweat of toil or the pinch of poverty. Once or twice there were little interruptions which threatened to break the spell, but they were brushed aside with im-

* The strong man's spirit oppressed.

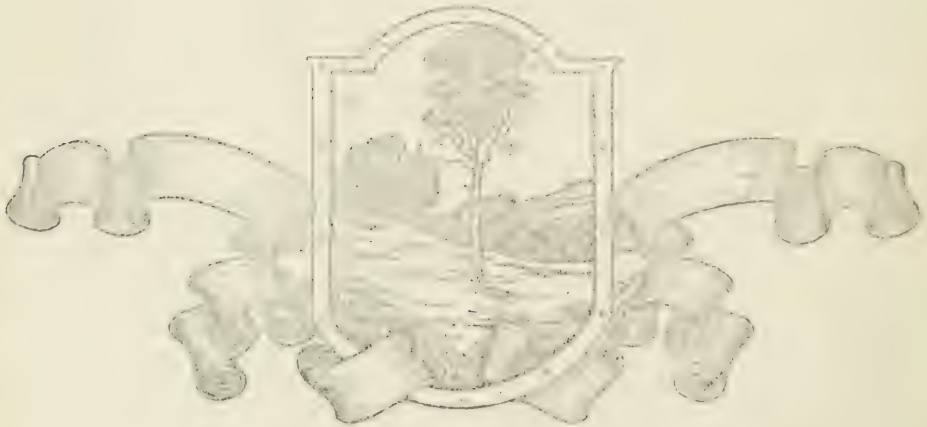
† The King of Ireland's son and the daughter of the King of the Island of Youth.

patient gestures and more impatient words. And when at last the sober dawn broke, and the time of parting came, the farewells were said in low and hurried tones, as if each wished to be alone as soon as possible that he might warm the dying delusion at his breast.

The scene re-enacts itself often and often in my memory, and always the question follows "Will the old language and the old traditions and the old Gaelic spirit pass away, and the Gael cease to be a Gael?" I know there are many signs which point to dissolution, but I will not believe that these things will be allowed to perish from the earth, or that our noble heritage will rust away through disuse. I want the Gael to retain his Gaelic character, all the more that our age has sore need of just such a spiritual element as he can supply—

We are the makers of music,
We are the dreamers of dreams,

and we must continue to make the music and dream the dreams. We have our share to do in the building and maintenance of empire, but it is not to rule. The skilful forging of tempered laws is for the Saxon; but for the Gael—not that he must be said to lack gifts of reason and judgment—the quickening imagination, the soul responsive to all generous impulses, the mysticism, the conservatism, the spirituality, the broad sympathy. In a word, the cool, brainy, reasoning Saxon will bring to the common store the sound and saving common sense and the lessons of long experience—not indeed that he can offer nothing else, but because the ruling genius is his above all; the Gael will add the spiritual leaven to the mass. It is a combination such as no other country that is or was has known, and that can never be known again, because no other races that remain can bring such gifts for the blending.



THE BIGELOW MANSION

By M. J. Coggeshall

IT ought to be done!" "It simply *must* be done." "There is no such auxiliary as 'must' in poverty's dictionary," remarked Cecilia Bigelow calmly.

"There is no other," asserted her sister Janet. "The house has got to be painted. It is a libel on our ancestors. It will soon be known as 'Peeling-paint Paradise' instead of the 'Old Bigelow Mansion.' I, for one, am ashamed to turn in at the gate"; and to make her words as emphatic as her feelings Janet brought her hand down on the table with a thump that made the dishes rattle.

"The cloth is getting thin, Janet," Mrs. Bigelow mildly suggested.

"To match the paint on the house," remarked Cecilia.

"A harmony of transparencies!" came from Janet.

"Do you realize, girls, how much it would cost?" Mrs. Bigelow asked.

"Fifty dollars."

"Nearer a hundred. It is useless for us to talk about it this year. Another winter it may not be so cold, our coal bill will be less, and in the spring, our summer following——"

"Or the autumn after that, or the spring succeeding! The same old story. Just how long ago did it have its last coat, Mamma? I know I was in pinafores, for I remember getting some of the yellow ochre on my best dimity one. It was the summer before I had the measles—I must have been

six years old. Twenty years ago! Whew, nobody can blame the *paint*. It's got to be done some way, by hook or by crook," and Janet again made the gesticulations of her hand enforce the determination of her mind, but this time she spared the tablecloth.

"It's horrible to be so poor!" said Cecilia, scraping her preserve dish.

"Awful!" echoed Janet. "A huge joke in books, but a long-continued tragedy in real life. For the present we will swallow our pride and wash the dishes, but my determination remains unaltered. The house *must* and *shall* be painted."

The house whose unpainted condition was thus agitating a usually quiet family circle was a square frame building, standing back from the street with a shaded lawn sloping to the sidewalk. It had been built by a certain Judge Bigelow in the early thirties, when size, rather than architecture, was indicative of opulence, and was now occupied by three of his descendants, Mrs. Charles Bigelow and her two daughters, both teachers in the public schools.

The old Judge had been reputed rich and had surrounded himself with the splendours of his time. His descendants sat penniless among the faded glories of a past grandeur. To be sure, ingrains and mattings had replaced the old-fashioned body Brussels and tapestries, but the heavy mahogany furniture still gave an air

of distinction to the big rooms, and old family portraits lost none of their dignity because they were daily witnesses to innumerable small economies and menial acts which the Judge, in the flesh, would have considered degrading to a gentlewoman. As Janet had once remarked in the bosom of her family, there was no trade she had not mastered, from paper hanging to tailoring. Fortunately for the Bigelow pride, their friends were not inquisitive, and though they often remarked to one another how well the interior of the old mansion was preserved, they were not particular as to how a new coating of paint was put on or when the faded wall papers were replaced by newer and more modern ones. But while the inside was thus kept up by active brains and busy fingers, the outside presented each year a shabbier face to the world. First the north and west sides, then the south and east, assumed the appearance of a gray, yellowish and green patchwork combination which, like a chameleon, had the power of taking on different hues—especially after a rain storm—when it would present most startling and distracting colour schemes.

"If there were only less of it!" Janet would often sigh to herself as she came up the broad front walk. But now she had determined that something must be done, some remedy must be found, and when Janet Bigelow made up her mind "firm and square," as she called it, the elements had to move. People who knew her said it was the old Judge in her, and that if she had been a boy she would have made the family fortunes again.

A trivial incident, which Janet for various reasons did not repeat to her family, had brought about this determination. That night, on her way home from school, she had overheard the conversation of two gentlemen just in front of her.

The first had said:

"It is a standing disgrace to the street."

And the second: "A neglected-appearing place."

Both had looked at the once haughty mansion. Janet felt for it and for herself. She crept on behind the speakers with a shame-faced air, passed her home, turned down the next street and stole like a culprit in at the back gate, her teeth set and her resolution made. But how to put her resolution into effect was now the question uppermost in her mind. Plan after plan passed through her brain for more than a week, and then, one beautiful June morning when the birds were singing their early matin song, a solution came. It popped into her head like an inspiration. She rushed from her room in *robe de nuit* and floating hair and banged successively at Mrs. Bigelow's and Cecilia's doors. Both ladies sprang out of bed in the wildest consternation.

"I've got it! I've got it!" Janet was repeating in a high treble.

"Got what—a fit?" inquired Cecilia, cross at being thus rudely aroused at sunrise on a Saturday holiday.

"What *have* you got?" echoed Mrs. Bigelow, relieved to find that Janet was not holding a burglar by the hair.

"The solution to the problem. The key to the enigma. The secret of painting the house."

"You haven't discovered a gold mine in the cellar, have you?" yawned Cecilia.

"No, but I have thought of a treasure in the attic. There's the beard that Uncle Henry used when he acted 'Falstaff,' and the moustache that Cousin Jennie insisted upon wearing as 'Romeo,' because you remember she said no girl could properly thrill at a kiss unless she felt hairs, Angela Woodman least of all; and besides, there must be shirts, and trousers and lots of other truck belonging to men."

"For mercy's sake, what have false beards and moustaches and shirts to do with painting a house?"

"If you will listen I will explain."

Cecilia, anticipating a long explana-

tion before the connection between a beard and a freshly-painted house was established, crept back into bed, while Mrs. Bigelow, with something of the same idea in mind, swathed herself in a muslin apron.

"It's just this. Vacation begins next week and we shall have a deal more time than money. At present, thanks to the summer foliage, the house is comparatively hidden from observation. Under such favourable conditions I am going to paint it myself."

"You!"

"Yes, I—disguised as a man."

"Janet Bigelow, you have taken leave of your senses!"

"Not at all, my dear mother; and as for Cecilia, she need not gurgle so derisively from the bed clothes. Why is it any more difficult to paint a clapboard outside than a mopboard in? And I have earned a diploma at the last. The paint, as near as I can find out, will only cost about twenty dollars—perhaps less. We can afford that outlay. As for the rest, I shall enjoy the air, the novelty, and, more than all, that the house is being painted."

"Ridiculous! Impossible! What a notion! You will break your neck!"

"Didn't I pick all the pears last August from the topmost branches, and all the cherries the year before? You will see whether I am foolish or not. On the 19th the Briggses go to their summer home, and the Thurbers follow three days later. That leaves the coast clear on the front and one side, and Mrs. Arlington told me night before last that she and her husband expected to take a trip to Niagara and the Thousand Isles for the first two weeks in July. Their departure clears the other side, and that is the time I will take to do it."

No persuadings, threats or warnings could dissuade Janet from her purpose, and Mrs. Bigelow and Cecilia settled down into regarding it all as a huge joke, not even being convinced of the reality of Janet's determination

when she unrolled a scroll of sample paints and asked their advice on the selection of a shade.

Meantime, many and mysterious were the preparations Janet made. As if fearful that her own resolutions would weaken, she proceeded at once to carry out her plans. Much of her time was spent rummaging in the large, old-fashioned attic, her first available find being a pair of ancient-style duck trousers. These had been finely laundered in some far-past day, and Janet felt it almost criminal to destroy their shiny whiteness, but necessity knew no law and, hanging them over a bottomless chair, she vigorously be-spattered them with the mixed contents of several tubes of oil and water colours, until they resembled a prize landscape from the impressionist school of art. Having dried them in the sun, she completed their degradation by sundry laps and folds until her feet became visible and her waist was encircled but once. But the worst was yet to come, for they had been cut and made far back in the time of hoop skirts, when man, wishing to reserve a small share of space for himself, had attempted to combat woman's possession of it by giving a bloomer effect to his trousers. With all her skirts tucked into them there was yet space to spare. In her dilemma Janet sought Cecilia, who, though utterly disapproving of the serious side of the project, was not unwilling to lend her aid to the comical.

"They do look rather flabby, that's a fact!" was that young lady's verdict. "You will have to grow to them, Janet, or stuff them. How would wadding do?"

"Wadding—in July!" exclaimed Janet, paling at the prospect.

"You might put another pair under them. Those are meant for overalls, anyway. Men always wear a better and heavier pair underneath."

"So they do. What a dunce," and Janet mounted to the attic again.

There had been few men of late in the Bigelow family, and what trousers

they had left behind had long since been absorbed by the rag-man or the moths. Janet delved into box after box and finally drew forth from the depths of an old chest a black broad-cloth suit. It was carefully folded in a white sheet and had a very sacred appearance, but Janet, feeling sure it could not have been used for either a burial-shroud or a christening-robe, and knowing of no other commemorative epoch in life, concluded it must have belonged to her grandfather the Judge, and saw no reason why a past splendour should not yield to a present necessity. When she again presented herself before her mother and sister she was arrayed in the entire suit, long, close trousers, swallow-tailed coat and white satin vest. Cecilia rolled over on the floor in a fit of hysterical laughter, while Mrs. Bigelow looked the image of despair.

"Janet Bigelow, those were your father's wedding clothes!"

"Oh, dear!" said Janet, an amusing mixture of contrition and comicality.

"Nothing is sacred, nowadays, nothing," sighed Mrs. Bigelow.

"I couldn't find anything else," protested Janet, but Mrs. Bigelow had left the room.

"I think mamma was crying," said Cecilia.

"Oh, dear!" repeated Janet, again wishing she were more than five feet, six and not so slim. "I'll see they get back all right, and will look further, though I cannot promise not to get into something else sacred to memory."

"Your feet look decidedly queer!" remarked Cecilia as Janet was disappearing through the doorway.

Janet paused and surveyed her trim 4½A's ruefully.

"What shall I do? I don't believe there is a pair of men's boots on the premises."

"Buy a pair of cheap sneakers."

"Exactly! Cecilia, you're a brick!"

A masculinity of feeling and action seemed to have come upon her with

her change of costume, and when the metamorphosis was complete—her long hair tucked up under a cap, the beard and moustache upon her face, sneakers on her feet and an outing shirt tucked into the bespattered ducks, she felt like quite another being and confided to the much-horrified Cecilia that, with the addition of a pipe, she thought she could swear.

"No one would ever recognize you as Janet Bigelow, never," cried Cecilia in an ecstasy over her make-up. "Don't come too near me; it makes me nervous to have you so familiar, you are so much like a man. But, whatever happens, don't let your hat blow off or your hands be seen. If you do your secret's out."

"I might wear gloves."

"And be a house painter!"

"At least I can keep my hands in my pockets"; and suiting the action to the word they disappeared from sight, and she swaggered off, whistling.

"There's a law against women wearing men's clothes," said Mrs. Bigelow, in a last forlorn effort to stem the tide of events, for she and Cecilia had by this time decided that Janet was really in earnest and fully determined to execute her threat.

As to Janet herself, she was not without misgivings as to the outcome of her scheme. The nearer she approached its realization the more her trepidation increased, though she bravely hid it under a joking exterior. Over and over again she asked herself what it was she feared. She was more athletic than many of the opposite sex; she could mount a ladder and manipulate a paint brush. She had brains and skill; what she lacked, then, must be courage—courage to face the novelty of a new position. She might feel the same on the eve of embarkation for a trip to Europe.

She saw Mr. and Mrs. Arlington start on their provisional tour with mingled feelings of satisfaction and dismay, for with their departure serious work would begin. That night

she got her paint pots ready and with Cecilia's help dragged the long ladders out and planted them firmly against the house.

The next morning Janet Bigelow had disappeared from view, but a bearded man in painter's garb could be seen carefully removing the blinds from the Bigelow mansion, and later applying a new coating of paint to the weather-worn clapboards. When Janet first ascended the ladder she felt a creepiness, and the gables of the old-fashioned house seemed leagues away from the greensward below, but a girl who in the summer could wave her handkerchief from lighthouse summits, and dive from the piers at low tide, was not likely to be daunted by an aerial position. The day was beautiful, the air soft and cool, and Janet began to enjoy her high perch. Once or twice she caught herself warbling strains from familiar operas. Then realizing they were not consistent with her character, she whistled them lustily, instead. At regular intervals Mrs. Bigelow would ask from behind the curtain:

"Are you safe, Janet?" and the bearded painter would answer in dulcet tones, "Perfectly, mamma."

That day Janet ate her dinner from a pail in the barn, for, as far as possible, she was determined to carry out the masquerade. While she was eating it with a zest, born of an outdoor appetite, two urchins approached timidly from the street.

"Please, mister," the elder said, "can me and Tim have them cherries on yander tree?"

"Get out of here, both of you," cried Janet in a gruff voice, and the hasty stampede of their bare feet was a compliment to her first assumption of masculine severity.

In the afternoon two ladies of Janet's acquaintance passed by the house and, after a critical survey as if to satisfy themselves they were not the victims of an optical delusion, one said to the other that she "guessed the Bigelow girls had concluded to

paint the house at last, but she wondered that, after waiting so long, they should choose that homely shade of green instead of one of the fashionable yellows."

When the day's work was done Janet's ankles were stiff from balancing on the rounds of the ladder, and her wrist lame from the constant wielding of the brush, but, for a surface covering many square yards, the old house had assumed such a rejuvenated appearance that Janet would not have minded a whole body of aches. She felt like a stockbroker who had made a desperate deal and won.

Day succeeded day and the work went on without molestation or interruption. Each morning the painter reappeared from somewhere, and again disappeared at nightfall. The few families left in the city for the summer were not likely to be inquisitive as regarded his coming and going. When the suspicions of the public are not aroused they can very easily be hoodwinked, and the rumour had gone forth that Janet was spending the early part of July with friends at the beach. Visitors who called left their love for her, asked when she was coming home, hoped she was having a good time, etc., until Cecilia declared that if she wasn't painting the house herself, she was breaking every commandment in the decalogue to have it done.

Meantime the weather remained singularly cool and beautiful, and Janet's courage rose rather than sank as she became inured to her work. Mrs. Bigelow, having ceased in a measure to worry about her daughter's personal safety, began to deplore Janet's increasing brown rugged appearance, and declared she would not be able to wear a muslin dress for the remainder of the summer; but Janet philosophically explained that it was no worse for the complexion than riding a wheel or indulging in the hatless fad.

The front and one side were resplendent in a bright, new smartness,

and Janet was patiently beautifying the second side, when a letter was received which threw the whole family into the wildest consternation. It was written from New York, addressed to Mrs. Bigelow, and ran thus:

Dear Harriet:

My son Ned and myself have reached here on our way from the West, and in response to many urgent invitations from you in the past, are planning to spend a few days with you and your daughters as soon as we can complete arrangements to do so. Will you allow us to drop in upon you in the same unceremonious manner that was my custom when you were first married? My purpose in coming East is to acquaint my son with his relatives, and to revisit, before I leave them forever, the familiar and unforgotten places of my boyhood.

Hoping you can make us welcome, I am
Affectionately yours,
ROBERT L. BARSTOW.

Now, Robert Barstow had been John Bigelow's chum-cousin in the days when they were boys together, but later he had gone West, married, and become a multi-millionaire.

The letter was read aloud at the tea-table and all three ladies looked at each other aghast. "Heaven!" exclaimed Janet when she found her voice. "What's to be done?"

"It's a dilemma."

"I shall tell him to come of course," said Mrs. Bigelow. "I would like to see Robert again very much."

"But the house, mamma!" cried both girls in chorus.

"I knew something would happen before it was done," Mrs. Bigelow said with the sententiousness of a foreboding oracle.

"If we only had some of his money," sighed Cecilia.

"He might leave you some if you made a good impression upon him," said Mrs. Bigelow.

"Mamma, do millionaires eat pork and beans, and bread and butter, and common things in general?" asked Janet, helping herself to the comestibles mentioned with the bountifulness born of an open-air appetite.

"Money can't alter one's digestion, though it may one's appetite," commented Cecilia.

"Robert was always very simple in his tastes," continued Mrs. Bigelow. "He can't have entirely changed."

"But there is the son."

"Probably a great, overgrown cowboy. Well, we will prepare for the worst, and hope for the best—the best being that these rich cousins of ours from the 'wild and woolly West' will not put in an appearance for a fortnight at least," said Janet.

But fate had evidently ordained the worst, for the following afternoon, while Janet was painting the framework of a second-story window and whistling an air from "Il Trovatore," she heard her name called in a hoarse whisper and saw Cecilia gesticulating frantically just inside the window.

"Come down from there, quick," she was saying, "for Cousin Robert and Ned are in the parlour. Aunt Angelina was taken suddenly sick with the summer cholera, so they are to make their visit here first."

Half an hour later a tall, pretty girl in a gray muslin with blue ribbons tripped down the front stairs into the parlour and was introduced to Robert Barstow and his son as "Janet". Ned Barstow, delicate and reserved, as unlike the gawky cowboy his cousins had pictured as could well be imagined, thought her the prettiest and brightest girl he had ever seen, an impression that was strengthened every minute of the succeeding forty-eight hours, for the next day being Sunday, Janet had the privilege of reassuming her own personality.

Late Sunday night a conclave was held in Mrs. Bigelow's bed-chamber as being the most remote from the guest-room, and plans of entertainment were laid whereby the Western cousins would be spirited away during the day under, as Janet suggested, Mrs. Bigelow's and Cecilia's guidance; but here a new difficulty presented itself. Mrs. Bigelow positively refused to leave the house while

Janet was risking her neck on a ladder, and the sole responsibility fell upon Cecilia, despite her protestations that she was not equal to the occasion.

"I think Ned suspects something already," she said. "I saw him looking at the house all over this morning! And what a queer question to ask at the breakfast table—who was doing the work?"

"A queer question, but I answered it well when I told him 'Mr. James.' It was the name that came nearest to Janet."

"But you grew as red as a poppy when you said it."

"Simply because I have not yet reached the depth of depravity where I can fib without a blush."

Monday and Tuesday all went well, When Wednesday came, Cousin Robert bolted the programme, in a very gentlemanly manner, but none the less—bolted. He would rest that day, if agreeable to his hostesses and carry out the plan of visiting the Park and Museum on the morrow.

Thursday found Cousin Robert sufficiently rested to carry out any plans that might be made for him, but his previous surprise and that of his son grew into open astonishment when they learned that again Cecilia would be the only one to accompany them.

"Not going?" said Ned Barstow to Janet. "May I ask why?"

But Janet's only explanation was an almost inaudible murmur about a previous business engagement.

"It will not be half a day without you," he said, in a reproachful, confidential tone that made Janet redden and wonder if people, especially young men from the "wild and woolly West," were given to taking sudden and violent fancies.

Cecilia was not only charming in appearance but in manner also, and she made a versatile and pleasant companion as they went from place to place, covering the points of interest in the morning, dining at the Thorn-dyke and finding themselves at the

Museum early in the afternoon. Then, to Cecilia's consternation, Ned pleaded a headache and asked her to allow him to return home alone. All the terrible consequences of such a move passed with nightmare swiftness through Cecilia's brain and she determined to keep him at all hazards. As she raised objection after objection with the thin pretext of having his welfare in view and he as readily overcame them she became desperate. Her desperation made her ridiculous.

"I am afraid to be left alone with Cousin Robert," she said.

"Indeed! Why?" queried the young man, lifting his brows.

"He might have a shock, or a stroke, or something."

"You have not seen signs of anything of the kind, have you?"

"No-o," answered Cecilia, realizing what an absurd remark she had made and blushing hotly. "No-o, but it is a warm day. The air is close and your father was sick yesterday. *Something* might happen."

"My father, as far as I know, is in perfect health. I think you have no occasion to worry, Cousin Cecilia, and if you will make yourself comfortable here, in front of this window, you will find that, as soon as he feels any fatigue, he will seek you out and be quite willing to go. You have brought him to an exceedingly interesting place."

Cecilia realized the predicament she had put herself in, yet made one more valiant effort in Janet's behalf.

"We might all return together, and come again."

"By no means. Do not let my slight indisposition annoy or hurry you. Father is enjoying himself immensely"; and Ned glanced toward the corner where the old gentleman was engaged in an animated conversation with the curator. "You see our combined efforts could not tear him away at this present moment. I shall look for you at home later." And bowing he left her.

Janet's astonishment was unbound-

ed when, from her vantage point on the ladder, she saw her Cousin Ned approaching from the house with a camp chair in one hand and book in the other. What did it mean? What had happened? Where was Cecilia and the Museum? Why had she had no note of warning? She grew hot and cold by turns as he came directly toward her and stood by the foot of the ladder.

"Nice day, Mr. Painter."

"Very."

Janet tried to give a masculine depth to her voice, but it only sounded hollow and sepulchral.

"You're making a slow, thorough job of this."

"I am trying fer it."

"How long have you been at it?"

"Going on two weeks."

"Do you live in the town?"

"Yes, sir."

The painter evidently did not care to enter into a protracted conversation, and Ned and his camp chair took possession of a shady place under the trees, but, to Janet's annoyance, just where he could focus her should he lift his eyes from the page.

There he remained the best part of the afternoon, Janet meanwhile trying to whistle, trying to be indifferent to his gaze, trying to remember she was for the time being "Mr. James," and failing in each one. Would he never go into the house or on to the veranda? Would the slowly descending summer sun never reach a slant where it would shine directly in his face? Why did she ever take such a herculean task or conceive such a quixotic plan? Not until Cousin Robert's and Cecilia's voices were heard coming up the front walk did he nonchalantly take his book and chair and disappear from view. No sooner was he out of sight than Janet tumbled into Cecilia's bed-chamber through a second story window, regardless of any possible scandal that might result.

Cecilia had just entered the room by the natural ingress.

"How-did-you ever-let-him get-away?" Janet cried throwing herself on the bed and bursting into a paroxysm of hysterical laughter of tears.

"I simply couldn't help myself," replied Cecilia, and then she gave way to her own nervous tension at the sight Janet presented curled up on the bed, a strange mixture of masculine apparel and feminine emotion, and screamed with laughter until she nearly wrecked a pillow case in her attempt to smother it.

"It's nothing to laugh at," said Janet, dolefully, yet it was so irresistible that she was obliged to join in and seized another pillow. "Another day like this and I shall have 'nervous perspiration,' as good Mrs. Donohue used to say," and she related her experiences of the afternoon.

"Do you think he suspects?" said Cecilia.

"I don't know," answered Janet, mournfully.

"He is nobody's fool," asserted Cecilia, "if he is 'woolly.'"

"That he isn't," echoed Janet, heartily.

"Anyway, get into petticoats again and make your appearance as soon as possible."

Janet tried to get the red out of her eyes by diligent washing in cold water, but only partially succeeded, and she was sure by the way Ned looked at her that he detected the bands about them. She began to think she detested this new-found cousin and resolved that she would not paint another bit under present conditions, if the "Bigelow Mansion" were never painted.

It happened that evening that a friend called for Cecilia to take a walk, another to see Mrs. Bigelow, Cousin Robert went to bed, and Ned and Janet were thus left alone in a shady corner of the porch. With the mystery that encircled her, and the suspicions that enshrouded him, Janet had never felt so constrained in her life. She blushed and stammered at his most trifling remark, until she de-

terminated to hide her confusion in silence. This seemed to have the opposite effect on her companion, who grew more composed and talkative, told her much of his Western life and ways, referring often to incidents of his younger days when, as he expressed it, they had been "as poor as anybody."

It was after Janet had become interested in his stories and had quite forgotten the experience of the afternoon that he suddenly said, with a mixture of humorous timidity:

"Cousin Janet, will you pardon me if I take a cousinly liberty?"

Janet's suspicions returned all at once, and she stammered out:

"I don't know—of course."

"Will you allow me, then, to return this piece of property?" and he tossed Uncle Henry's false beard into her lap. Janet made her final effort at concealment.

"Mine?"

"Yes, yours, Janet Bigelow, alias Mr. James."

"Oh," was all Janet could say.

"I might as well tell you frankly that I am on to your secret, that I think you the smartest and pluckiest girl alive, and to-morrow I am going to convince you that I can paint as well as 'Mr. James' and become a partner in the business."

"Oh!" said Janet, thankful that red was white in a pale moonlight. "How did you *ever* discover?"

"If you will tell me how you happened to frighten up such a lark, I'll tell you how I found it out."

"We are awfully poor, you know," Janet began, thinking that to make a clean breast of the affair was the best way out of it. "Awfully poor," she repeated; "and the house positively had to be painted—and there was no money to pay for it—and I had plenty of time and—don't you understand?"

"I think I do," said Ned Barstow, gently, very gently, almost tenderly.

"Oh, you needn't pity me," said Janet, bridling. "It was great fun

until you came. If Aunt Angelina had only eaten her mushrooms later."

"I shall never cease to thank Aunt Angelina for that act. But for that I should never have found out what sort of a girl you were. Now for my side of the story. The first night we arrived, and had been shown to our room, I was obliged to go back after coming down, to get father's spectacles. I made a mistake in the doors and got into the wrong place. I knew it was a girl's room by the pretty knick-knacks about. I have since learned it was yours, but what surprised me beyond measure was to see a suit of men's clothes over a chair, a painter's overalls and cap and a false beard and moustache on a table near. My suspicions having been aroused, each day's proceedings only served to strengthen them. Pardon me if I resorted to annoying measures to confirm them. Your disguise was excellent, but your hands were too small and you continued to wear the same amethyst ring you had on at the breakfast. To-night, when you so hurriedly disappeared through the window—"

"And you saw that?"

"—From behind the clothes-reel—you must have dropped your beard, for I found it beneath, on the grass."

"And I was so upset that I never missed it!"

"Now that I know it all, you will let me help you finish. It's all in the family, you know."

"I cannot."

"Then I shall consider myself unforgiven and regret that I ever revealed my knowledge to you."

Much more was said by way of persuasion which has nothing to do with this story, except that from that day two painters instead of one worked upon Bigelow house until finished.

This all happened three years ago, but the "Bigelow House" still looks well, though no brush has touched it since, and Janet herself, as Mrs. Edward Barstow, presides over a palatial residence in Denver.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

By Florence Withrow

AN Anglo-Indian army of transcendent bravery tramps or encamps this very hour up the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates, in the land where tradition says lay the Garden of Eden. This ancient Mesopotamia was the seat of vast kingdoms, and in its sands are sepulchred millions of people who once saw the glories of the Chaldean civilization and the grandeur of the Assyrian, the Babylonian, and the Persian Empires.

At present it forms part of the decrepit Turkish Empire, and is mostly a desert plain scattered with Bedouin camps, Arab villages, and delapidated Turkish towns. The Garden of Eden is now a wilderness, but it may yet blossom like the rose, for its soil, the rich alluvia of two great rivers, is unsurpassed in fertility when under irrigation, and produces immense quantities of dates, figs, nuts, melons, grains, and wool, which are brought by trains of camels to the river towns, whence they are shipped to the Persian Gulf, or carried to Smyrna and thence borne to the uttermost parts of the earth.

To the tourist there is strange fascination in watching the desert caravans wind into a town and unload in the market-place or in the courtyard of a caravansary. Noise and bustle follow: the shrill call of the camel boy mingles with the unearthly sounds of the camel, merchants and

porters altercation, confusion reigns, and you wonder if order and peace can ever prevail over this chaos and bedlam.

Cities and villages abound in baked mud huts where swarm scantily-clad grownups and half-naked children. One writer observes that if these be descendants of our first parents, the "descent of man" is here demonstrated.

The tourists travel practically by flat-bottom steamers on the Tigris or the Euphrates, with horse-back rides into the desert, where stretch vast plains of coarse waving grass with roaming herds of cattle, sheep, wild asses and boars. Jackals and antelopes also infest the great level wastes. Lagoons are formed by the rivers' overflow, where hover flocks of ducks, herons, cranes and other wild fowl. Black Bedouin tents of goat hair stud the plain, where Arab horses are reared whose beauty of form and fleetness of foot is unsurpassed by any steed. The arched neck, smooth limbs, alert eyes make these fiery creatures highly valued. Indeed, some Arabs say, "Easy get another wife, but not another steed", and if one dies the whole tribe goes into mourning.

A Bedouin tent is a medley of the artistic and the repulsive. Inside are striped curtains, soft rugs, bright saddle-bags, copper utensils, antique arms. Outside are the refuse heap and the offal pile. Your sensitive nos-

trils are also offended with the nauseous cheeses and ill-smelling skin garments. But what matter, if you are seeing life as it was 4,000 years ago! The Sheik, clad like his ancestors, is courteous and salaams in cordial fashion, then regales you with black coffee and sweets, after which he speeds your journey, perchance relieving you of considerable coin by way of bak-sheesh.

It is to study ancient civilization that the traveller is chiefly drawn to this far-off bit of Turkey, where once flourished populous cities, but where now only mounds and earthen ramparts arise, around which prowl lonely beasts. Innumerable ruined canals and choked-up water-courses attest the activity of those forgotten days.

Before turning to antiquities, let us speak of one living city—Bagdad—of momentous interest at the present time. For the last 400 years it has been the capital of a Turkish province with only a mediocre history. But twice it had a “golden age”, as a proud Persian metropolis, and as the centre of an Arab caliphate. What scenes of the Arabian Nights it conjures up! Its brilliant past is revealed in those sparkling pages, but who can predict its future? May it not be that the gallant men now pressing thitherward are to wrest it from the effête Turk and give to it the impetus of a modern city like that which Britain gives to Cairo on the Nile?

As to its history, about the eighth century, under the Abbasside Caliphs, it attained greatest splendour and with a population of 2,000,000 claimed to be the most brilliant city of its day, where flourished commerce, science and art. An old chronicler thus describes a caliph's reception to a Greek Ambassador: “Resplendent in gold and jewels, surrounded by gorgeous courtiers, the mighty potentate resembled a planet amid a galaxy of stars. Gold tapestry of 38,000 pieces ornamented the walls, 22,000 silk rugs covered marble floors, 5,000 bright plumed birds fluttered in the gardens,

1,000 vessels, gaily decorated, floated upon the Tigris”.

Other brilliant pictures are there, embellished no doubt with Eastern imagery, but serving to show the riches of those luxurious days. But the caliphate passed away, and the “City of Peace” fell a prey to Tartars and to Turks.

One word as to the caliphs (commanders of the Faithful), which title was first assumed by Abu-Beker, father-in-law and successor of the prophet Mahommed. He shortly quarrelled with Ali, the son-in-law, causing a division in the Islam sects which exists unto this day. The warlike Omar and Othman succeeded the first caliph, but were followed by Ali and his descendants, who extended Moslem rule from the Indus to the Pillars of Hercules and even into Spain, where, but for Charles Martel, they might have overrun Europe. After Ali's son Hassan, came the Ommiades, with their capital at Damascus. Next followed the Abbassides, who transferred the Court to Bagdad, where for more than 500 years thirty-seven of these Saracenic princes ruled with both sacerdotal and regal authority. Other caliphates were established in Cairo and in Cordova. Most of these mighty rulers are forgotten, but one endures, the fifth Caliph of Bagdad, Haroun al Raschid, the warrior, statesman, scholar and lover of the poor—the grandest hero of those glamorous days. Let us commend Tennyson's “Recollections of the Arabian Nights”, which runs in this wise:

Many a sheeny summer morn, adown the
Tigris he was borne,
By Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold and
high-walled gardens green and old,
For it was in the golden prime of good
Haroun al Raschid, . . .
Behind his throne a floating fold, engar-
landed and diaper'd.
With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold.
Thereon his deep eye laughter stirr'd
With merriment of kingly pride, sole star
of all that place and time,
He saw all—in his golden prime, the good
Haroun al Raschid.

Scholars flocked to his court, but also base adventurers who depraved the easy morals of the Moslems. Corruption and decay inevitably followed, hence by 1258 Tartar hords captured the Arab city. This they held under such conquerors as Tamerlane, until the Turks came in 1638, when the Turkish Sultan assumed the ancient title of Caliph, and thus secured a lasting power over Arab tribes.

The Bagdad of to-day shows scarcely a trace of the barbaric splendour of its golden prime. Its mosques are mediocre, and the buildings unimposing. The British Residency, established years ago, and the Turkish arsenal, with tall smoke-stacks, are among the few European structures. No railway enters Bagdad, for Germany's project is not completed. A floating bridge spans the Tigris, here a half-mile wide, upon which are curious craft. Rafts on inflated goat-skins carry passengers and freight, and queer round tubs, such as were seen by Herodotus, ferry horses, sheep, Arabs, Kurds, Turks and Armenians to the opposite shore. The best residences and the Pasha's palace are along the river, the latter presenting an extended front of low buildings with attractive grounds set with arbours and divans.

The street scenes are similar to other Turco-Arab towns, crowded and confused, filled with filth and foul odours. The few beauty spots are the courts and gardens hidden behind high walls, or an open grove of date palms. The most beautiful shrines are those of the lovely queen of Haroun al Raschid, and of two descendants of Mahommed, which glorify the desert just outside the city.

Religious jugglers and professors of the black arts abound among the fakirs, howling and swirling dervishes and the mendicant mullahs. The bazaars, markets and coffee-shops are scenes of incessant activity, changing colour and dinning noise, but the ear becomes accustomed to shrill voices, howling dogs, braying donkeys, tom-

tom processions, wailing mourners, and the thousand other weird noises of the East. One surely needs to be nerve-proof and gastronomically secure to visit the Orient.

A common sight is that of water-carriers bearing pigskins, filled from the river, for a water system supplies only a small district of the city. The streets are seldom paved, and the neglect of the slovenly Turkish Government is everywhere manifest. Some years back a progressive governor attempted to modernize conditions by civic and sanitary improvements, but he was censured for not returning larger sums from his province to Constantinople, hence was recalled and Bagdad has retrograded ever since.

Let us now turn to the antiquities of Mesopotamia, which are its greatest worth. But while journeying to the sites of ancient cities you will pass Mahomedan shrines where millions of devout Moslems have made pilgrimages to the tombs of Ali, Abbass and Hassan, direct kin of the Prophet. Their mosques are rich in arabesque and tiling, and have domes of burnished gold, which shine forth resplendent in the light of a bright Eastern day.

By devious ways and tedious rides you will next reach the infinitely older ruins of Nineveh, Babylon, Ctesiphon, Seleucia, and other forgotten places of this ancient world. A survey of all that remains of Babylon (on Euphrates) warrants belief in the most extravagant glories of that corrupt city. The first mounds discerned are those of the palace of Nebuchadnezzar, and of the hanging gardens. Some estimate of their extent may be formed from the fact that from them was taken sufficient bricks to build Ctesiphon and Selucia. The fragments of sculptured marble, alabaster and enamelled tiles attest the former magnificence. Perhaps some of these adorned the banquet hall of Belshazzar. Every brick is marked with the king's name and innumerable tablets describe his deeds. One very ancient

tamarisk tree far up the mound is popularly believed to be a last descendant of those on the celebrated gardens. Nebuchadnezzar proudly said: "Is not this great Babylon that I have builded by the might of my power and for the honour of myself?" But the wailing prophet declared, "Babylon shall become heaps". Verily such has befallen the "glory of nations".

The Birs Nimrud, on the site of Borsippa, a gigantic mound with a circuit of a half-mile at its base and rising 150 feet, surmounted by a tower forty feet, tradition calls the Tower of Babel. Among its excavated rubbish are found bits of marble and basalt, showing decorative features of great beauty.

Your next pilgrimage is to the site of Nineveh, opposite Mosul on the Tigris. Savants differ as to the size of the city visited by Jonah. Rawlinson thinks that the walls which can be traced in a circuit of eight miles enclosed the entire city, while Layard conjectures that mounds some miles away should be included making a circuit of fifty miles. In any case it was a place of extraordinary magnificence as revealed by the archeologists who have unearthed some of the rarest treasures known, such as colossal winged bulls, Assyrian lions, lettered slabs and cylinders.

Just as hieroglyphics tell the history of Egypt so do cuneiform characters disclose the Assyrian and Babylonian. One of the largest of these interesting inscriptions in cuneiform ever deciphered is that of Darius describing the extent of his Persian Empire and his numerous conquests. Other records tell of the deeds of Shalmaneser, Sargon, Sennacherib, Asshur-banipal and others, and some prove that Semiramis, the mythical queen of Ninus the founder of Nineveh, was a real person. Still other tablets give the Chaldean account of the Flood.

The beginning of Nineveh is generally ascribed to about 2000 B.C.

and its destruction by the Medes and Persians under Cyaxares to 608 B.C. In Xenophon's time (400 B.C.) so complete was its ruin, and that of Nimrud, that both site and name were lost.

Other ruins of supreme interest are those at Ctesiphon now associated with the heroic stand of Gen. Townshend's forces where remains one stupendous arch, a solitary monument to Parthian monarchs and to Persian kings who lived here in wealth and luxury.

Mounds and earthen ramparts also mark the site of Seleucia, which flourished on the downfall of Babylon and where the successors of Alexander the Great built a beautiful city.

If you wander out of Mesopotamia across the desert to Palmyra, ruins of more recent date arise from the sandy waste. Not mounds of brick are they but temple columns and gigantic shafts which still rear their stately forms to the clear sky. The Golden City was so named, both from its sun-gilded columns and from its rich emporium, which arose through the trade route from Persia to Damascus. Its zenith was at the time of the Romans when the desert queen Zenobia was humbled by the mighty Emperor Aurelian.

Many other treasures lie buried in this Eastern land, for alas! the world's best ruins, excepting those of Greece and Italy, are held by the despoiling hand of the Turk. The pomp and splendour of by-gone days are lost in decay and desolation. Owls and bats are now the only inhabitants of fallen palaces and solitary jackals prowl among ruined temples. All is weirdness and waste. Even in the desert a great wave of silence rolls, and the voice of the wild beast makes dreary moan. The Prophet's utterance is true: "The Lord of Hosts hath swept it with the besom of destruction, and it hath become a dry land, a wilderness wherein no man dwelleth . . . Verily there is a God which judgeth the earth".

SOLDIERING IN CANADA FIFTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

By Dr George Bryce

THOUGH scores of places in Upper Canada were colonized by retired soldiers ranging from private to Colonel, in very few spots was the *esprit militaire* maintained. The settler's axe replaced the musket, and it was only rarely, in the long winter nights, that the old soldier in Lanark, or Zorra, or Adelaide, or some other nucleus could be induced to "fight his gattles o'er again". The cause of this was that the struggle to overcome nature and to conquer the wilderness was so great that even among military immigrants, except in very rare cases, the spirit had fled. To the young inquiring Canadians the only story still remaining that was within a quarter of a century of their time was the incident of the 1837-8 rebellion.

The writer, born in the Gore District, where a good sprinkling of the descendants of the United Empire Loyalists, Highland Kilties and Wellington's soldiers were living, remembers as a boy going with his father to the Queen's Birthday muster. Old Colonel Perley, who was the military Ajax of the district, had summoned the men of soldiery age to meet him on the Burford plains. Several hundreds, instead of thousands, known as

"militia" men had assembled. While perhaps better dressed than Falstaff's brigade, they had nothing but civilian's clothes. The Colonel, who had a soldier's uniform, a belt, a dangling sword, and a cocked hat, was an object of great wonder to the boyish spectator.

The men gathered on the green grass of a beautiful Maytime meadow and faced up in a long, irregular, single line. An orderly in plain clothes called the roll, and though the citizen soldiery did not know "hay-foot" from "strawfoot" they received their compensating mark, got the order "right face", "break off"—and the pageant was over. No red jackets, no drill, no pomp and circumstances. It was a great falling off in the right of the lads of that time who had been reading the stories of Marlborough, the dash of Napoleon, or the great siege and fall of Sebastopol in the Crimean war.

However, the noise of battle was soon to be in the air. The fratricidal American war had broken out on the issue of slavery. Young Canada held itself to be British, yet the conflict did not seem to be our war. Suddenly, Canadians were awakened. The writer remembers well the thrill of

anxiety that shot through the Canadian heart in 1861 when it was reported that the Southern gentlemen—Mason and Slidell, ambassadors from the Southern States to Europe, had been taken by force from the deck of a British steamer. All the real participation in war which Canada had known was the enlistment of the Hundredth Regiment of 1,200 men to go to the Crimea. The only deep feeling shown toward this European War by the Canadian farmers was in their mourning over the fall in the price of wheat after the close of that war. But Great Britain and the United States seemed really in danger of a serious rupture over the "Trent Affair". Britain could not surrender her right to her own "decks", and the Americans claimed the free right of capture.

At this time really began the rise of a patriotic sentiment among the Canadian people. One reflects how enormous a development has taken place since that period of 1861 in the enthusiasm and devotion shown by Canadians in their support of the Empire in the present European war. In the "Trent Affair" the Empire was all astir. Immediately British ships were filled with Britain's best regiments, and these swept off to Canada full of Imperial help, in spite of the "Little Englanders". British regiments were sent to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick on the shore. There being no railway to bring soldiers by rail to the inland British provinces, and the St. Lawrence being frozen, the regiments for Upper Canada and Lower Canada were brought by sleighs over the untenanted snowfields of New Brunswick. A regiment, or half a regiment, was sent to every considerable town in Canada, and in a few Canadian centres a regular garrison was established.

The writer remembers the soldiers stationed in his country town of Brantford. There was half a regiment of one of Britain's crack corps, the Welsh Fusiliers. Their presence

strengthened the hearts of the people. The Fusiliers had a mascot with them—a goat—and this guardian of their fortunes, on their marches, stood erect on his hind legs, leading the brave mountaineers. Every Canadian town had in its soldiers, men who provoked patriotism among the youths. Volunteer regiments sprang up everywhere, even to villages and mere country crossroads. Drill sergeants were sent to train the bodies of recruits. Colonel Perley, the coryphæus of the Burford plains, had at his disposal a regular drill sergeant from H. M. Regiment 69 to drill groups of young men. The writer remembers well his companion, William Winer Cooke, and himself riding on horses, each with a sword with iron scabbard rattling on the excited horses' sides, going six miles to take sword drill. The sergeant was a veteran of the Crimea, and had a scar some three inches long on his brow, showing where a fragment of a Russian shell had struck him in the trenches before Sebastopol. We became experts in sword drill in the hands of our teacher, who fought over for us his Crimean battles. Then, as encouraged by the authorities, we scoured the country on horseback in a circle with a radius of four or six miles, and succeeded in raising a company of volunteers for the Brant battalion. Our work was that of two lads of about eighteen years of age, and our company stood for years as the evidence of the pluck of our country lads.

When the company was formed and gazetted, the writer who was going in that year to Toronto University, had no ambition for office, but young Cooke who was in every way suited for a commission, and who well deserved it, was disappointed in not receiving it, and when the "Trent Affair" was over he crossed to the United States and entered the Federal army. He was a splendid looking Canadian, more than six feet in height and one born to command. He

became a Colonel in the regular American army, became the intimate friend and confidant of General Custer and, with his superior officer, afterward perished in the terrible Indian massacre. Some years after his death an Indian with Cooke's silver-mounted revolver offered it for sale in Pembina, on the boundary of Manitoba, but the writer, who would have purchased it, failed to follow up the vendor.

For several years Canada West was a great camp, and the regular system of Canadian Militia was organized. Regular schools were established for training officers, and these were placed under British regulars. One of these was established in Toronto, under an officer of the 16th Regiment, when quartered in that city. At the end of his first University year, the writer along with a number of college companions in Toronto University attended the military School and took, some a certificate of being able to command a company, others certificates of ability to drill a regiment.

Our grounds for training were behind the old Government House at the crossing of King and York Streets. Our Instructor and leader was Captain Carter, of the 16th. His teaching was good, the work was hard, and many of his men of that time have arisen to high military positions. The year after (1865) one of the most memorable military events was the gathering of some 1,500 graduates from the several military schools of Canada into a body to drill for several weeks in a camp at La Prairie, opposite Montreal. The Military cadets were the very flower of Canada's young men, and were gathered at government expense in overladen steamers from Ontario and Quebec.

The camp was under command of Colonel Garnet Wolseley, who afterward gained great fame as one of our greatest British general. We lived in tents, with some ten

or twelve men in each. The course of training was most unique, the instructors all being men who bore government military certificates. Each had to take a day in turn through the various positions as assistant cook, cook, corporal, and so on up to captain. When one had reached his captaincy he then had to go to the bottom as assistant cook and rise, performing his duties of a day in each of the matters required of him. Many amusing anecdotes followed the camp. The wood supplied was dry maple as hard as a bone. The axes supplied were British axes, very dull, and each had a perfectly straight handle, about two feet long. Many of us remember a tall King street "swell", slender and more than six feet in height, who with his stout-handled axe made fruitless efforts to supply fuel for the evening meal. One of his comrades, seeing the dilemma, shouted out, "Look here H., give me that axe; we'll have no supper at the rate you're going". Another, now a prominent Canadian, undertook to boil rice for dessert in the cover of a camp kettle four inches deep. It was for Sunday dinner. Filling the vessel half full of rice it began to boil and rise so high that four or five times he had to ladle out half of it in a dish to secure anything at all for his hungry associates. It was the story of the camp.

Every man in camp admired and loved the little Irish Colonel, who understood Canadian life and who appreciated the manliness and resource of his Canadian men. His appreciation of Canadian pluck and adaptability was shown by General Wolseley when he expressed his admiration of the Canadians, whom he led on the Red River expedition in 1870, through the rivers, rapids, shallow lakes and swamps of the Lake Superior region, Rainy Lake, Lake of the Woods and down the rapids and portages of the Winnipeg River. It was he who, leading many of his old La Prairie Camp in command of the expedition, raised the Union Jack

over Fort Garry, which by Gallic machination and American interference, had been replaced by a rebel standard. That Colonel Wolseley did not forget his Canadian boys, was seen when on his laborious and dangerous ascent of the Nile in Egypt he sent for a body of Red River voyageurs to act as boatmen. These brave fellows of oar and paddle did great service on the Nile, though their leader, Colonel Kennedy of Winnipeg, on his return, died in London.

Since the time of the early impulse of the "Trent Affair" the volunteer system of Canada has grown enormously, and from it sprang the Kingston Military College, which has supplied many officers who, trained under Canadian skies, have done great Imperial service. Canadians are proud of such men as Otter, Steele, Girouard, Walsh, Kennedy, (Father and Son) and many others who have gained distinction in the wars of the Empire.

Next month Dr. Bryce will deal more fully with the Canadian soldiering of fifty years ago, and particularly with the Fenian raids.

THE SPOILED SONGS

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

I LIVE where Beauty walks with the old tread
 Men tell of when they are about to die,
 And poets when they live; I live with love.
 Yet am I not content.
 Is Beauty gone emaciate and pale?
 Is Love a little little thing at last
 In the story of the world?

I am not sure. When morning lights the bay
 There is a coil of unfolding limpid glory
 Moving like silver suddenly poured down
 In tortuous liquidity of shine
 Out of the sky molten, by some magic cold.
 When the ducks fly I am outdoors to watch;
 I see them like a little careless thread
 At last, lying, while I look, upon the floor
 Of God's rooms, till His distance pick them up.
 A man upon the road will turn my eyes;
 I'll see him past the church and Bennie's farm,
 And watch him down the hill.
 Yet Beauty is not fire; Beauty is but
 The like of ashes clogging up a fire;
 And love is like a bellows broken out.

It is that stale and ancient poison, war,
 Like reek of an old tooth,
 Suddenly rolling forth.

When the war is over and men come home,
 Maybe my songs will tell them this and that
 They have forgot about of Beauty and Love;
 But maybe the songs will be too spoiled
 To make a man remember what they would.

THE PROPHYLACTIC PUBLIC SCHOOL

By Mary E. Lowry.

FIVE years ago the Toronto parent prepared her child for school, scrupulously or sketchily, as the case might be, and, having dispatched him thither, washed her hands of him until four o'clock in the afternoon, with the brief interval of noon. And, at four o'clock the weary school teacher straightened her desk, dismissed her class, and gladly shifted the responsibility back to the parent. The child's life vibrated between the home and the school, but the home and school were entirely independent of each other.

Within the last five years, these conditions have been almost completely altered. While the parent is still willing to leave the education of the child in the hands of the Public School, the Public School is no longer satisfied to leave the child's health in the hands of the parent. Five years ago, the adenoid flourished, and the tooth-brush was regarded as a burden. The School Board was content to fill the child's mind, and to leave the filling of his teeth to the discretion of his parent. Strangely enough, it was the parent who neglected this tacit contract. There are now fourteen dentists, twenty doctors, and thirty-eight nurses in charge of the health of the Public School children of Toronto, assuming the responsibility that an astonishing number of parents are shirking, whether through ignorance, negligence, or sheer poverty.

Medical inspection of schools began in Europe, where education is a science. Brussels, Belgium, claims the honour of inaugurating the first full system of inspection, and this system was copied and elaborated in most of the large cities of Europe. The United States was literally forced into its adoption through slum conditions and an ever swelling foreign population. It was first introduced into Toronto Public Schools in 1911.

Inspection of school children for defects is simply a development of inspection of contagious diseases. The Public School offers unexcelled opportunities for exchanging communicable diseases. Left to its own devices, it can produce a very creditable epidemic from a single healthy germ. The inspection for contagious disease aimed very commendably at safeguarding the community, without any special reference to the individual. But from safeguarding the community to safeguarding the individual is only a step.

Now that it is here, the amazing thing is that a plan so obvious, so simple in its operation, and so effective in its working out, could ever have been overlooked. Since the day of Egerton Ryerson, we have been "muddling through" on the utterly stupid theory that all children are born physically and mentally equal; that a row of children in one of our Public School rooms possesses about

as much individuality as a row of teeth in a comb. The Public School child struggled along from the cradle of his education in the kindergarten, to its grave, in many cases, in the Entrance class, hopelessly handicapped by adenoids, by carious teeth, by the thousand and one conditions arising from lack of personal cleanliness.

To-day, the child with defective eyesight, hearing, or teeth is treated and, if possible, cured before the defect becomes disaster. And where stertorous breathing and sagging mouths proclaim adenoids and enlarged tonsils there is examination, and, if necessary, an operation. Then, on this levelled basis of health, the teacher is able to proceed with the shaping of future scholars and statesmen—with a wonderfully increased prospect of success.

The normal child is expected to complete the eight grades of the Public School in eight years. In view of this, the following table, taken from the pamphlet issued by the Russel Sage Foundation, gives food for thought.

Physical defect present.

Carious teeth	8 1-2 years.
Enlarged tonsils	8 7-10 years.
Adenoids	9 1-10 years.
Enlarged glands	9 2-10 years.

Thus, a remediable defect brings, inevitably, one of two unfortunate results. The child continues to go to school, wasting, in some cases, over a year of his life, and a year's tuition at the expense of the city; or, utterly out of love with this disheartening business of getting an education, he leaves school and enters upon life in a century when a fuller educational equipment is demanded than ever before.

The perfect human animal is practically non-existent. Out of five hundred children, only one was discovered to have perfect teeth, and that one had a spinal disorder. A gloomy picture! One has visions of small spectacled human wrecks, beset by

the twin terrors, adenoids and tonsils, crawling about or sitting palely in the sunny spaces of the school playground. Fortunately, the small human animal is hardy, and his advancement is only hindered and not stopped by wrong habits of living. The system of medical inspection is not expected to perfect the type. But it hopes, by giving the child a straight, strong body, and an unhampered mind, to equip him more fully for future manhood and citizenship.

In the un-analytical past, the school-boy who could not keep abreast of his companions was called "backward". Later, someone coined the term "mentally deficient" to describe the child who, through some unfortunate miracle, was without any power of consecutive thinking. The backward and the mentally deficient were relegated together to the hopeless group that never could "pass". Before mental deficiency, of course, the medical inspector is helpless. What he can do, however, is withdraw the backward child from this unfortunate group, remove the physical cause of his mental inactivity, and restore him to a normal childhood.

Hygiene has always been on the Public School curriculum. For years the school child has been led around the circulatory system, and over the highly unappetizing digestive course. He may have been a bit vague on the tibia and fibula, but he was very sure they were anatomical and not geographical. This is all very important, of course, but, in addition to it he now learns a personal hygiene. The school doctor and nurse teach him the value of pure water and fresh air, and of keeping his body clean; and through the school dentist he is introduced to the tooth-brush, often for the first time, and learns that teeth, even temporary teeth, are a responsibility not to be held lightly. It is not easy. There is no harder task in the world

than to induce a child to take his health seriously, and he is a very eloquent dentist who can persuade him to surrender the sticky joy of an all day sucker for the cold comfort of a tooth-brush.

But he does not forget it, even if he does not immediately apply it. It is the first time, in many cases, that he has heard the gospel of health. And now he hears it over and over, emphasized and re-emphasized. He sees it on charts and on leaflets. He cannot escape it anywhere. There is a card system of recording, of Bertillon accuracy, which literally keeps its finger on his pulse from the time he enters the kindergarten to the time he leaves the Entrance class. If he is dirty or verminous, as sometimes happens, he is sent home. If he is sick, he is sent to the school nurse or doctor. If he has a tooth-ache, he attends a dental clinic. In so far as it is humanly possible, health is absolutely thrust upon him.

It is hard to say just how far this hygienic teaching reaches through the child into un-hygienic homes. Families that have closed their windows to the fresh night air, and lived very comfortably in untidiness and dirt for generations, are not easily converted to the radical theories that their children bring home from Public School. It means infinite patience and insistence. Certainly, the parent of a child in our Public School, has no longer the excuse of ignorance.

The doctors and dentists employed by the school board devote their mornings from nine to twelve to inspection, while the school nurse gives all her day to it. The city is divided into districts, the districts including approximately four schools. In the better residential parts of the city, the need of medical inspection is not so great, and doctor, nurse or dentist can cover a larger area. Where the foreign and poorer elements predominate, on the other hand, the board finds it necessary to concen-

trate. Everything is systematized, everything worked out meticulously to avoid oversight in one part, and overlapping in another. The centre of these districts is a dental clinic. A room in one of the schools is fitted up with dental chair and accessories, and here the children, who seem to suffer from every known dental disorder except pyorrhea, are treated and cured. In default of such an office, the work is handled by a municipal clinic.

The introduction of small tooth-brushes and a good dentifrice at a purely nominal price, brought about some startling discoveries. Less amusing than appalling to the prophylactic mind is the naive statement made by one school boy.

"We don't need a tooth-brush. We use the boarder's!"

A surprising number of the children had no idea whatever of the entirely personal mission of the tooth-brush.

In the report of 1911, when medical inspection was first instituted in Toronto, the chief dental officer states that out of 516 kindergartners examined, two only claimed to use a tooth-brush! In the case of the very poor and ignorant, it was not so much a question in the beginning of converting them to the use of the tooth-brush as of introducing them to it. It is useless to tell a child that it is better to have a dirty face than a dirty mouth, when he is quite unconscious of the heinousness of having a dirty face. In dealing with a child of this type, the new system has to create a practical theory of cleanliness in his mind before it can accomplish anything. When a child has had a thorough experience of the pleasure of being clean, he is less likely to be content with the discomfort of dirtiness. Those that wish to be clean, clean they shall be. As to those that wish to be foul, they have no choice whatever in the matter.

The teacher has her share, too, in

this campaign of health. It is a large one, because she is in closer touch with the child than any one else. She is able to note when he shows signs of lagging, of nervousness, of straining sight or hearing, and she reports it at once to the medical inspector. These are the cases largely, that fill up his morning. Twice a month, the school nurse makes the round of all the children, searching for the external evidences of unclean living. In addition to this, there is a routine examination of all the pupils after holidays, for the detection of infectious diseases, and a complete physical examination during the year. It is a drag-net system that no defect or disease can escape.

Neither can the parents escape it. The inspector notifies them by card that their child has been examined and found to be in need of certain medical or dental treatment. The school nurse "follows up" the card, and ascertains whether the parents are able to bear the expense of treatment. If they are, the patient goes to the family physician or dentist and is cured. If they are not, the nurse sees that he is taken to a dispensary, or, if the case calls for an operation, to the hospital. There is a fund of four hundred dollars reserved to purchase glasses for those children whose parents cannot afford to remedy the defect themselves. There have been cases—rare ones—where parents have been stupidly and criminally opposed to having the child receive any treatment whatever. When this occurs, the school board, pushed to an extreme, places it in the hands of the Juvenile Court; for the school board is very much in earnest about this matter. So it continues to inspect and to disinfect, to circulate glasses and tooth-brushes and dentifrice, accepting parental help where it is offered, and compelling it where it is not. The system is parent-proof, and unbeatable.

But it does not act despotically.

If it is insistent, it is also courteous. The school nurse, for instance, has to combine the qualities of an angel of mercy with those of an international diplomat. Her leading characteristic must be tact—the tact that is laid on with a trowel and the rare tact that conceals tact. She must be able to clothe in graceful, casual language the statement, "Madame, your child should be gone over thoroughly with a fine tooth comb", or "Your child has already been sent home three times for a bath". She must be able to discover, as indirectly as possible, how far the family will be able to finance the child's medical or dental treatment. Her work lies largely among the ignorant and the very poor, largely, but not exclusively, of course, for in our democratic country, the son of the wealthy manufacturer is quite likely to go to school with the son of the banana pedlar around the corner. So she meets with every type of parent—the intelligent and the ignorant, the well-to-do, and the very poor, the interested and the indifferent—and strives to convince them all that the work of the system of medical inspection is not interference, but co-operation. Quite frequently she encounters more opposition from the Canadian than from the foreign-born parent, the Canadian declaring that he never, never, never will be slave to any system, and the foreigner, fresh from government-ridden Europe regarding an official visit and instructions with respectful awe.

Nowhere, probably, does the machinery of the Government and the machinery of social service work in closer harmony than here. The Government rounds up all the children in the country under fourteen years of age, and places them for the formative period of their life under the care of a body of trained, intelligent men and women. Through the medium of the school nurse, the Public School is able to reach cases

that the churches and social settlements have failed to discover—cases of mal-nutrition, and filthy habits of living, the parents of tuberculosis; cases of families too proud to ask for assistance and in desperate need of it—and cases of families imploring assistance and possessing bank accounts. The system reaches beyond the diseases to the condition that caused the disease. It is not merely a health movement; it is a social movement, widening and varying in its activities, as the growth of slum conditions keeps pace with the growth of the city.

Too many parents regard medical inspection of schools as an inartistic system of pink, blue and yellow noti-

fication cards, secured by red tape; or as an excuse on the part of the Board of Education for raising the rate of school taxation. There are even those who, because it is essentially modern, look upon it as a rather sentimental fad. In reality, it is one of the broadest humanitarian movements of the day, and one of the tenderest. For it is a movement in defence of the child; to wage war on dirt and disease and the strange perversities of nature that threaten his development; to show him the real meaning of living; to teach him "to learn his lessons, and thank God for cold water; and wash in it, too, like a thorough Englishman."

A KIRKFIELD TRAGEDY

By MAIN JOHNSON

IN blythest spring, when colours glowed,
And brown squirrels scudded 'long each lane,
Chasing their tails o'er bourge'ning boughs—
Ontario's sky soft-blue again;

When pussy-willows charmed and soothed,
With warm caress of fur, soft, deep;
When drabness fled before the green,
We saw what made us stop and weep.

In a Canadian maple-wood,
Where sap was running sweet and clear,
With shining, long tin pails agleam
'Gainst rough, brown tree-trunks far and near—

Each pail full filled with liquid white,
All waiting to be lifted down,
And in old caldrons iron black
Be boiled unto a syrup brown.

In midst of this rare ecstasy,
Within a pail filled with such cheer,
A squirrel lay drowned—his paws upstretched,
His fur still sleek, his eyes still clear!

A DIAMOND FOR A SONG

By A. Barnhart Brown

COINCIDENCE is certainly a funny thing. Moreover, consistency is seldom apparent in its donations. It reminds one of the hungry small-boy, the unlocked pantry, and the open cake-basket. Even as Convention is first cousin to Precedent, so Coincidence is closely related to Luck. A moneyless man may order a plate of oysters on-the-half-shell, and incidentally bite into pearls of price. True, this occurrence is not prevelant, but here is an instance.

Mrs. William Hazlet, seated in the tiny bay-window of her house on Cook Street, was engaged in the unemotional task of sewing buttons on her husband's shirt. The houses on Cook Street, being semi-detached and stuccoed in pairs, were all seemingly poured from the same mould. Facing one another in two solid rows, they dissimilated only in the numerous ash-cans. Many a man, it is said, returning home late at night, has bent his latekey trying the wrong door, thinking it to be his own.

The Street held a problematical location; it contained too much of the city to be called residential, and it lay too near the suburbs to be known as "down town". Real estate agents—those who belonged to the Ananias Club—informed their customers (in display type) that charming suburban dwellings were to be had for thirty dollars a month, on Cook Street.

Mrs. Hazlet's glance tailed up and down the quiet street. A busy, store-

lined thoroughfare crossed one end, while a shady residential avenue could be discerned at the other. An electric street-car angled past the shop-ped corner; Mrs. Hazlet watched it, wondering if it would stop. It did not, but her eyes fell on a figure which, turning the corner, came briskly up the street.

It was a large, imposing gentleman, arrayed in a black coat and light trousers, topped by a tall silk hat. In his hand he carried a black grip-sack. As this distinguished stranger advanced, Mrs. Hazlet noticed he possessed a jovial, clean shaven countenance, wreathed in perpetual smiles. Another man strolled around the corner about fifty yards behind the first. Mrs. Hazlet barely noticed him; he was a medium-sized man wearing a light gray suit, his face partly hidden by a rakish Derby. She continued to watch the first man, vaguely wondering where he was going. He walked quickly along the street, glancing carelessly at the houses. Arriving opposite Mrs. Hazlet's window he slackened his pace; he hesitated a moment; then turned sharply, and walked up the cement path. Was this flank movement caused by the contour of the Hazlet ash-can? Who can say?

Mrs. Hazlet was greatly surprised. She was all of a flutter. What could it mean? Might he be a lawyer come to—or was he merely an agent selling tea? She whirled around, dropped Mr. Hazlet's shirt, and ran down.

In the hall the electric bell rang shrilly. Mrs. Hazlet looked down at her skirt, and felt her collar. She had once been the belle of the lace counter in Bayley's Department Store; moreover she was only feminine. After surveying herself in the hall mirror, and patting her hair into shape, she went to the door.

"Excuse me, madam," said the frock-coated stranger, "but I have a few articles that I'd like to show you."

"Only an agent after all," thought Mrs. Hazlet.

"I merely ask you to take a glance," proceeded the jovial-faced gentleman, leaning forward tentatively.

Mrs. Hazlet made a hesitating murmur. "Um-er-what is it?" she said.

"I'd like your opinion on these here knick-knacks," he replied, stepping inside the door.

The die was cast, and Mrs. Hazlet's curiosity was aroused. Her husband was not a stout man, nor did he wear a frock coat and a silk hat. She let the engaging stranger in without more ado.

"Some place I can put my bag down?" he murmured, glancing into the hall. "Ah, here on the hall seat."

Then turning his head, the unreluctant caller glanced anxiously through the open door.

"I don't want to keep you standing in a draught," he said gallantly—"Better shut the door."

"I'll close it," offered Mrs. Hazlet, stepping forward to do so.

His eyes narrowed past her, to where the man in the Derby hat stood irresolute on the sidewalk. Seeing the door close the outsider shrugged his shoulders, stuck his hands in his pockets, and walked slowly on. Turning, about fifty yards away, he strolled slowly back.

"Excuse me," began Mrs. Hazlet, meaningly, "but what is it you want? Are you a book agent Mr. ———?"

"Smith. That's my name. I represent one of the biggest industries. —No; not exactly literary."

He turned and unfastened his black bag. Mrs. Hazlet peered forward. The bag seemed nearly full of elastic-banded bundles of crisp slips of paper. She thought they looked like bank notes, but of course they couldn't be.

Mr. Smith inserting his hand in an inner recess, smiled facetiously at Mrs. Hazlet.

"My brother is upstairs," said the lady significantly, "he's just home from college."

"Sure," was the genial reply. "I won't keep you from his society any longer than necessary. Just cast your eyes on this little joker. Ain't it the chicken-sandwich to a hungry man? See how it glitters. The quickness of the hand deceives the—er—I mean, what d'ye think of it, eh?"

He held up a magnificent diamond ring, which shimmered and shone, like a 48 candle-power incandescent light at two feet distance.

"Its beautiful!" ejaculated Mrs. Hazlet, fascinated. "Are—you selling it?" she managed to ask.

"Yes, madam, I am—er—disposing of it."

Mrs. Hazlet's heart sank. "They're lovely," she said, "but I could never pay the price." She turned away.

"One moment, madam," he interposed quickly; "you haven't heard the price yet. I'd like you to try it on; see how it fits. Here you are." He handed over the ring, with as much apparent care as if he was a hired-man feeding the stock.

Mrs. Hazlet tried it on with choking breath. She waved her hand back and forth at an angle of forty-five degrees. She flattered herself that she knew a diamond when she saw one. "It's gorgeous!" she breathed.

"I agree with you," responded the urbane gentleman. "You could cut down your electric light bill with that around the house."

"Yes, but it's too swell," went on Mrs. Hazlet sadly. "That's the worst of it. Anyway you might as well tell me the price, and get it over."

The "agent" looked at the door, through the glass window he seemed to see reasons for extending his call.

"Madam," he began, "the price of that ring at Ryne's swell jewelry emporium would be one hundred and fifty dollars." He paused dramatically.

"Goodness gracious! Oh well in that case—"

"But," he continued, waving his hands, "my rooms—that is to say—the firm I represent, have decided to offer this exceptional solid-gold, single-stoned ace-of-joy at the extraordinary price of one dollar down, and one a month for eight months."

Now, according to all the rules of precedent, habit, and the thought of the neighbours' envy, Mrs. Hazlet should have gasped incredulously, or else have been overwhelmed with joy.

But none of these emotions affected her. She merely said: "If you think it humorous to offer me a diamond ring like that, for nine dollars, I don't. If you've nothing better to do than to trifle with a lady's feelings, I won't detain you any longer."

"Madam, you do me wrong," he protested. "I haven't the slightest intention of putting up a game. Let me explain. You see the—a—shop which I travel for gets these little bright eyes from our own mine in South America, and they're cut and set by a special process, which also cuts the price. In this way we are able to hand them out at this low figure."

He drew a deep breath.

"Do you really mean it?" gasped Mrs. Hazlet.

When informed that he certainly did, she re-examined the ring on her finger.

"It's perfect," she declared. "And only nine dollars. Why, that's next to nothing—only a dollar a month. I believe I've got a dollar bill in the kitchen. I'll get it."

The "agent" glanced through the glass window in the front door. Just

then the man in the gray suit and Derby hat strolled past nonchalantly.

"This's a rotten proposition I'm up against," ruminated Mr. Smith. "I suppose I'll have to let this little ace of diamonds slip by."

Mrs. Hazlet was still gazing fondly on her prospective purchase.

"Is there anything I'll have to sign?" she suddenly asked.

Mr. Smith did not seem to expect this. "Eh! What?" he said. "Sign? Oh, sure; write your name under that of the horse you choose—I mean—you get the spondulix, cash, I mean, and I'll fix up something for you to sign."

"All right, I'll get the money!"

"One moment, madam, might I ask you," he glanced toward the door again. "My larynx and vocal organs are as dry as the editorial page of a Western yap journal—in other words, could you oblige me with a drink—"

Mrs. Hazlet frowned; her lord and master was a staunch temperance advocate.

"—of cool limpid water," finished Mr. Smith hastily.

"Oh, yes," said the lady. "I'll get the dollar, too," she added.

The houses on Cook Street were not extensive, and Mrs. Hazlet was in the kitchen almost before she had left the hall. A thin, "second-best" purse, a glaring temptation to delivery boys, lay invitingly on the table. Grasping it with a practised hand, she shook out the contents. There was wafted forth a dollar bill, some loose change, a back door key and a street car transfer. She clutched the bill with the joy of long-hoped-for possession; turning, she faced Mr. Smith.

"Don't be alarmed, madam," said that gentleman beamingly. "I don't want to trouble you rushing that glass of—a—water," he waved a deprecating hand, "so that I just thought I'd step out. I hate to bother a lady," he said simply. Glancing around the room, which was no neater than it should have been, he

remarked: "Ah, how this kitchen reminds me of the one me own mother used to run."

He set his hat and bag (which he still carried) on a chair.

"Here's a tumbler," said Mrs. Hazlet kindly. "That tap nearest the window is cold—the one with the filter."

"Thanks," Mr. Smith with bulky grace accepted the proffered tumbler.

He twice filled and emptied the glass, his eyes wandering around the room. Mrs. Hazlet was preoccupied by the window, letting the light glint from different angles on her intended purchase. Mr. Smith watched her narrowly. At last he put the third tumblerful to his lips, but after a few swallows set it down with a wry face.

"Delightful view you have here, madam," he remarked, waving an open hand window-wards.

Mrs. Hazlet had never considered the outlook especially charming, but she was too much engrossed to do anything but assent. Never since her gaze had encountered the finger of Paul Duluth, the swell floor-walker in Bayley's, had she seen such a ring. She remembered furtively that Mr. Hazlet had often warned her to beware of front-door salesmen. But what did Will Hazlet know about agents, or diamond rings either? Besides Mr. Smith was a gentleman. There could be no doubt of that. However, she would be careful. She would justify woman's equality.

"Is that a lane back there?" inquired Mr. Smith.

This was a subject nearer home, one on which Mrs. Hazlet could be voluble.

"Yes, that's a lane," she admitted; "it runs along the back of our lots, from Maple Avenue."

"And opens where?"

"It opens on Grant Street—that street you just come from—that one with the shops. That's the only thing I've got against the lane," she exclaimed, reciting a well-used griev-

ance. "at the Grant Street end there's a saloon—Keegan's, I think they call it—and at night there's always some drunken men hanging around the side door on the lane. I sometimes wonder," she continued, seeing the "agent" was an attentive listener, "I often think these houses would be robbed if there was anything in them to steal. Those places are awful!"

"I quite agree with you, madam," was the reply. "You have my sympathy. However, as I'm steering for Maple Avenue, I'll just make use of your lane, if you're agreeable. I'll get there quicker."

"I suppose it'll be all right," answered Mrs. Hazlet. "But you'll get your coat all dusty. But why," she was compelled to ask, "do you want to go by the lane?"

"It'll save me fifteen minutes. Besides, I want to see Kee—I mean I'm in a hurry to get to this Maple Boulevard place. And so, madam, I will bid you good afternoon."

With profound bows and a flourish of silk head-gear, he backed from the kitchen. He seemed to have forgotten all about the ring, also the required payment. Mrs. Hazlet did not remind him. She watched his broad back, which retreated down the yard with a jaunty, self-assured air. The watcher sighed as she saw him fumble at the gate. Mr. Hazlet, evidently, was not a big man.

The gate opened and Mr. Smith passed through; just then the electric bell rang sharply. But Mrs. Hazlet still watched; she noticed with surprise that his black hat, which showed above the fence, instead of proceeding towards Maple Avenue and the elite, bobbed in the direction of Grant Street and perdition. The bell rang again violently.

Mrs. Hazlet turned her back to the window. "Who can it be?" Hurrying through the dining-room she suddenly remembered the ring on her finger. "It might be that awful Mrs. McStinger," she murmured; "I couldn't bear her to see this."

Her glance swept the conventional dining-room. On the corner of the side-board a stiff-necked vase sat, or rather stood, on three gilded feet. It was a beautiful example of early Grecian art, "made in Germany," and would have made a long-haired æsthetic tired of life. Mrs. Hazlet thought it gave the room quite an "air". And now it gave her an inspiration.

So dropping the diamond in this handy receptacle, she proceeded on her way. The bell rang the third time and the handle was twisted sharply before she reached the door.

Opening it, she confronted the man in the Derby hat.

The newcomer did not have exactly a prepossessing appearance. His head gear, tilted to one side, and the loose gray coat, gave him the look of a turbulent teamster.

"Well," inquired Mrs. Hazlet. "What is it you want?"

"Oh," replied the stranger easily. "I want to speak to that sport in the glad rags that blew in here about half an hour ago. See!"

"Why—Who do you mean?"

"All right, lady, don't get excited. That guy in the silk lid is a pal o' mine. I'd like to have a few words with him." And he advanced into the hall.

"Well, you won't be able to speak to him here," said the lady disapprovingly; "for he isn't in the house."

Her uninvited guest looked incredulous. Mrs. Hazlet felt annoyed.

"Do you mean to doubt my word?"

"There ain't a bit of use trying to be funny with me," said the man sharply. "Just show me the room Jimmie's in and can the music."

"The room who's in? I don't know what you're driving at."

"Who!" he echoed. "Why, that fellow in the Prince Albert is Jimmie the Piker! I trailed him up this street. Then I saw him come in here. I didn't want to butt in on a lady's private house. Say, where is Jimmie?"

"Look here," rejoined Mrs. Hazlet, with dignity, "what do you mean by talking to me like that? Hadn't you better save that tone for my brother upstairs?"

"Excuse me, lady," was the apology. "But all the same I must see him."

"If that gentleman in the silk hat is the man you want," said Mrs. Hazlet guardedly, "he went out the back way."

"What?" yelled her interlocutor.

Mrs. Hazlet without words led the way to the kitchen.

"There," she motioned out of the window. "If you must know; he took a short cut through the lane. He said he wanted to get to Maple Avenue. I thought he was an agent. He was the nicest gentleman. You needn't get mad about it."

For the man in the Derby hat looked the opposite of a poet receiving a check.

"Where does that lane run?" he snarled. "I wasn't wise to a back-get-away. Where in—where does it run to?"

"There's no use to talk like that," Mrs. Hazlet protested. "It runs to Maple Avenue, that way," she pointed. "and at the other end it comes out on Grant Street, beside one of those awful saloons——"

"Keegan's it is, so help me," exploded the man, "Jimmie's old standby, and he's got twenty minutes."

"What has he done?" gasped Mrs. Hazlet, "and who are you, anyway?"

"Done! I couldn't begin to tell you what he's done. I've just had a 'phone to cop Jimmie, on suspicion—they said somebody's gone through the rear safe in Ryne's jewelry store—came in dressed like a big bug and got away with a bagful of greenbacks and stones."

"But who are you?"

"Me? I'm a detective, and I thought I had him this time! But now—Oh I'll be——" he burst out, but encountering Mrs. Hazlet's steady gaze, lamely ended, "I'll be hanged!"

CURRENT EVENTS

By Lindsay Crawford.

THERE is a growing feeling that the war may come to an end this summer. There is no tangible ground for this belief. It arises partly through the fears entertained in financial circles that lack of funds may compel the Allies to force an early decision. It is due in part also to the failure of the Germans to attain any striking success at Verdun commensurate with the gigantic losses they have sustained. On the French and British lines the Germans, concentrated for a tremendous effort, have failed to gain the ascendancy. For weeks the German guns have been pounding away at the approaches to Verdun, while the city itself is silent and deserted. In military circles in London it is contended that Verdun is not the real objective of the Germans, but that under cover of these terrific assaults the enemy is preparing for a mammoth drive at some other point. There has been fierce fighting on the British western front at St. Eloi, in which Canadian troops took part. So far, however, there is no indication of what the enemy's intentions are. Indications point to heavy operations along the eastern front, where the Russians are concentrating for a decisive spring campaign. As to how long the war will last, who can tell?

That the end of the war will not bring peace is evident from the preparations being made to carry on an

economic campaign after the war. Does this mean that the Allies have abandoned all hope of utterly crushing the foe in battle? A trade war would seem to be superfluous against a Germany whose military power had been absolutely destroyed. That an economic war is at all contemplated would seem to indicate that there will be no triumphal entry into Berlin, and that the Allies hope to finish their task not by force of arms, but by the economic isolation of the Central Powers. War has wrenched from their moorings ancient political creeds and shibboleths. The enormous expenditure on non-productive and destructive operations creates abnormal conditions. Tariff for revenue purposes to meet war expenditure on such a gigantic scale implies a departure from long-established traditions that survived in days of peace. It is rather premature, however, to talk of the abandonment of Free Trade principles. The necessity imposed upon the people of the United Kingdom of cultivating habits of thrift and economy has led the Government to adopt measures that will ensure Spartan simplicity of living among all classes. That the embargo on the importation of motor cars and other luxuries will serve to protect home industries goes without saying. But it is a form of protection which no one will begrudge to the British manufacturer, having regard to the crushing internal im-

posts which the war has rendered necessary. The old controversy between Free Traders and Protectionists is dead, and no attempt is made by the Tariff Reformers to revive it in the form adopted by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Before the war the argument of the Tariff Reformers was on behalf of an Imperial zollverein. Now the ground has been shifted and a trade agreement between all the allied countries is the order of the day. It is obvious that anything short of a trade alliance between the Allies would not prove effective in an economic war with the Central Powers. The whole controversy, therefore, comes back to the point at which it started. Mr. Balfour's argument in favour of Tariff Reform several years ago was that it would promote the extension of free trade within the Empire. If Germany is to be humbled to the dust by a ringed fence of trade agreements shutting her out from the advantages of exchange with the allied countries, it can only be by the extension of the principle of free trade within the allied countries. Those who write and talk glibly of the death of Cobdenism and the triumph of Chamberlainism cannot be accepted as safe guides. Those who face the difficulties of the problem recognize how impossible it is to reconcile the conflicting trade interests of the various parts of the Empire. That some concerted action will be taken to guard against German military reprisals for years to come may be taken for granted. But why flaunt the shibboleths of ante-bellum political crusades?

The report of the British Board of Trade Committee on trade after the war arrived at one significant conclusion, which has been endorsed by an independent committee of eminent scientific men organized to direct public attention to the effects of "science" on war. Both these bodies agree in ascribing the failure of some British industries to survive keen competition to the fact that insufficient im-

portance is attached in the United Kingdom to technical training. British manufacturers and workmen have not valued sufficiently the tremendous importance of scientific investigation into industrial problems. The Board of Trade Committee recommends that larger funds should be set aside for the promotion of industrial research and training, and that universities be encouraged to carry on research work in co-operation with the manufacturers.

The other committee of scientific men goes further. It not only attributes British trade failures to lack of scientific methods, but also ascribes the failures in war largely to the lack in the Government and public services of men with a knowledge of physical science and its application. It is urged by these eminent scientists that the time has come for the compulsory allocation to natural science subjects of a preponderating share of marks in competitive examinations for the public services. No doubt there are sound educationists who will challenge the wisdom of this course, but it is significant that stress is laid by these eminent scientists on efficiency and not on tariffs as the foundation of industrial progress.

General Smuts, with a superior force, is encircling the enemy in German East Africa. In the early stages of the campaign the British in this region were on the defensive on British territory, but the enemy has now been driven across the border and forced to retire.

The following vivid details of the trying conditions, under which operations in German East Africa are being conducted are contained in a letter sent home by a member of the Expeditionary Force:

"It is difficult to exaggerate the hardships of carrying on war in this part of the world. Vast stretches of desert covered with thorny scrub have to be traversed. The bush in most parts is so dense that it is only possible for a column

to march through in single file. Friend or foe may pass without being aware of each other's presence, and this has occurred more than once. The dreadful tsetse fly is only one of the dangers to be guarded against. Carnivora abound, and patrols, when they are watching for enemy snipers, must keep a sharp lookout for prowling lions, leopards, and hyenas. The 'Tommy' unaccustomed to the jungle may well find sleep impossible with night made hideous by the tremendous noise of lions and other wild beasts scenting their prey. It has been no infrequent experience for our pickets to watch full-grown lions drinking at waterholes less than fifty yards away.

"The rivers abound with crocodiles, and the snort of the giant hippopotamus mingles with the noises of the other denizens of the world's greatest uncontrolled zoo. Many a trooper has suspected the plunging of the zebra or buck through the bush to be a reconnoitring party of the enemy. Happily, most of the men are more or less intimate with the jungle conditions, so that lions, stinging flies, or waterless tracks will not give us much concern.

"The campaign is not without its romantic aspect. Our aim is to subjugate a country of nearly 400,000 square miles, which is peopled by ten million natives, and a coast line twice as long as that of the German Empire. Our men are found picking their way through bush-land never trod by white men before. Our comrades' presence is alone a romance: one day they are in London and next day they are gone, and we hear nothing further of them till they turn up in German East Africa to give the Germans a taste of what it is 'Tigers' can do."

One of the most damning indictments of German morality is to be found in *German Atrocities*, an official report of investigations extending over several months by Professor J. H. Morgan, M.A. (T. Fisher Unwin). This shilling volume should prove a powerful aid to recruiting. Within its covers the brutal soul of the German is laid bare. Strong men may curse and vow revenge as they read of the wholesale murder of the male citizens of Belgium who fell into German hands, and of the shooting of wounded and prisoners of war. But these crimes pale into insignificance beside Professor Morgan's evidence of the terrible fate of women and children in the war zones. Some of the outrages are so disgusting that Pro-

fessor Morgan prefers to publish them in French. The revolting memory of this devilish orgy of crime brought home to the German army will remain for all time as a social barrier between the German nation and its European neighbours. It is not the German Government only, or the German staff that is responsible. "The whole people," says Professor Morgan, "is stained with it. The innumerable diaries of common soldiers in the ranks which I have read betray a common sentiment of hate, rapine, and ferocious credulity." One of the common tricks is to offer British prisoners food and then snatch it away again. "The progress of French, British, and Russian prisoners, civil as well as military, through Germany, has been a veritable Calvary." The Bryce Report on German outrages has never been answered. The German nation, in the words of Lord Rosebery, "is the enemy of the human race." The outrages on women and children by German officers and men, as revealed by Professor Morgan in his report, are harrowing in the extreme. Their inhuman conduct toward wounded and captured Allied soldiers while in their hands is a record of refined cruelty such as one would expect from a savage tribe. These reports of German atrocities will serve one good purpose if they stimulate eligible men to join the great army of the Allies which wields the avenging sword of civilization.

The chief trouble in Mesopotamia has been the lamentable breakdown of the medical service. The expedition for the relief of General Townshend has been organized by the Government of India, but whether the Indian or the Imperial authorities are to blame for the lack of doctors, nurses and supplies cannot now be determined. The whole matter is being inquired into by a commission. Mr. Austen Chamberlain admitted in the House of Commons that the medical arrangements had been deplorably defective. In one case three medical of-

ficers were in charge of one thousand wounded, with scarcely any dressings or bandages, and had to perform surgical operations without anæsthetics. In another case a single nurse was in charge of five hundred wounded, mostly amputation cases. Conditions have since improved, but those found responsible for this avoidable suffering and loss of life should be severely punished.

One of the most implacable opponents of Irish self-government, *The London Daily Telegraph*, in common with other Unionist newspapers, has frankly changed its viewpoint since the war. On St. Patrick's Day it wrote:

"Whatever the future may have in store, the British people will never forget the generous blood of the sister nation which has been shed on so many hard-fought battlefields since this world-war began."

And yet there are newspapers in Canada that reiterate the time-worn taunt of "disloyal Ireland."

But it is not only in Canada that the Irish are damned with faint praise. A recent visitor to New York, the wife of The O'Gorman, one of the old landlord families, was tempted in an interview to give expression to her views regarding the Irish people among whom she lives. The following is a sample of the idle chatter with which Madam O'Gorman regaled the Yankee interviewer:

"The Irish are just a lot of delightful, irresponsible grown-up children. They live in a soft climate, in a drizzle of warm rain. Everything is kept green and beautiful by nature, and nobody wants to work hard. If a tile falls off a roof it is easier to let it alone than to put it back. It is easier to remain uneducated in such a country than to work hard for mental progress. But when the roofs leak and the children are ignorant and the people live roughly, it is not a matter of English misrule, but a matter of climate and the temperament of the people. It is much as it is in Sicily and other warm countries."

As the O'Gormans have been in Ireland for a thousand years it is strange they are so lacking in a sense of

humour. Have they not also lived in the "soft climate, in a drizzle of warm rain?" Does not the rain of Ireland fall on the O'Gormans as freely as on their peasant neighbours? By what special dispensation of Providence have the O'Gormans escaped the ignorance and laziness that are alleged to be the besetting sins of those who live in Ireland? The fact that the O'Gormans have lived so comfortably in Ireland for a thousand years, while their tenants lived under leaky roofs and with no prospect of amassing wealth, places the onus of proof, as the lawyers say, on the O'Gormans. Apparently they cannot forgive their tenants for acquiring their own lands, at a price that enables the O'Gormans to be proof against the impoverishing effects of the drizzly warm rains of the Emerald Isle, and to be immune against the insidious evils that plague those of "easy temperament" who are forced to find in other climes "an incentive to go to work". For have not the O'Gormans lived for generations on the sweat of their tenants? Are they not of that privileged class which toils not, neither does it spin? Methinks Madam O'Gorman is a bad travelling delegate for the New Ireland.

Which reminds me of a story, as illustrating the false impressions created by such interviews. In a Dublin tram a couple of Yankee globe-trotters were depreciating the conditions in Ireland as compared with those in the United States and other places visited. In loud tones they criticized the "dirty" this and the "dirty" that of Ireland. An old apple-woman, with her basket tucked under her arm, pulled the bell for the next stop and, addressing herself in stentorian tones to the decryers of everything Irish, thus retorted: "I've heard about your thravils in foreign lands and all the fine places ye've visited. In partin' wid ye all I want to say is that, whin ye're next thravilling abroad ye can go to H—ll. Yi'll meet none o' the dhirty Irish there."

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE BELOVED TRAITOR

BY FRANK L. PACKARD. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THIS is the latest novel by the author of "The Miracle Man", a Canadian novelist whose work is attracting an increasing circle of readers. "The Miracle Man" was regarded by theatrical managers as sufficiently dramatic for presentation on the stage, but it is doubtful whether its appeal in that form was as firm as the original book itself. Mr. Packard is the author also of a more sentimental novel ("Greater Love Hath no Man") and a collection of most excellent short stories of life in railway construction camps. The short stories have been published in book form under the general title of "On the Iron at Big Cloud".

"The Belovéd Traitor" is the story of a young French fisherman whose instant and phenomenal success as a modeller in clay causes him to break away from the simple scenes of his childhood and youth, desert the girl who has been his constant companion and sweetheart, and respond to the wiles of Bohemian life at Paris. The novel begins with a fine description of a storm in a small French seaport, and in the first chapter the reader is introduced to the young fisherman and his sweetheart, Marie Louise, who is the heroine of the novel, and indeed the character of most endurance. They are a happy couple, these two, unaffected, simple—happy in the prospect of their coming marriage. But their happiness is not suffered to remain unaffected, for to the seaport

come an American connoisseur and his daughter, a girl beautiful but whimsical. The father discovers in the young fisherman a genius for sculpture, and in the hope of shedding reflected glory on himself as the discoverer, he telegraphs to Paris, induces several critics to come and see the specimens of the fisherman's art, and in time proceeds to Paris, where his phenomenal protégé becomes the artistic lion of the season. One is inclined to doubt the genuineness of an art that has developed under conditions so primitive, but stranger things have happened at Paris. The personal interest of the story develops around the sculptor and the beautiful American girl, and, of course, the reader is all the time wondering whether the man will return to his earlier love or remain forever "The Traitor".

*

COMPARATIVE RELIGION

BY LOUIS HENRY JORDAN. London: Humphrey Milford, the Oxford University Press.

THE author of this book was at one time minister of the St. James's Square Presbyterian Church, Toronto. It was known that he was interested greatly in several sciences, and at length he severed his direct connection with the ministry in order to devote all his time to the study of a science which he says is as yet new. The term "Comparative Religion" is very indefinite to the average person, and indeed one might read the whole of this volume and still feel that it is a subject about which much might

yet be written. Already this science has induced Dr. Jordan to write several books, besides numerous pamphlets. Besides the volume in hand, the sub-title of which is "Its Adjuncts and Allies", one other volume, "Comparative Religion: Its Genesis and Growth", has been published. The third, "Comparative Religion: Its Meaning and Value", is to be published shortly, while a fourth, "Comparative Religion: Its Principles and Problems", is in preparation. All are to be uniform 8vo. volumes of 600 pages each. The volume before us reveals an immense amount of study and research. It emphasizes the successive stages of the evolutionary process of comparative religion, and in order to do that the author reviews or at least calls attention to almost 500 books dealing with the subject. Some of the books are reviewed and criticized at length. This volume is, therefore, a special bibliography. All these 500 books, reviewed or scanned, as they are, present a bird's-eye view of the ways and means by which a newly-launched study has of late incontestably been developing into a science. This volume is to be commended for one particular reason: it dismisses, perhaps curtly, the earlier explorations of Max Muller, Tylor, Mannhardt, and others, and concentrates on the very latest literature bearing on this particular science. "The best products of scholarship," writes Dr. Jordan, "in each of the fields under review, have unquestionably appeared during the last few years." For calling attention to this literature and for reviewing in this compact form and erudite fashion, students the world over will feel under a debt of gratitude to Dr. Jordan.

*

CAM CLARKE

By JOHN H. WALSH. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

BY persons who have not read much fiction about western life, particularly in the United States, this novel



MR. FRANK L. PACKARD

Author of the "The Beloved Traitor"

will be read with much amusement and enjoyment. But to others who have revelled in the tales of Bret Harte it will not be read with the same fulsome pleasure. It is told by one of two boys whose fortune, or misfortune, it was to come up together in a town that is very much like many other western towns—changing every day—and for that very reason, if for no other, the town itself can be said to be typical, even characteristic. The town, Washtuena by name, is indeed a character, more of a character even than the boys themselves or the mother of Cam. Cam's mother, nevertheless, is a fine character. She comes into Washtuena, having buried her husband on the way thither, with only her son, two mules, and the caboose in which they have travelled. Her experiences, but mostly the experiences of Cam, compose the book.

THE QUESTION OF ALCOHOL

By EDWARD HUNTINGTON WILLIAMS,
M.D. New York: The Goodhue
Company.

ALTHOUGH this book is openly out of sympathy with the practice of prohibition, it might be read with advantage by all persons interested in the promotion of temperance, because it regards the use of alcohol as a great evil, and while it is adversely critical of prohibition it does not stop there. "We must understand," writes Dr. Williams, "that alcoholism, which is the cause of so much social and economical disaster, is in itself an effect. The normal man would not become a drunkard though the choicest brands of liquor flowed free in the fountains at every street corner. The man with the squint brain will get liquor if he has to go through fire and water for it. . . . The possible reform that seems to lie nearest to hand looks to the treatment of these individuals who are victims of the lust for alcohol. At present our treatment of the dipsomaniac is grotesquely ill-advised and irrational. We arrest him and send him to jail for a few days or weeks, and then release him, knowing that he will immediately become again an aberrant and disturbing element in the community. . . . Segregation in a proper institution for a term of years is the only solution that at the moment can be depended on."

Dr. Williams's analysis of the results in prohibition states of the Union is not favourable to that form of prevention. He makes the following suggestions:

(1) Let the saloons remain under private control, like other commercial enterprises, but grade the licenses on the Scandinavian plan, and let a far higher license be exacted from those handling distilled liquors. Let there be strict regulations about the sale of liquor to minors and drunkards. Give to each licensee an official list of persons arrested for intoxication, and let the sale of liquor to such persons be absolutely enjoined for a term

of at least one year after such arrest. Revoke absolutely the license of any dealer who disobeys this prohibition against the sale to minors.

(2) Let the revenue thus derived by the municipality be utilized exclusively for the promotion of public utilities calculated to serve as counter attractions to the saloon.

*

GEORGIAN POETRY 1913-1915

By Fourteen Poets. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

TWO years ago "Georgian Poetry 1911-1912" was published for the purpose of giving a convenient survey of work made public by some poets of the latest generation. The list of contributors included at least two names that were then not widely known, but that since have become world-famous. And, unhappily, the two names particularly in mind are borne by poets who since then have passed away—one (Robert Brooke) dying of sunstroke while serving his country in the Dardanelles; the other (James Elroy Flecker) dying after a long illness. Now a new volume of these so-called Georgian poets has appeared; and, as might be expected, new names are introduced—Ralph Hodgson and Francis Ledwidge. It seems proper to quote from the work of these two newer poets. From "The Song of Honour", by Ralph Hodgson, which is too long to be given in full, we take the first stanza:

I climbed a hill as light fell short,
And rooks came home in scramble sort,
And filled the trees and flapped and fought
And sang themselves to sleep,
An owl from nowhere with no sound
Swung by and soon was nowhere found,
I heard him calling half-way round,
Holloing loud and deep; ,
A pair of stars, faint pins of light,
Then many a star sailed into sight,
And all the stars, the flower of night,
Were round me at a leap;
To tell how still the valleys lay
I heard a watchdog miles away . . .
And bells of distant sheep.

There is a peculiar and complete charm to "The Lost Ones", by Francis Ledwidge:

Somewhere is music from the linnets' bills,
And thro' the sunny flowers the bee-
wings drone,

And white bells of convolvulus on hills
Of quiet May make silent ringing, blown
Hither and thither by the wind of showers,
And somewhere all the wandering birds
have flown;
And the brown breath of autumn chills
the flowers.

But where are all the loves of long ago?
O little twilight ship blown up the tide,
Where are the faces laughing in the glow
Of morning years, the lost ones scat-
tered wide?

Give me your hand, O brother, let us go,
Crying about the dark for those who
died.

✱

OTHER VERSE.

"At the Shrine of the Temple," by
Rev. D. A. Casey ("Columba"), is a
volume of verse published by the
author. We quote "Consolation":

Sometimes when those we trust our trust
betray,

And, weary grown, we feel as though
'twere vain

Our daily cross, augmented, up to take,
When slander's poisoned darts leave gal-
ling wounds

Upon the naked heart—at times like this,
When all without is dark and winter-cold.
And midnight shadows lie athwart the soul.
How sweet the thought that Jesus under-
stands.

Because He, too, hath tasted of despair,
And, having suffered like, can feel for us
Who in Gethsemane our vigil keep.

"The Outlaw and Other Poems" is

the title of a volume of Western verse,
mostly in ballad form, by Alanson L.
Buch (Toronto: William Briggs). We
quote from "The Ballad of Bill the
Bone":

Bill the Bone had a heart of stone—

A dernful heart and mind;
Yet Bill could ride the worst cayuse,
Locoed, vicious, or blind;

Some thought him hard, but a hefty pard,
And a heart where a heart you'd find.

They called him "Bone". A serap was on,
And the Indian braves were out,
And Bill had heard the fateful blare.

And joined the thewy scout;
A band of Sioux had sought him, too,
When his squad was hemmed about.

✱

—"The War and the Jew" is the
title of a book by Rev. S. B. Rohold,
F.R.G.S., pastor of the Christian
synagogue, Toronto, (Toronto: The
Macmillan Company of Canada). Pro-
fessor T. B. Kilpatrick, in the course
of an introduction, says that while
Mr. Rohold shows his awareness of the
fact that Jews are regarded in all the
lands of their dispersion with coldness,
suspicion and even bitter enmity, they
are nevertheless among the trusted
servants of all the powers now en-
gaged in the war, that Jews are loyal
to the countries of their nativity, and
are to be found by the thousands
fighting in the armies of their various
nationalities.



TWICE-TOLD TALES

THE TERROR OF THE SEA

A story is told of a Toronto girl who made her first trip abroad last summer. During the trip the young woman kept a journal, which, upon her return, a friend was privileged to examine. It was the usual journal of the schoolgirl, and very much like the one that Mark Twain tells us he kept, wherein for seven days he recorded the important facts that he "got up, washed, and went to breakfast." There was this exception, however—the girl described the trying time she had in crossing the English Channel.

"I firmly resolved to stay on deck," the journal read, "although the tempest increased to such an extent that it was only with the greatest difficulty that I could hold up my parasol."—*Toronto Mail and Empire*.

*

HE WAS QUITE SLOW

A shy young man had been calling on the sweetest girl in the world for many moons, but, being bashful, his suit progressed slowly. Finally she decided it was up to her to start something, so the next time he called she pointed to the rose in his buttonhole and said: "I'll give you a kiss for that rose."

A crimson flush overspread his countenance, but the exchange was made after some hesitation on his part. Then he grabbed his hat and started to leave the room.

"Why, where are yau going?" she asked in surprise.

"To the — er — florist for more roses," he called from the front door.—*Public Ledger*.

IN 1963

With a woman in the White House and a female Congress, mere man didn't appear to have much of a show in the United States. The visitor from Australia was sightseeing in town when he was alarmed by the loud clanging of bells. Hastening to the corner he addressed the stern-faced traffic copess.

"What are the bells ringing for?" asked the stranger. "Is it a fire?"

"Fire, nothing," replied the copess as she waved him aside. "That is the nine o'clock curfew for married men."

*

"MORE SWOINE NOR ME."

This story is being told of a certain bishop who has a pleasant habit of chatting with anybody he may meet during his country walks.

The other day he came across a lad who was looking after some pigs by the roadside, and the bishop paused to ask him what he was doing, that being his usual opening to conversation.

"Moindin' swine," the lad replied stolidly.

The bishop nodded his head thoughtfully. "Ah, is that so?" he commented. "And how much do you earn a week?"

"Two shillin's," was the reply.

"Only two shillings," remarked the bishop; then he continued pleasantly, "I, too, am a shepherd, but I get more than two shillings."

The lad looked at him seriously for a minute, then he said slowly: "Mebbe you gets more swoine nor me to moind!"—*Pearson's Weekly*.

NARROW ESCAPE

The Irishman was relating to some friends in Glasgow how one night on retiring to bed he fancied he saw a ghost, and, having a revolver handy, he fired at it. Next morning he examined the object he had shot and discovered it to be his shirt.

"What did you do then?" exclaimed one of the company.

"Bedad, I just thanked heaven I wasn't inside ow it," replied Pat.—*London Tit-Bits*.



A MISFORTUNE TELLER

Robley: "I feel awful. I just heard that I'll not get uncle's money, my auto will be stolen, and Gracie will turn me down for another."

Wayburn: "Heavens, man, who told you that?"

Robley: "A fortune-teller."

Wayburn: "You mean a misfortune teller, don't you?"—*Montreal Telegraph*.



EXTINCT

English Tourist (in Bloody Gulch Hotel): "By the way, old top, is the grizzly bear common around here?"

Landlord: "Used to be, but it's extinct now. Why, even Three-Fingered Ike won't allow it in his dance hall!"—*Canadian Courier*.



WHAT HIS FEE WAS FOR

He was always boasting about his ancestors and one day employed a genealogist to hunt them up. In due time the connoisseur of pedigrees returned and was cordially received by his patron.

"So you have succeeded in tracing back my ancestors? What is your fee?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"Isn't that high?" objected the patron. "What's it for?"

"Principally," responded the genealogist, "for keeping quiet about them."

IT LOOKED MORE RESPECTABLE

In Scotland the walking-stick is regarded as distinctly a secular and week-day companion. Max O'Rell records the pained surprise occasioned during a visit to Edinburgh, when, on going for a stroll on Sunday morning, he took up his favourite cane. "Do you mind taking an umbrella instead?" asked his host. "It looks more respectable on the Sabbath."—*London Chronicle*.



EXPLORER'S REMARKABLE FEAT

Sir James Barrie's affection for explorers is no new thing. All who know his "Edinburgh Eleven" will remember the eulogy of Joseph Thomson, the Dumfriesshire Scot, who did pioneer work of the Livingstone kind in Africa. It is a fine pen picture of a dour, brave man, but it has flashes of the early Barrie. This, for example:

"Perhaps his most remarkable feat consisted in taking a bottle of brandy into the heart of Africa and bringing it back intact."—*Glasgow News*.



THE SAVING GRACE

Edith was light-hearted and merry over everything. Nothing appealed to her seriously. So one day her mother decided to invite a very serious young person to dinner and he was placed next to the light-hearted girl. Everything went well until she asked him:

"You speak of every one having a mission. What is yours?"

"My mission," said the parson, "is to save young men."

"Good!" replied the girl, "I'm glad to meet you. I wish you'd save one for me."



TALKATIVE

"So you've broken with Jack. Why, I thought he loved you still."

"He did. But he said I was still too seldom."—*Montreal Telegraph*.

AFTER THE DOLLAR

Effie's Brother: "Do you love my sister Effie?"

Effie's Steady Company: "Why, Willie, that is a queer question. Why do you want to know?"

Effie's Brother: "She said last night she would give a dollar to know, and I'd like to scoop it in."—*Puck*.



LOVE YOUR ENEMIES

Bishop Thorold used to advise young married couples, in his wedding addresses, to take only a short honeymoon, and to plan out a kind of second expedition together later on when they had gained a little experience of home life. I feel sure he was right. A long honeymoon may degenerate into boredom.

Punch, many years ago, had a picture of a bride and bridegroom seated on a rock at Land's End looking at the ocean. He murmured, "It would be nice to meet a friend, wouldn't it, darling?" She replied, "Yes, George! Even an enemy."



FELL INTO HIS ARMS

He was not a very rapid wooer, and she was getting a bit anxious. A persistent ring came at the front door.

"Oh, bother!" she said. "Who can be calling?"

"Say you're out," he suggested.

"Oh, no, that would be untrue," she protested.

"Then say you are engaged," he urged.

"Oh, may I, Charlie?" she cried, as she fell into his arms. And the man kept on ringing the front door-bell.



"Some novelists don't know what they're talking about. Here's one who speaks of a girl's 'raven hair.'"

"What's wrong with it?"

"All wrong. Ravens don't wear hair. They wear feathers!"—*Liverpool Mercury*.

NOT A GOOD SWIMMER

For once the American had discovered something British that was better than anything they could produce "across the pond". His discovery was a fine Collie dog, and he at once tried to induce its owner, an old shepherd, to sell it.

"Wad ye be takin' him to America?" inquired the old Scot.

"Yes, I guess so," said the Yankee.

"I thought as muckle," said the shepherd. "I couldna part wi' Jock."

But while they sat and chatted an English tourist came up, and to him the shepherd sold the Collie for much less than the American had offered.

"You told me you wouldn't sell him," said the Yankee when the purchaser had departed.

"Na," replied the Scot, "I said I couldna' part wi' him. Jock'll be back in a day or so, but he couldna' swim the Atlantic."—*Pearson's Weekly*.



HE BECAME THRIFTY

"Eh," said Sandy to the minister, "yon was a powerful deescourse on 'Thrift' ye preached the Sabbath!"

"Ah'm glad ye were able to profit," said the minister.

"Profit! Why, mon, I would have pit ma saxpence into the plate wi'out a thought if it had not been for your providential words. They saved me fourpence there and then!"



Friend of the up-to-date painter's valet: "You know, John, a cow never looked that way."

Valet: "They does look quite different, Henry. But that's the way they're painted these days."—*Fliegende Blätter*.



GENUINE PITY

"Mr. and Mrs. Whiffer never have any arguments."

"How does that happen?"

"Mr. Whiffer won't argue."

"The poor woman!"—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.



From the painting by Bertha Des Clayes.

THE BLUE BOAT

One of the ever interesting and charming aspects of Nova Scotia scenery is the effect produced by either the incoming or outgoing tide. When the tide comes in it bears upon its bosom various kinds of local craft, some gaily painted, deposits them at this or that protected cove. When the tide goes out these vessels are left stranded, as shown in the illustration. The vessels come and go, have been coming and going and ever changing, but the tide goes on forever.



THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLVII

TORONTO, JUNE, 1916

No. 2

THE GHURKAS' NIGHT By A. Judson Hanna

When Roberts of Kandahar came to die,
Three days ere the Reaper came whirling
by.

"I must go into France, where they make
the great war.

To see how my Indian troopers are,"
Said little Lord Roberts of Kandahar.

AND, as all the world knows, he
went.

It was a great day for the
Sepoys. They poured in from all
parts of the three-hundred-mile bat-
tle-line for the last review that Little
Bobs Bahadur was ever to hold. For
they felt that he belonged particular-
ly to them—to them more than to any
other body of men on the continental
battlefield. Had he not been born in
their country? And had he not led
their fathers to victory on the plains
and in the mountains of northern
India?

So they came, proudly, as men who
have a right to come, to pledge their
fealty anew to their great hero. First

were the lathy Sikh lancers, bearded
and be-turbaned, riding their horses
with unconscious dignity. Next were
the Ghurkas—mark the Ghurkas, for
this is their story—sturdy brown fel-
lows, tough as seasoned leather,
marching with *elan*, despite thirty
hours' continuous duty in the trench-
es. And, lastly, the swaggering Pun-
jabis, sitting their gun carriages with
folded arms, for all the world like a
regiment of rajahs passing in review
before the Emperor of India.

How the sepoy's grin, and the English
shout.

When little Lord Roberts comes marching
out;

and the lancers dipped, and the bugles
blew

For little Bobs Bahadur's last review.

When it was all over, the Indian
troops returned to their appointed
places.

Next morning word ran through the

army that Lord Roberts was dying, and, a few hours later, that the great warrior had passed on to his long sleep.

Many were the rumours accounting for his sudden death. Some of these were very absurd, like the one that he had been killed by a shell from a 16-inch German howitzer emplaced some miles to the northeast of Dunkirk. Another was that the ubiquitous Uhlans had, by a *coup de main*, broken through the Belgian lines, and Lord Roberts, like Caesar, had fallen with thirty wounds.

As we know now, a blizzard was raging in Northern France at the time, and Lord Roberts caught a violent cold which terminated his long and glorious career.

In the most advanced trenches at one portion of the British line, three companies of Ghurkas, fresh from the review, were crouched over little fires, trying to thaw the icy numbness out of their limbs. They had heard nothing of Lord Roberts's illness, but a dispatch bearer told their commander, an English major, that the field marshal was dead. When asked that all-important question, how the hero had died, the courier shrugged his shoulders, and replied, "I heard he was killed by a German shell".

An Indian sergeant who understood English overheard the conversation, and translated it to his comrades. For the space of an hour there was an ominous silence in the Ghurkas' trenches. The fires were permitted to dwindle unnoticed. Lord Roberts had been the Sepoys' idol. Generally speaking an East Indian will think long before he acts; but when he does act it is notoriously to some purpose.

At the end of an hour the Ghurkas seemed to have reached some sort of mutual understanding, because they began talking excitedly, but in whispers, for fear of being heard by their white officers, or even by the enemy, entrenched closely in front of them.

Then there was much visiting from

trench to trench, always with a plausible excuse if their officers challenged them. Now it was to get a blanket, loaned, fictitiously, to a friend the night before. Again, it was to borrow a handful of coffee, or a pinch of cigarette tobacco. As the Germans, one hundred and fifty yards farther east, were quiet, except for a little harmless sniping, the officers humoured their men.

The visiting continued uninterrupted till dusk. Then the little Ghurkas settled down. The Germans were in the habit of charging frequently at night, and while they seldom pushed home a charge, no one ever knew when the whim would seize them to attempt it.

So far, the Ghurkas had made no counter charges. If the Germans in one of their periodical rushes came too close, the Ghurkas jumped from their trenches and met them with the bayonet; but as for following them home, that was a pleasure deferred.

The sergeant already mentioned hibernated in the foremost trench. Saluting Captain Lancaster, his company commander, he asked, "Do you think we will be privileged to charge to-night, sahib?"

"No, I think not," Lancaster replied negligently. "But, of course, there is no telling."

When a second Ghurka non-com. asked the identical question a few minutes later, Lancaster wondered a little at the coincidence. He knew his men were impatient to rush the enemy, but felt easy. He had them well in hand. They obeyed his slightest nod.

Nine o'clock came, and the Germans had made no move. Captain Lancaster concluded that it would be a quiet evening. Snow was falling heavily, and a keen wind, straight out of the North sea, was cutting across the trenches. It was a bitter night—the bitterest they had felt. The Ghurkas were numbed with cold, and the Germans would be little better. Small-arm fire was practically

out of the question. The men's fingers were too stiff to work the mechanism of their rifles.

An occasional shell dropped near the trench, and when one of these exploded shortly after nine o'clock, Lancaster awoke suddenly to the realization that none of his men were in their bomb-proof holes. Usually, they were only too glad to crawl into their straw beds and wrap themselves up in all the overcoats and blankets they could borrow or steal.

But to-night every man was up and on his feet, peering toward the enemy trenches. Lancaster was puzzled, and cast about in his mind for the reason of it. He was about to order them to their dugouts, all but the score or so who stood guard against surprise, when he heard sounds which warned him that the Germans were at their old tricks again.

"Ready, men!" he said. "Get ready to fire!" He threw off the blanket from his shoulders and picked up his rifle. "Wait for the orders, men, and shoot low! Now, then! Let them have it!"

They could not see the Germans yet by reason of the thick snow, but they knew by the familiar sounds that they were climbing from their trenches, the range of which the Indians knew to a nicety. They loosed a volley, and then each man shot as he felt moved, which was frequent.

When the Germans hove in sight, shooting from their hips, as was their custom early in the war, the Ghurkas scrambled from the first trench. The Germans brought up sharply thirty yards away and gave a final thundering volley. So far it was the usual cut-and-dried performance. They had demonstrated that they were still on the job; so they whirled and scuttled for cover.

The Ghurkas, however, were varying the proceedings. Instead of returning to their trench, they kept on running. The Germans became painfully aware of this unusual state of affairs by hearing an uncouth shout

close behind them. Looking swiftly over their shoulders they saw a row of steel points twenty paces in their rear. It was too late to turn and try to assume the defensive. Three or four of the boldest tried it, and, like Lot's wife, immediately ceased to interest themselves in the little affairs of this world. Once get a body of men on the move, and it is not difficult to keep them going. The police of our big cities understand this better than any other class of men. There was nothing for the Germans to do but to keep on running, which they did with great attention to speed. The wild Ghurkas, of course, would have to pull up at the first German trench.

The little Ghurkas seemed possessed with the speed of the wind. When the Kaiser's gentlemen arrived at their home trench the points of their enemies' bayonets were scarcely six feet behind them. The Germans jumped clear over their trench, or tumbled into it, whichever was the more convenient. But they felt aggrieved and outraged—as outraged as the old school generals of Europe felt when Napoleon refused to fight according to the book and accomplished all sorts of unpleasant surprises for them.

The Ghurkas weren't playing fair; they were acting contrary to all precedent. Having repulsed the enemy, theoretically, when they left their trench, they should have retired to it at once, and waited decently for the next visitation. All the Germans asked was an opportunity to burrow into their cozy warrens again and lie low until their officers routed them out for another demonstration.

When the Ghurkas reached the first German trench they paused a moment to jab at the few men who had sought refuge there. Then they rushed forward again. The rest of the Germans, meanwhile, had reformed in front of the second trench and awaited the enemy with level bayonets.

But the Ghurkas had no thought of stopping. They massed together, as

if by instinct, and drove through the line in a solid wedge, with a throaty roar of "Bobs Bahadur! Bobs Bahadur! Bobs Bahadur". These were the only two English words most of them knew outside their manual and one of these is Indian. There was no stopping them. They seemed anxious to win death; or rather, to slay as many Germans as was possible before they themselves fell before superior odds.

When the Germans had turned back at the thirty yard line, Captain Lancaster had expected his own men to return to their places, as they had done so often before. As they kept on running, he began shouting orders at them. But before he realized just what was happening, the snow had swallowed them up, and he found himself alone with his subalterns and the German dead.

There was a mighty shout behind him, as the second company of Ghurkas swung forward, gathering speed rapidly. The wall of snow opened for an instant and he glimpsed the points of their bayonets scarcely forty feet away. He sprang forward and raced for the German trenches, fully expecting to find his own men in the first ditch. The charge had not been ordered; still, if a trench was captured, it was his plain duty to hold it, unless ordered back by his superior officer.

But the rush by this time had carried his men far past the first trench. He saw the last of them fading into the wall of snow and began yelling impotently, "Hi, you scoundrels! Come back! Company halt! Hi, there, you beggars!"

The only reply he got was a faint, "Bobs Bahadur! Bobs Bahadur!"

The second company rushed past him at full speed, and behind them the third with their astonished officers trailing them.

The major commanding came with the third company. He was a small, wiry man, with a gray moustache. He was raging to think that one of his officers had led a charge without

orders from him. His rage was so great that it stimulated his old legs to undreamed of performances. He outstripped even the nimble Ghurkas.

"Hey, Lancaster, man, what's it mean? Did you order a charge?" he panted.

"Do, dash it! the beggars have gone mad. There, look at that third company. They're out of hand, too, like my men. Oh, what's the use! They've gone batty—like elephants. They've smelled blood."

They ran on, hoping to catch up with their men at the second trench. Some Germans crawled from cover and looked at them curiously. Lancaster shot at one, and the rest dodged back. At the third empty trench they halted for council. Beyond a score or more of dead Ghurkas, there was no sign of their men. Some of the officers wanted to press on, wherever the Ghurkas had gone. The major forbade them.

"The Ghurkas have taken three trenches. We must consolidate them," he said, speaking as swiftly as machine-gun fire. "Where our men are now, God only knows. We have left our own trenches without orders, and undefended. We are practically surrounded by the Germans, only the Germans do not know it yet. Their supports will hurl back the Ghurkas on us in a few minutes, if any of the plucky little devils are left to hurl back. We must be ready to support them. Haines, get back to the nearest 'phone, and explain as well as you can to the general what has happened. Hold! Ask him to rush up the Fusiliers—anybody—to fill these trenches." Lieutenant Haines turned and ran for the British lines.

Behind the third German trench lay a mile stretch of open, flat country; then came the second line of defence. The Ghurkas charged across this mile stretch, unable to see thirty yards ahead of them, protected from the enemy's fire by the dense snow, not knowing whither they went, and not caring. In front of them ran the

ever-decreasing remnants of three German companies. Still farther beyond were unnumbered German soldiers. As long as there were Germans left to be killed, just so long the Ghurkas could not stop. Half of them had already fallen, but the rest, packed closely together, kept on, shouting steadily their one cry of "Bobs Bahadur! Bobs Bahadur! Bobs Bahadur!"

A strange legend ran up and down the German and Austrian lines that night—a legend of ten thousand, half-crazed Indians who had mutinied, killed their English officers, and run amuck all over the countryside. Rumour placed them everywhere from Zeebrugge to the Vosges.

As to the Germans—the field telephones soon told the officer commanding that section what had happened, and reserves were rushed up. They drove in between the Ghurkas and the British lines and the brave little Indians were bottled up effectively.

At midnight the Germans began a terrific bombardment of their own lost trenches in an attempt to drive the British from them.

At dawn, through this cataclysm of shell and small-shot, came a figure, crawling on its hands and knees, with drooping head, toward the British lines. The Fusiliers watched it for some moments in wonder. The figure halted every few feet, as if to gather strength for renewed effort. He wore a large, red head-covering, which, from a little distance, looked like a bundle of blood-soaked rags.

One of the Fusiliers suddenly cried out: "It's a Ghurka!"

Half a dozen men swarmed boldly into the open and lifting the figure brought it quickly into the trench.

"Where is Captain Lancaster, sahib?" the Ghurka asked. It was the same sergeant who had told his men that Lord Roberts had been killed by a German shell. Captain Lancaster was close at hand and appeared

in a moment. The Ghurka struggled to his feet, and stood, supported by two Fusiliers. Raising his hand he saluted, and waited.

"Where are your men, sergeant?" Lancaster asked sternly.

"Dead, captain sahib."

"And why? Did you think you heard an order to charge?"

The Ghurka shook his head. "No, captain sahib," he said slowly and thickly. "It was planned by fate the moment that Lord Roberts came into this land. It could not have been otherwise. It is better so, sahib. The shell that killed our great little general is revenged. We have slain a thousand boches, an even hundred for each finger on his two hands. Yonder," he turned and pointed across the thick-laid snow, "yonder they lie, a thousand boches—and yonder lie also three companies of Ghurkas. Bobs Bahadur will be well attended on his way. Three companies of Ghurkas, and I——."

He reeled, then straightened, and saluted once more.

"But Lord Roberts wasn't—," Lancaster began, and paused. After all, what was to be gained by telling the man the truth—to tell him that he and his comrades had died in vain, as far as avenging their hero was concerned. The man evidently was dying. Let him die happy.

"I know what you would say, captain sahib—that it is not the way to do war, but it is the way of the Ghurkas, when one whom they loved as their father has been slain. Behold, yonder lie three companies of Ghurkas, and I—I but come back to tell the captain sahib that our great little father is avenged. And now I——."

The sergeant collapsed suddenly, and his supporters eased him to the ground.

That day a new designation was placed on the field maps of that section. It ran: "The First Ghurkas' Trenches".

THE SPELL of MONTREAL

By Bernard Muddiman

THE only way by which one can approach Montreal grandly is to steam in on the city up the river aboard a transatlantic liner. Otherwise, if you come from the eastward or westward by train you must pass through a succession of sickly and dirty landscapes. The confused perspectives of gaudily-coloured or drab-hued wooden shacks, tangles of irregular fences, giant spider-webs of tracks along yard sidings, weird little gardens and ugly hoardings rush in around, envelope and drown you amid their grotesque silhouettes, while the Africo-Canadian gentleman in the parlour car flips a whisk over you, in search of his perquisite. And the city outside is all foreign-looking like some great French manufacturing town. Small townsmen of unmistakable Latin origin, queer-looking labourers in jeans, swarms of children teem round the innumerable level-crossings as the train passing the street trolley cars creeps on into the heart of the city. Dirt, smoke, and multitudinous human life give a city-throb to your pulse as you become lost in this disorder, this maze of slovenly dwellings. There is an anæmic splendour of colour, or its lack, block upon block of human life, belching stacks and the clang of machinery making things. Then your train rolls to a halt in the depot.

As you step out Montreal at once becomes a holy place for you, if you have a feeling for the life of crowds and the psychology of types. Every other city in Canada, even Vancouver

and Winnipeg, are child's play to it. So its spell catches you, or you—you already hate it. There is no other alternative, for you must either hate or love Montreal from the first moment you set foot in it. And the extraordinary thing is that you never change your first impression. The cosmopolitan loves it. It is as wonderful as London or Paris. The provincial hates it, because he cannot understand it. The polyglot enigma of its streets alarms him. Its difference from his home town gives him cause to distrust it, makes him fear it. It is like a wonderful excrescence of the mire of a thousand and one nations, the refuse and garbage of a dozen seas. To realise it fully you must know Glasgow and Paris, and it will further help you, if you are conversant with many cities, for Montreal is a mixture. In one way, indeed, it is more European than American, for it is the only city in Canada where men count more than women. It is free of the female control that is such a marked factor in our New World civilization, monopolising everything ornamental.

A babble of French and English and many tongues welcomes you on arriving—it is the voice of Montreal, the melting-pot of Canada. And like a discoverer, you are thrilled, for are you not going to take the lid off and survey the *olla podrida* simmering within?

No one knowing the English tongue alone can hope to understand Montreal with its Greek section, its Ital-

ian quarter, its Magyar lanes, its Ghetto, its Slavic strata. It is essentially what the French call a *mélange*. Again if you come here from the ordered cities of Europe the life of Montreal sticks at once a rude, hostile elbow into your ribs. For there is no walking delicately in this democratic world. You are jostled aside without heed. For the stranger, in fact, Montreal has little sympathy. It has seen so many, since it has been Canada's Eastern gateway, that it is very tired of them. Go to the Windsor Station any summer afternoon and you will see all the nationalities in the world. The Russian Moujik in his Astrachan rags, the Chinaman minus his pigtail, the sweepings of Europe, the fattening negro, and the Magyar, lean and dark, are all around you. Outside in the street they exude spittle on sidewalk which graft, frost and heat have warped and tilted into hard ways. I have walked a hundred cities' pavements, but the most tiring are those of Montreal, for they seem all edges like a *via dolorosa*.

But when you come to know Montreal, you will see behind all these immigrants that the real Montreal has little in common with her transient population, but preserves types of her own as distinct as those of any city in America. And so there comes a day when you cease to judge Montreal by her hotels and begin to enter into her homes. She becomes for you the historical and commercial metropolis of an infant colossus, where they build banks like palaces and railway stations like castles. In London the Bank of England as a show place does not compare with the pure Corinthian temple of the Bank of Montreal. The Quai d'Orsay and the Gare St. Lazarre are crudities beside the Canadian Pacific Railway's towered home. But on the other hand even the most pretentious structure on Sherbrooke Street is a villa compared to the homes of Park Lane.

Seeking the soul of Montreal you will visit the sights. You will see Mc-

Gill and Laval Universities, the one German and the other French in architectural appearance. You will loiter on the Place d'Armes or in front of the church of Notre Dame, where the French Canadian sculptor has raised in bronze the city's founder Maisonneuve, who lives so vividly in the picturesque pages of Parkman. You will drop into church after church, for Montreal is a city of a thousand churches. You will find St. James's Cathedral, a replica of St. Peter's, Rome, only half its size. You will go to the great French national church of Notre Dame, with its famous Black Virgin, and you will ascend its towers in an elevator. Convent after convent holds the city's most valued sites. More even than in Rome sacred bells toll, peal and ring to the faithful. You will haunt the long, low, cottage-building of the Chateau de Ramezay, once the official residence of the French Governors. You will see a version of modern France in the City Hall, while French law robed and cockhatted Judges and side-sworded sheriff rules at the Court. You will wander in the Bonsecours Market, where French Canadian *habitants* in homespun, around little carts, haggle preposterously in Norman patois over *trente sous, un piastre*, among the piles of *tabac canayen* and maple sugar, squads of quacking ducks and recalcitrant chickens roosting on home-made rocking-chairs and boxes of rosaries and cheap jewellery.

As a relief from all those buildings, the crowded streets, for this city that has grown at haphazard you will take the funicular railway and ascend to the mountain. Below you stretches the city in its glory. You are city girt perched on a mountain, and the sight is one of the world's wonders whether you see it snow-mantled in winter or shimmering in a summer's sweltering heat. And as you look your thought is what city ever had a river to match this one. For beyond the elevators, the docks and piers of the Montreal Harbour Commission

flows the clear green St. Lawrence rolling on majestically through the broad fertile plain which the distant purple hills guard. The situation is unique. But the more you know Montreal the more unique it becomes. It knows more mysteries, more local colour than any other Canadian city I know. And here on the mountain leaning over the balustrade beside Louise or Annette its spell will fall over you, while the murmur of its streets comes up to you from afar.

What then are the elements of this spell? What enchantments are evoked by these barrack-like commercial buildings? One factor no doubt is the blatant commercialism of it. It attracts like the charm of a very ugly woman. You give yourself to it because of your very repugnance. Drift down St. Catherine street one night. It is Montreal's main artery of traffic. Here of an evening you will see its women. And what a medley of life it is! Everywhere the chatter of French syllables catches your ears and the farther east you go the deeper you plunge in this Gallic world. Broad North Country dialects direct from Lancashire and Yorkshire, the Cockney harp twang and the rolling Scotch accent pass you. Strange gutturals that roll on like water gurgling in a pipe fall from Chinamen with yellow impassive faces as they shamble by in groups. At corners negroes cluck-cluck importantly in English, while now and again come cheek by jowl with a pair of young Germans, or a gang of Italian immigrants. Stranger tongues, Magyar or Yiddish, too, will steal upon you round corners up narrow purlieus. But French—that is the predominant tongue—not a patois, nor yet Parisian, but French Canadian: *"Tu m'dis pas! . . . Ben, j'te crè, ma chère . . . Je lui ai conté ça, va! . . . Un temps cru, s' pas? . . . Tu l'as dit— . . . Ça va ben, toé? Ca s'mainquient."*

At night igneous messages flame in the heavens all along Ste. Catherine

Street. You stand amazed, dazzled by these electric advertising pyrotechnics. In blue, yellow, orange, red, like wonderful flora of the night they burst out, consume themselves and perish, only to reappear in ten seconds, recommending to your notice somebody's dollar shirts, white Something whiskey, a new brand of cigarettes, a Canadian chewing-gum, candies, pants, papers, theatres and shoes. Writing and deleting, insistent and vibrating in colour, they flame out all kinds of recommendations: "Now is the time to buy lots." You look again and it has vanished in the blackness, while suddenly, in the same place, flames up another lurid enticement. Stars, crescents, crowns, roses, Prince of Wales' feathers scintillate in a strange phantasmogoria of colours. Invisible pens keep writing in fire on the black veils of night's majestic sky, invisible hands keep deleting and revealing messages, offers, promises. Twirling barbers' poles gyrate round in vivid red, white and blue. Two boxers fight an Olympian contest. A dancer pirouettes in the heavens. Flashing, shimmering, ablaze with these cadjoling electric signs, St. Catherine Street stretches east and west, while the lost souls of Commercial Travelers in these myriads of lights yelp at you to buy, to spend, to carouse at soda fountains. Dawn on 'Stamboul is not so rich in colour as this street by night. It is like an Oriental phantasy of western commercialism. Steeped in this appalling crudity, a metropolis is fermenting. You cannot help saluting it, for it has already the ugly splendour of a city.

But in that it is not unique. It is merely American. Where then is Montreal unique, where has it a spell of its own no other Canadian city can claim? For me it is a Mecca—the Mecca of a nation, the French Canadian nation. You saw that away back in the Bonsecours market. You felt it when Louise stood beside you on the mountain terrace. You knew

it as you passed before Cremazie's statue in Lafontaine Park. A night in one of the three French theatres will convince you. Go into the Nouveautés for example, how well-ordered, how charmingly polite this audience is after the English theatres. Here the play is the thing and everything else is the proverbial leather and prunella. They have come to enjoy it, not to be rude to their neighbours. A thrill goes through you if you love the charming language of France to sit in a theatre in North America and hear its honeyed sound. So on the French Canadian imagination Montreal has begun to exercise the fascination that the city of light has cast for centuries on *la belle France*. In spite of Westmount, in spite of Scotch commercial supremacy, Montreal is already stamped and sealed of the order of Latin cities. Even to-day in the world at large there is only a handful of French cities that can claim more inhabitants. Some day—who knows—as New York outnumbers London, Montreal may be greater than Paris. And that is just where its spell lies for me,—it has the infinite possibilities of another Paris.

Here may thrive in a new and greater Paris the French of the new world. The wedding cake architecture, broad boulevards and squares will come. With Latin élan life again may some day take upon herself the joy of being joyous. Another Bohemia and art world of a new nation may spring up here. What is the Bonsecours market but an infant Les Halles. Even to-day the foreigner who stays in Montreal does not become English Canadianized like his western brother, but French Canadianized. The districts are growing wherein French alone is spoken. The French Canadian, too, has a faculty of absorbing nationalities, which his English speaking brother has not.

That in Montreal I may see the possibilities of a new Paris may be a laughable idea to some; but I have confidence in the perpetuity of the

Latin instincts of the French Canadian race. Discarding the primitive ecclesiastical chrysalis of her Province, yearly attaining closer contact with French thought, Montreal has lost already much of its mental narrowness. Many influences are daily at work to effect this change. European contact is here continually discharging all sorts and conditions of men.

If you wander down many a Montreal mean street you will come on queer beings—queer and dangerous Europeans, the flotsam and jetsam of old world prisons, waifs and strays of fate, Parisian wantons and apaches, Cockneys born in old London's seamy sin, ex-New York gun-men, fugitives from Russian steppes. And all these people like shrimps in aspic are soon veiled from sight amid the teeming poorer quarters of the French Canadian community. Migrants of ill-fame, strange visitants—they are washed up on the wharves of Montreal to new fields of action. Scatter around them Magyars and Poles, Ruthenians and Dagos galore, with a thin seam of yellow-faced Orientals, and you have as a polyglot and divergent a life as any city in the world can boast of. Dive into it, if you will, if you know Europe, if you can speak her tongues and know a smattering of Latin loves and Steppe hates and many philosophies. Otherwise if you rub your Canadian-born shoulders with this crowd, unpleasant odours may offend your nostrils, grease may smirch your clothes, for it is an underworld full of empty stomachs, vulture-like humanities, brothels and strange drinks. It is a layer of society that is neither moral nor immoral, but unmoral, which disappears yearly in the unlimited stores of healthy French Canadian blood. And that is the river up which the argosies of Montreal's future greatness float. Every road in Quebec Province leads to it. At the Province's end she is waiting, like a many-tentacled octopus.

THE ROBBERS & SALT RIVER

By Henry Adelbert Thompson

IT is often necessary that scientific research shall be conducted in very out of the way places, and those who, in pursuit of their specialties, wander away from civilization often stumble upon adventures which seem more appropriate to the explorer than to the mere student.

It was in the early autumn of '74 that I received from the Director of the Smithsonian Institute a paper commissioning "Professor Elmer Howard to proceed to the Territory of Arizona, there to investigate and report upon any cliff dwellings or prehistoric ruins which he may discover in the valleys of the Salt or Gila Rivers or in the mountains adjacent thereto".

Having spent several seasons in that then far western Territory, I understood something of the difficulties which would probably present themselves. Arizona, in 1874, contained only four or five widely separated towns, the remaining population of the Territory residing in straggling mining camps and on occasional ranches. I knew, also, that the country through which I would be obliged to work was one of the most inaccessible in the United States. It was that general region where the great Rockies break off to southwestward. Detached ranges and spurs, gashed with frightful chasms and topped by towering peaks, extend in

all directions. But it was precisely in this bewildering maze of cliff and canon that the strange, half-aerial dwellings of the ancient inhabitants of America would be found, and I accordingly prepared for laborious work.

After much consideration I decided to begin operations in the Superstition Range, which lies to the south of, and close by, the deep and precipitous canon of the Salt River. This range, which is about twenty-five miles in length, at its eastern end slopes gently down to the plain, and at its western end terminates abruptly in a bluff more than three thousand feet high. One standing on the plain can, summoning his fancy to help him, trace on the side of this escarpment the profile of an Indian face, formed by certain eroded lines and peculiar conformations of the rock. This is known, far and wide, as Montezuma's Head; though I was never able to discover, or even to conjecture, any historical association between it and any of the Aztec emperors.

By kind permission of the proprietor, a young Englishman, I established my headquarters at the Bernalillo Ranch, which was located in the flat country, some twelve miles from the foothills of the Superstitions. This distance of the ranch house from the mountains was incon-

venient, but it was nearer than any other to the scene of my prospective labours. Then, too, I proposed to use the ranch only as a base of supplies and as a residence during the intervals between my excursions into the mountains. I had no difficulty in procuring a burro to pack my camp outfit, and the proprietor, Mr. Halleck, smilingly declined to sell me a pony, but offered instead to give me the use of one so long as I should need him. For this favour he steadfastly declined to receive any compensation, saying that he desired to contribute the work of the pony to the advancement of science.

"This horse is one of the best on the ranch," said Mr. Halleck, as we stood inspecting the animal, "but he has one characteristic fault of which you must beware. I have never known him to break away; but if he is left untied or unhobbled he will immediately start in a wild race for home and not stop until he arrives. It is not a fault which is likely to give you much trouble; but a small oversight on your part may put you to the necessity of taking a longer walk than usual." I promised Mr. Halleck, and incidentally myself, that I would keep a close eye on "Buckskin"; but I little dreamed at the time what an important part this equine trick of bolting for home was to play in the adventure which subsequently befell.

Had I been an older man I would no doubt have given more attention to the stories told by the cowboys on the Bernalillo Ranch and to the warnings they solicitously gave me to look out for danger in the Superstition Range. In truth, I was possessed by the notion that they were simply working on the fears of one whom they "sized up" as a tenderfoot; and so proceeded with my preparations in disregard of the many stories told at the door of the ranch house after dark. These cowboy narratives related a series of bold robberies and wanton murders, extend-

ing over many months and located at widely separated points, north and south of the Salt River. Stores had been broken into, stages had been held up and their express boxes rifled, horses had been stampeded and cattle killed, while, most alarming of all, solitary miners and prospectors had simply disappeared from the face of the earth. Special emphasis was laid upon the several mysterious features which marked these depredations. No one knew or could guess the number of the bandits, and the most expert trailers, Indian and white, had failed to track them to their lair. Most inexplicable of all, however, was the fact that these outrages had been committed in the country both north and south of the Salt River; and this with such short intervals of intervening time that it was impossible for men, by any known road, to travel from the scene of one crime to that of the next. The canon of the Salt, throughout most of its length, was absolutely impassable; and in order to cross from the Gila plain, where the Bernalillo Ranch was located, to the Tonto Basin on the other side, it was necessary to make a wide detour to Fort McDowell, which lay forty miles to the west, or an equally long journey eastward to the ford at Armer. And yet the bandits had sometimes left traces of their presence on both sides of the river within twenty-four hours.

The cowboys at the Bernalillo Ranch advanced various theories to account for the mysterious character of these lawless proceedings. Some of them contended that several small marauding bands of Apaches had established themselves in the mountain fastnesses on either side of the river. Others held that the bandits were Mexicans; pointing out, with some show of plausibility, that the Indians kept clear of the Superstition Range, believing that the face sculptured on the great west wall was that of a divinity who guarded the mountains and who would visit ven-

grance on any invaders of his territory.

Taking for granted, as I have said, that these stories, if they had any basis of truth, were greatly exaggerated, I resolved that they should not deter me from pursuing my explorations; but, at the same time, they did determine to take all reasonable precautions to avoid a surprise and to go well equipped with arms and ammunition.

For three weeks I roamed, rather aimlessly, about the region of the Superstitions without finding traces of human occupancy or making any discoveries worth mentioning. Most of my days were spent in scrambling, often slowly and painfully, along the rim of a canon, studying, by aid of my field glass, the opposite wall of the gorge. At night I generally took the precaution of selecting some secluded spot in which to pitch my camp; though I am doubtful whether this adjective applies to any particular locality of a region which, throughout its length and breadth, is barren and deserted.

One afternoon, working my way along the great Salt Canon itself, I made a discovery which set my nerves thrilling. Riding my pony and leading the burro, I suddenly emerged from the timber into an open semi-circle, flat, rocky-floored and half a mile in extent. At once I saw that I had found something of which I was in search. At the radial point of the semi-circle, and upon the very edge of the river bluff, stood a half-ruined stone fort, such as only the prehistoric people of America ever built. These forts, while interesting in themselves, are doubly so because they are almost invariably found in close proximity to cliff dwellings of the larger and characteristic type; the theory being that they were designed, by their builders, to shelter those engaged in defending the approach to their habitations. I spent a couple of hours in examining and making drawings of the structure upon which I

had descended. It was in the form of a parallelogram, fifty feet long by thirty wide. The walls, composed of thin layers of split limestone, were nine feet eight inches in height and two feet four inches in average thickness. On the side farthest from the river the wall was badly broken down, so that I had no difficulty in leading my horse and burro into the enclosure. The remaining three sides of the structure were in a tolerable state of preservation. I paid but little attention to certain indications, furnished by hoofmarks and the remains of a fire, that some one else had visited the place prior to my coming, taking for granted that some wandering prospector had found it convenient to camp there over night.

On the side of the fort next the river there was a low aperture, quite large enough for a man to crawl through. It opened into the head of a crevice in the face of the bluff, which, at that point, was not perpendicular, but sloped, for a hundred feet or more of its descent, at an angle of about seventy degrees. Looking down this crevice, I saw that it was cut in a series of rude steps, much weather-worn; and at the farther end I could make out, though the light was beginning to fade, the jutting corner of a cliff dwelling. It seemed to be located at the point where the slope, at my feet, broke into the perpendicular canon wall. I passed through the opening, descended the ancient stairway without difficulty and found myself on a narrow platform, at one end of which the doorway of the cliff dwelling opened. The structure, which was located in an immense niche scooped out of the rock, was one story in height and contained eight rooms. The front wall was shattered and portions of it had fallen into the abyss. The usual litter of corneobs, bones, potsherds and fragments of rush mats was strewn on the floors and piled up in the corners. The house was one room deep, excepting that in the rear of the

fourth chamber there was a small apartment. Entering this, and striking some matches, for the light of the dusk did not penetrate here, I was surprised to find myself facing the semicircular entrance to what seemed to be an underground passage-way into the cliff and leading obliquely downward. Burning match after match, I advanced cautiously and soon discovered that I was in a veritable cavern, the extent of which it was impossible to conjecture.

Intensely interested, not to say excited, by this find—for I believed that this was precisely the sort of place in which specimens of unbroken pottery would be found, and possibly the weapons and tools of the former inhabitants—I resolved to make a complete exploration on the morrow.

Returning up the steps, I led my animals to a little mesa, some half-mile distant, where there was a spring and good grass; and there, closely hobbled, I left them for the night. Then, collecting some dead wood, I built a fire in the enclosure of the fort, prepared my supper and retired to sleep.

After a night made restless by dreams of possible discoveries the next day, I arose just as the first faint streak of dawn was showing in the east. My first thought, after a hasty breakfast, was to go in search of my pony and burro. I found them without difficulty; and, lest they should stray too far, brought them back to the fort and tied them to a couple of scrub trees which grew inside. The matter of securing torches, which had disturbed my thoughts of the night, presented no great difficulty, for I found in the neighborhood a score or more of dead ocatilla plants, the dry stems of which burn like pitch pine and continue blazing for a long time. Binding these into a bundle and slinging it over my shoulder, I descended again to the cliff dwelling, lighted my torch and entered the cavern, which I found of greater extent than I had supposed.

The passage led downward, winding a little, at an angle, as near as I could judge, of about forty degrees. There were occasional openings to right or left, but none which compared in size with the main cavern. The rock was limestone, and I had no doubt that I was following the channel of a very old subterranean water-way, dating back to the time when the bed of the Salt River was very much higher than its present level. That peculiar erosion of the rocks noticeable in all limestone caverns confirmed this theory.

It was no doubt owing to the slowness with which I advanced that I seemed to be penetrating a long way into the heart of the earth. Probably I had not gone more than the third of a mile when I entered a section where water dripped from the roof and stalactites and stalagmites, of considerable extent and great variety of form, depended from above or thrust themselves upward from the floor. A couple of hundred yards farther on the passage, here of considerable size, turned sharply to the left and began to ascend. Presently, turning still another angle, this time to the right, I entered a large, dry chamber, and was vastly startled to observe that it was strewn with camp utensils and other unmistakably modern evidences of human habitation. Four beds of dry grass, covered with blankets, lay side by side at what my pocket compass indicated as the northern end of the room. Saddles and articles of wearing apparel were scattered in all directions, and a hurried examination showed me that the small sacks, stowed in convenient niches or flung carelessly on low edges of the wall, contained coin, watches and jewelry. It flashed upon me in a moment that I had wandered into the headquarters of the bandits against whom the cowboys had warned me, and I realized acutely that it would be dangerous to await the return of the proprietors.

Straining my ear and hearing no

sound except the crackling of my torch, I plucked up courage and resolved that, before retreating, I would advance and discover, if possible, whether the cavern had an exit beyond the great hall in which I stood. I had not gone more than fifty yards when this question was satisfactorily answered by the glow of light which came streaming down a side passage. Extinguishing my torch, I stepped into the opening and looked about me. I was standing on the floor of a small but deep canon, which gashed the river bluff at right angles to the course of the stream, and well down toward the water level. Anxious to determine my position, I walked to the edge of the stream, looked up and down the great gorge and then raised my eyes to the wall on the opposite side. High up on the precipice, and almost directly opposite me, I observed a cliff dwelling, and above it, on the rim of the canon, a stone fort. I did not understand, but after a bewildering minute or two, I grasped the situation. In following the course of the cavern I had passed beneath the bed of the Salt River, emerged on the other side, and was now looking across at the point from which I had started. The mystery of how the bandits crossed the canon of the Salt River was now no mystery at all.

Turning, I retraced my steps toward the cavern entrance, and was engaged in lighting my torch when the sound of a distant shot and the whizz of a bullet past my head startled me. Glancing up the canon, I saw four horsemen, in single file, making their way down a narrow trail from the head of the gorge. The leader was just removing a rifle from his shoulder, and the others were gesticulating wildly. They were a good quarter of a mile away; a distance none too great in view of the fact that their acquaintance with the cavern was probably much greater than mine. Holding my torch aloft, I dashed into the darkness, and in a few minutes I had crossed the ban-

dit's hall and was in the narrower part which lay beyond. It was not until I reached the lower level of the cavern that I experienced any difficulty; but here I had a couple of bad falls on the slippery floor. On one of these occasions my torch was extinguished and I lost a minute in relighting it. But I scrambled through somehow, and was beginning the ascent on the other side when I first caught the sound of voices behind me. But presently—for I was past the worst now and those following were in the midst of it—the noise of pursuit was lost; though this fact brought me no sense of security. Panting, I flew along the upward-sloping passage, which seemed interminable, and finally emerged into the cliff dwelling. I knew it would not do to linger here, for I was armed only with my revolvers, and my pursuers greatly outnumbered me. Without pausing, then, and with speed accelerated by hearing for the second time the sound of voices behind me, I pushed up the old steps to the fort, where I had barely time to seize my rifle and take a hasty shot at the foremost brigand as he stepped from the door of the cliff dwelling. With a cry he drew back, and in a moment I realized that I was in command of the situation. The only possible way to leave the cliff dwelling was by that flight of steps, the entire length of which, from my protected position in the fort, I could sweep with my rifle and revolvers. A little reflection, however, convinced me that this mastery was mine only so long as I maintained possession of the old stone fort. Should I mount my horse and depart, the bandits could easily make a rush up the crevice, occupy the fort themselves and open a fusilade upon me long before I was out of range. And even if I should succeed in reaching the cover of the timber beyond the open mesa, the chances would still be against me; for the country was so broken that it was foolishness to think of pressing a horse beyond a walk.

If, on the other hand, I stayed, the question arose of how long it would be possible for me to hold out. Days might pass before a cowboy or prospector came that way; and in the meantime it would be dangerous to procure water from the distant spring and almost certainly fatal to sleep. It was, perhaps, the sound of excited, jabbering voices coming up from below that quickened my powers of thought and decided me to stay; which, as the cowboys afterward informed me, was the only thing to do under the circumstances. I looked at my watch. It was half-past seven. It struck me that this was about the usual time for breakfast at the Bernalillo Ranch. Whether, beginning at this point, some obscure association of ideas led up to the notion, or whether it was one of those inspirations that come to men in the face of danger, I am not prepared to say, but across my mind there flashed the remembrance of what Mr. Halleck had told me concerning the propensity of Buckskin to bolt for home. Perhaps a Western man, more familiar with the ways of horses, would have grasped at it eagerly. To me it seemed a forlorn hope. But, forlorn or not, Buckskin was the only one of us three who could, with safety, depart and find his way with tolerable certainty to the Bernalillo Ranch. It was not an expedient such as I would have selected to hang safely and lie on; but it was the only one, and I adopted it. On two or three pages of my note book I scribbled a short narrative of my adventure in the cavern and indicated to the best of my ability the location of the old stone fort. Cutting a slit in the book at either end, I passed a short strap through these holes and buckled it securely about the pony's neck. Then slipping his halter, I led him to the gap in the wall, turned his head outward and told him to go. He cleared the rubbish at a spring, trotted away a few hundred yards, stopped, looked back, tossed his head as if to assure himself that he was free,

and then, breaking into a gallop, disappeared in the timber. All this I saw with one eye—the other was directed down the stairway that led to the cliff dwelling.

Thus the hours dragged slowly by, the sun beating down upon me with pitiless intensity through the open top of the old fort. One o'clock came, and two, and three, and four. Then I heard a shout and a trample of hoofs outside, and presently a score of cowboys, with Halleck at their head, came galloping up.

"Look out!" I cried, rushing to the opening and waving my hand. "Don't show yourselves on the edge of the canon. There is a man with a gun on the other side." Instantly they comprehended and drew together behind the shelter of the fort, while I hurriedly explained the situation.

"As neat a trap as I ever saw!" cried Halleck, when I had finished. "Two of you boys," he continued, "take the loophole, and six others of you get cover where you can find it along the rim of the canon and watch the entrance on the north side. I told you," he added, turning to me, "that Buckskin was warranted to come straight home if he was turned loose."

Halleck's experienced eye saw in a moment that this method of keeping the robbers in the cave would be effective only while daylight lasted, as, when night fell, they could easily take advantage of the darkness to slip unobserved up the side canon and so escape to the north. His first thought, then, was directed to the end of devising some means of getting a part of his force to the opposite side of the river.

"Boys," he asked, "is it possible to cross the Salt anywhere in this vicinity?"

"I think so, Cap," returned one of the cowboys. "About a mile and a half above there is a place where the canon wall is broken on the other side. On this it is straight up and down as the side of a house, but we

have our lariats with us and it will be easy to splice a couple of them and swing over."

"But how about the river?" asked Halleck, trying in vain to get a glimpse of the water, flowing far beneath our feet, without exposing himself to danger.

"Oh, it is all right," replied another ranchman. "The water is low at this season, and I have no doubt we can almost wade across. At the worst it will be but a short swim."

I did not accompany the expedition for the north side of the Salt, and so failed to witness, or to participate in, the perilous feat of swinging down into that great gorge on a swaying rope. But the light had not faded when a series of three shots, the signal agreed upon, told us that five of our men were on the other bank and had taken positions to intercept the flight of the bandits. So skilfully had our detachment manœuvred that I was unable to see them move to their places; but, a little later, the light of a fire above the north entrance illuminated the whole of the little gorge across from me, and eliminated the last vestige of possibility of the escape of our prisoners.

So the night fell and passed; and most of the following day was spent in devising fruitless plans for the final capture of the robbers. This problem at length resolved itself into the alternative of carrying the cavern by storm, a proceeding which I strongly advised against, or simply camping down and starving the bandits out. These latter, driven back into the recesses of their hiding-place by the well-aimed shots of our men, gave no sign of activity until about five o'clock in the evening, when our deliberations were cut short by the appearance of a white rag, which, waved from the point of a stick, was seen projecting from the cliff dwelling. Halleck, taking a position where he could see and hear without exposing himself—for

we reposed little confidence in the honour of these thieves—began a parley with the Mexican who held out the flag of truce. The fellow would not show himself openly until he received repeated assurances of fair play; then he came out on the platform and offered, on behalf of himself and his companions, to surrender if guaranteed safe conduct to the nearest jail and a fair trial. He was told that he and his partners must come, one at a time, out of the cavern, march up the steps and enter the fort. First three Mexicans emerged successively, holding up their hands and jabbering in bad Spanish. The fourth man was an American, who, as soon as he appeared, was recognized by the cowboys as a noted desperado. He, as it afterward came out, was the organizer and directing spirit of the band, and he hastened to inform us that his surrender was entirely due to the fact that his cowardly Mexican followers lost heart when they found themselves in a trap.

That evening, this time in company, I made a second and much more leisurely exploration of the cavern under the Salt Canon. In the bandits' hall—while the others were examining the booty and discussing the question of its ownership—I discovered eleven large pieces of unbroken prehistoric pottery, which were handed over to me without question. The robbers had employed these ancient vessels for the utilitarian purpose of holding their food supplies, and I found them standing together on a shelf in the nook.

I left Arizona before the miscreants who made the cavern their headquarters were brought to trial, but a letter afterward from Mr. Halleck informed me that they had received the just punishment of their misdeeds. The letter also stated that Buckskin continued to exercise his penchant for bolting home when by any means he got loose.



THE GIRL AT THE GATE

From the Painting in the Tate Gallery, London, by George Clausen, a British Painter

WINTER on the PRAIRIE

By H. H. Pitman

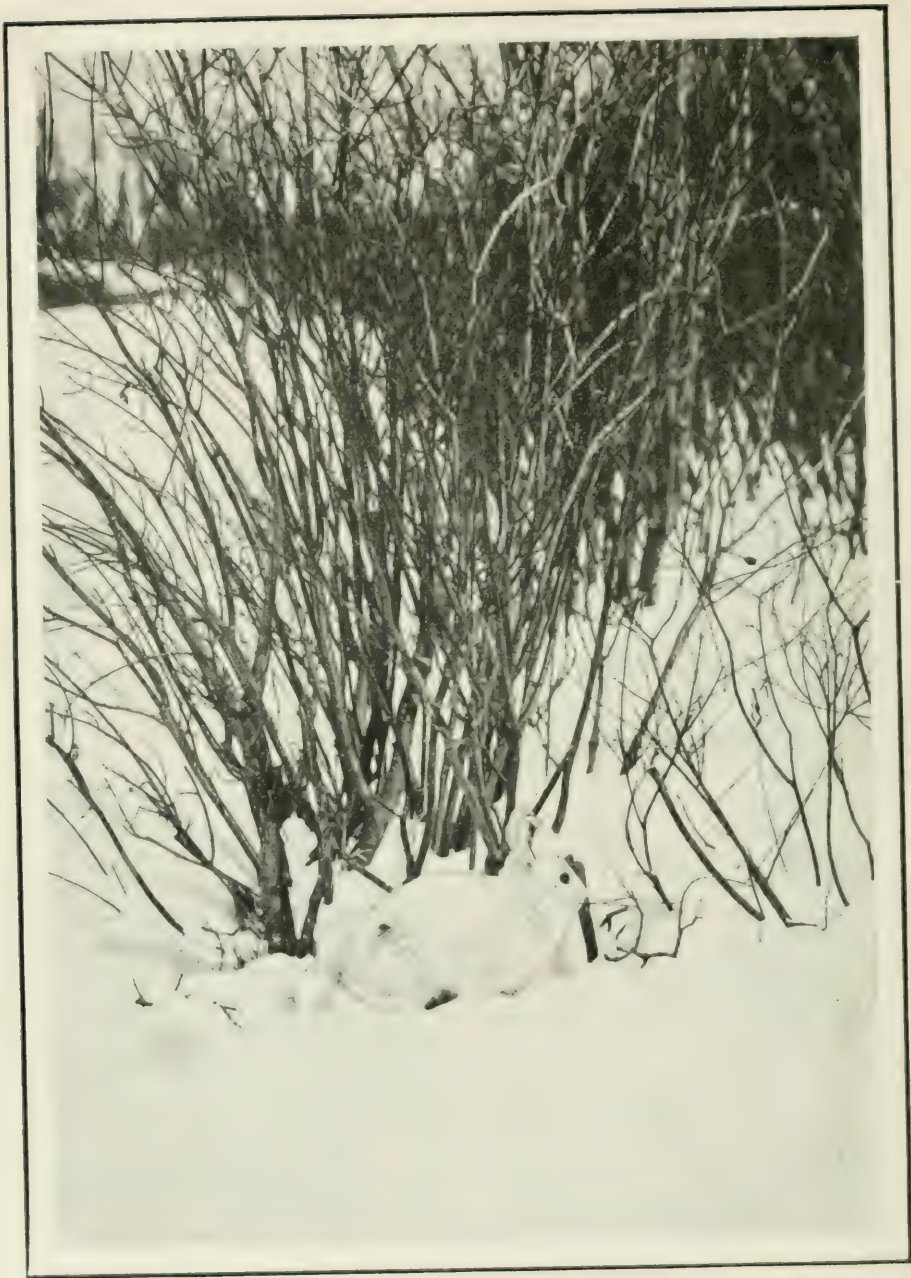
THERE is no doubt that the true nature-lover enjoys winter most when he thinks of it during the hot days of July, but it is not really as bad as strangers to the plains are apt to imagine, and a long walk over the prairie during the so-called "dead" months is often a revelation to persons from the cities. The prairie is never really dull—even in December—for there is always something to stir one's admiration and interest. To-day, perhaps, it is the hoar frost on the trees and bushes, which changes even the most commonplace of bluffs into a veritable fairyland—especially when seen by moonlight—and, to-morrow, it may be the ice-flowers, almost equalling those of the upland Swiss valleys, or, if one is compelled to stay indoors, the beautiful designs upon the window-panes, suggesting flowers and fern fronds.

Although, being inanimate, it does not appeal to one as much as some living creature, even the snow is wonderfully interesting; a fact, however, one is liable to overlook if the mercury is very far below the zero mark. To gather some idea of its beauty, catch some of the crystals upon a dark coat-sleeve and examine them, not necessarily with a microscope, for their detail is clear enough to the unaided eye, as a rule. Snowy crystals are rarely alike, but all are formed upon what may be called the same

base or framework. Every one has six rays—never more or less—but that is generally as far as the similarity goes. The rays or branches may have delicate feathery appendages on them of infinite variety, or the spaces may be filled up, making hexagonal figures. In milder climates the crystals fall in masses or flakes, but on the prairie individual specimens oftentimes may be examined with ease.

The snow blanket transforms everything, hiding much that is unsightly with a spotless covering, not so beautiful perhaps as the fresh green of spring and early summer, but yet an improvement upon the sombre grays and browns of late autumn. The wind sometimes acts upon the snow as the waves do upon a sandy shore, leaving ripples, but it also carves many designs by removing the softer or dryer snow from under the crusts. The study of these patterns gives one a faint idea of the importance of wind as a geological factor, for the surface of the earth is acted upon in the same way, and one realises that considerable changes might occur under favourable conditions in the course of a few centuries, especially when aided by rain and frost.

Of the commoner prairie mammals, three turn white—the weasel, the bush-rabbit, and the jack-rabbit. This change of colour is very effective, for the animals are practically



A PRAIRIE RABBIT IN ITS WINTER COAT



SHARP-TAILED GROUSE ON THE SNOW



BAIRD'S PRAIRIE DEER MOUSE

invisible when still, and one can pass quite close by any of them without being aware of it. The change usually coincides with the early November snowfalls, but when the snow is late it is the reverse of helpful to the animals and they are very conspicuous. I have photographed both bush-rabbits and jack-rabbits that had turned completely white before the snow came. The weasels would be greatly handicapped if they did not change colour, for they hunt singly, and depend largely upon getting close to their prey without being observed.

It is generally believed that most of the other small mammals hibernate all winter, but this is not correct, as

a walk over the prairie through soft snow will quickly prove. Besides finding many tracks, I have actually seen that wee creature, the pigmy shrew, the smallest Canadian animal, on the snow in December and January, and also the Drummond vole and little vole, and have taken the remains of prairie deer-mice from an owl killed at Christmas time. One also finds fresh badger-holes (how powerful these animals are!) long after the ground is frozen too hard to cultivate, and, occasionally, the only too fresh trail of a troubled skunk.

The list of winter birds is small, compared with that of summer, but it is noteworthy just the same. There



SHARP-TAILED GROUSE ROOSTING



THE SNOWY OWL

are three prairie birds—the horned larks, woodpeckers and Brewer black-birds—which stay until some time after the snow has come. Last year I saw woodpeckers on the posts of our corral during the third week of November, and a blackbird on November 20th. The horned larks always stop until the last minute—indeed, I believe that in some favoured localities they stay all winter.

To me, though, the most interesting of our winter birds are the great snowy owls, which come from the north every autumn. They are very striking in appearance when seen at

close quarters, although they vary considerably in markings. Full-grown specimens will measure more than five feet from wing-tip to wing-tip. They are fond of resting-places giving uninterrupted views of the surroundings, and the big straw-piles scattered over the cultivated land suit them exactly. They are not common and one rarely sees more than two or three in a season.

The independence of these powerful birds appeals to one very much—they seem so self-reliant—and knowing that they are from the Arctic regions stirs the imagination. On the



THE CHICKADEE

prairie, their principal food appears to be mice—I have never seen them attempt to catch prairie-chickens or found feathers in the few castings I have examined, and I have only once seen them pursue a jack-rabbit. In their summer home, however, their food is said to consist of birds, hares and gophers, and, according to Macfarlane, occasionally of the eggs of ptarmigan and ducks.

Another northern bird that winters with us is the snowbird which arrives in late October or early November, and stays until March or even April. It is a peculiarly restless but very handsome little bird, and can easily be studied at close range if one cares to scatter food in front of a window. It seems disgraceful that it should be

killed for food. Small parties wander here and there over the prairie, seemingly never satisfied, continually stopping to feed for a few minutes and then hurrying on. Sometimes they are numerous, but the last three or four years I have not seen many on the plains. They lend a very welcome touch of life to the prairie.

The pinnated grouse and sharp-tailed grouse, both called prairie-chickens, also stay with us through the winter, but do not turn white. Big and strong, and quick on the wing, they have not many enemies from November to March, and do not need the protection of a change of colour. The sharp-tails will readily come to food placed on the ground by a window, and quickly become bold.



A JACKRABBIT ON PLOUGHED LAND AND THE LITTLE VOLE

If we exclude the sparrows, the only other winter birds of this district are the merry little chickadees. Whatever the weather they always seem cheerful, and "work" the bushes round the sloughs as merrily as though the cold were but a detail. On Lesser Slave Lake they stayed round our camp all winter, feeding on the scraps thrown out, and became so tame that they would almost take food from the hand.

Lord Avebury in his book "The Beauties of Nature" emphasized the beauty and interest of the commonplace, and as an illustration suggested how a race of people who had al-

ways lived underground or in darkness, would appreciate the sunshine, the clouds and the birds. So many of us do not really *see* things—that is, in the fullest sense of the word, and miss much that is beautiful. Nature-study should go hand-in-hand with religion, for an admiration of some noble creation inspires a reverence or respect for its designer, and the more one knows of the world in which one lives, and of the living creatures on it, the more one realizes the power and wisdom of the Creator. To those who are willing to see, few places are dull and uninteresting—certainly not the prairie, even in winter.

BY A GIRL'S GRAVE

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

UNDER this immobile stone
Lies a little girl, alone.

It was a joy her life to see,—
So glad, and virginal, and free!

Her laughter gave the birds of spring
Sweet phrases for their musicking.

There is no laughter now, nor song,—
Silent she lies here, all day long.

All day the roses over her
Blossom and blow; the winds murmur;
She heeds them not: she does not stir.

A little girl, so soon at rest;
The secret longing unexpressed
Wakened, then paled within her breast.

God knows I loved her; and I know
(E'en though she never whisper'd so)
Her heart was mine, for weal or woe.

And now—she lies beneath the roses,
While man his thousand tasks disposes;
And the day breaks, and the day closes.

ALONG the St. JOHN VALLEY

By J.C.L. Ketchum

THE early history of New Brunswick is not without its romance.

Historians have given us something of the French period, which, if not very complete, is so because there are probably no written documents upon which to base a continuous and sustained story. We have the undoubted fact of the discovery of the River St. John and its naming by Champlain. We have something of the deeds and misdeeds of LaTour and his dashing lady. Poutrincout and de Monts pass fitfully across the stage, and there are incidents given of the experiences of other French explorers and ecclesiastics on the banks of the St. John. But a great deal is surrounded with mist which will become more or less dispelled in time, as manuscript after manuscript finds its way into the archives at Ottawa.

The history of the St. John river up to the coming of the Loyalist is told by Dr. Raymond. It is amazing the amount of information he has managed to accumulate of the Indian period—or that part of the Indian period into which the white man's advent dovetails. This is the more creditable, for the Indian has apparently no records of his own, and even his tradition was extremely limited. There is nothing to be found among the aborigines to show where he came from nor, as far as one can see, anything upon which to base a reasonable probability as to his origin. But the fact remains that here he was and here the Frenchman found him.

As far as the St. John river country is concerned the efforts of the French explorer have not resulted in a great deal. When one gets above Grand Falls a country almost as French as parts of Quebec is met with. It is mostly the French Canadian. The Acadian leaves his impression on the north shore; the St. John river country scarcely knows him. But the French missionary did his work among the aborigines thoroughly. No red man along this great waterway failed to hear the teaching of the Christian faith as set forth by the French Catholic missionaries who in early days found their way hundreds of miles up the mighty St. John, as they found their way everywhere, even into the remotest parts of North America.

After the French visitation, came the pre-Loyalist immigration from the New England colonies. The pre-Loyalist was a worthy enough but far from picturesque character. He was something very much like his prototype, the puritan of New England, a good trader, industrious and practical, with a severe and unlovable sort of religion. Unlike the Frenchman, his work as an explorer and settler has had lasting results. Also, unlike the Frenchman, his peculiar type of religion has practically died out, and his successors remember his scrupulous and narrow ideas, in most cases, only to ridicule them.

This article is to deal mainly with that part of the St. John Valley coun-



A VIEW OF THE ST. JOHN VALLEY AT MEDUCTIC, NEW BRUNSWICK

try lying between Fredericton, the capital of the Province and Woodstock, the principal town of the upper St. John Valley. And the reason is that particular attention is due this part, from the fact that it was very early settled, and by very prominent Loyalist families, who had made real sacrifices at the time of the declaration of the American republic. Nowadays, it is fashionable to have a Loyalist ancestor, and it is very convenient, particularly on occasions of weddings and funerals, to announce that so-and-so is of Loyalist descent. It was Mark Twain who thought that there must have been about a million passengers on the Mayflower. A good many families claim Loyalist descent whose name appear neither in Sabine nor in the record of those who had their claims adjusted by the commissioners appointed after the migration, and which is now easily accessible. There is no question that the early

settlers along the St. John river from Fredericton to Woodstock were Loyalists, and, most of them were of some account. Another reason for the special mention of this country is that it affords perhaps the only instance in Canada or anywhere else of the richest and most fertile section of a land having been left without railway accommodation for half a century. It is the most amazing and the most glaring object lesson of what cannot be accomplished when legislators set their minds on not doing something. For decades railways have run through the barren parts of New Brunswick. McAdam Junction, the most unfertile and rocky place in the world, has ever since the railways were first projected been the spot which the outsider particularly associates with this Province.

When Confederation was accomplished and the question of the building of the Intercolonial came up, the



POKIAK FALL AND GORGE, ALONG THE ST. JOHN RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK

St. John Valley route was proposed. With all due deference to the present route, the valley location was undoubtedly the better. But it was passed by. At that time the people were kept on tenter hooks wondering whether the road would go *via* the St. John river or the north shore, and the

following poetical appeal to a politician of the time, to end the agony of suspense, is worth quoting:

"Come . . . stop you puffing and blowing,
And tell us where the railway's going".

A bit later in the history of this fair Dominion, as we all know, the



A VIEW OF THE ST. JOHN VALLEY AT WOODSTOCK, NEW BRUNSWICK

valley route was passed over when the national transcontinental was built through the middle of the Province.

In time the clamour of a long-suffering and considerably befooled people became insistent. Delegations of huge proportions visited alternately Fredericton and Ottawa and promises were exacted from "cornered" politicians on both sides. Anyway, probably much to the surprise of the people, the matter was seriously taken in hand, and four years ago this early summer the first sod of the St. John Valley road was turned at Woodstock by the Honourable J. K. Fleming, Premier of the Province. An excellent road has been built between Centreville, twenty odd miles above Woodstock and Gagetown about the same distance below Fredericton, and a regular train service established between Fredericton and Centreville. In earlier days, before the coming of the

bicycle and its luxurious successor the automobile, nobody saw anything of the land or the scenery between Woodstock and Fredericton excepting those who passed up and down on a steamer, which in good seasons ran about a month or six weeks, or else drove with a horse and carriage. Consequently, the people even in New Brunswick had but the faintest idea of the nature of the country and the fertility of the land along the middle St. John Valley.

There are all the elements to make the country interesting, from an historical, a picturesque or an economic standpoint. Venturesome spirits found their way occasionally up this far on the St. John. We are told of a white boy, John Giles, who was captured by the Indians as far back as in 1689, and was brought up the river to "Medock scenecasis". He describes the mouth of the Medux-

nakeag, the river that divides the town of Woodstock in two, and empties rather turbulently to-day into the waters of the mother St. John. Lay Frenchman and the ever zealous Jesuit poked their noses into every possible corner of the river, and upset the serenity and impassibility of the native Indian. The Jesuit, at all times in earnest, if sometimes mistaken in method, did his utmost to convert the aborigine. He left a mark, to be discovered not many years ago, in a stone with a Latin inscription setting forth that the Malicites had erected a church in the year 1717, at Meductie, the first station of consequence going from Woodstock to Fredericton. Near Fredericton, again there was the Indian village of Aukpaque, frequently visited by the churchmen in the early days when French influence alone competed with the sway of the most enlightened of all savage peoples.

As time passes, as interest in the history of this country grows, as here and there some local historian unearths a document, or a letter, more will come to light of the early days when the Frenchman paddled up and down the river. Enough there is already to touch the imagination of the tourist, whose steps are led to spend a holiday along the banks of the St. John river. But, whatever the Frenchman said or did, whether he was a friend or a foe to the Indian, the time comes when he fades away, and the robust and somewhat cranky Loyalist takes his place. And the Loyalist comes to stay and is staying in his descendants at the present time. New Brunswick, more than any other province, is the creation of the Loyalists. All its history practically, saving the shadowy passing of the Frenchman, dates from the Loyalist migration. He is the strong element in the Province, the element that survives and even influences to-day. Historians of the Province later on will tell us of the fight for responsible government—there really was not much

fight to it. The Family Compact men were as fond of free institutions as ever were the Reformers. Only, they had the jobs and they wanted to keep them. Just as a party in power at any time has the jobs and wants to keep them. The early Family Compact men are not the only persons who ever wished their sons and cousins and aunts to have government positions. However, this is an aside. The Loyalists came first to St. John. Then, many of them went up the Kennebecasis and formed the county of Kings. At a probably later period, after founding St. Anne (now Fredericton) they took up lands largely on the western side of the River St. John between the towns of Fredericton and Woodstock.

And many of these settlers had been men of real prominence in the colonies whence they came. Very many had means and valuable property, and to use the colloquism of the day were on "Easy Street". The writer has in his possession a petition of an ancestor, to the British Government for compensation, in which he pathetically sets forth that before the war he was in a position where he did not have to work. But in their new lands they had to work, and to their credit be it said, that they took up the new conditions cheerfully and made the best of them. We hear of Colonel John Saunders, a Virginian gentleman, who had a very large grant about half way between Woodstock and Fredericton and named it "The Barony", no doubt an association of earlier days. The Barony still remains as one of the stations on the new railway. Not far above Fredericton settled Wetmores and Lees and Rainsfords, and one or other of these families gave the name of Kingsclear to his place, and the station of Kingsclear is to be found as you approach Fredericton. More or less prominent in the life of the anti-revolution colonies, these families soon took the leading part in the newly-formed province. A Wetmore became Attorney General, a Rainsford—



THE ST. JOHN VALLEY AT TEMPLE, NEW BRUNSWICK

always a military family—had a commission in the famous 104th, that first New Brunswick regiment, which made the famous march on snowshoes through the forest to Quebec, at the time of the 1812 war. Captain Rainsford was a leading officer and personally performed many brave deeds, which have been held in remembrance by his descendants, who would willingly admit that other traits of the old gentleman were not altogether above reproach.

These gallant gentlemen brought with them, among other imports, the questionable practice of settling family and other social disputes by duelling. Several duels were fought in and about Fredericton, all but one harmless, as far as to actual bodily injury. One ended fatally, and as may be imagined caused no end of hatred and bitterness in the society life of the capital. Perhaps the most effec-

tual quietus was put to this dangerously playful custom by the unexpected and intrepid action of the good Anglican Bishop Medley. Of a Catholic temperament, amid an Erastian congregation, he amazed all, one Sunday in the early days, by his open excommunication of a participant in a duel who belonged to one of the wealthiest and most influential families in the community. Something of the spirit of a Becket in that old prelate!

In fact the whole river side was to a large extent settled by officers and soldiers who had fought in the regiments composed of loyal Americans raised during the course of the revolutionary war. They were men from Delancey's Brigade, that dashing corps eulogized by Loyalist writers and belittled in patriot records. Men there were of the King's American Dragoons, disbanded officers and sol-



A BRANCH OF THE ST. JOHN RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK

diers of the Prince of Wales American Regiment. Here along the river lands were allotted them according to their rank or value of services, and right energetically did they set to work to cut down the mammoth trees and form homes where they would be safe from the machinations of their arch enemy, the rebellious and victorious George Washington.

Half way between Fredericton and Woodstock was the hospitable roof of Cap Davidson. And this was a favourite stopping-place for the travellers of the older families who had the pleasure of the captain's acquaintance. A valuable record of the early days is contained in the diary of the Reverend F. Dibblee, who was the first Protestant missionary on the middle and upper St. John. He came with the Loyalists when a mere youth, and later made a long trip down by canoe from Woodstock, where he made his

later home, to St. John and thence to Halifax to be ordained by the first bishop of Nova Scotia, Dr. Inglis. Mr. Dibblee's cure extended from at least half way between Woodstock and Fredericton to Grand Falls, eighty miles above the former place, and the record of his baptisms, marriages and funerals shows the faithful work he did among the early settlers. His remains lie in the church of the little parish just below the town of Woodstock, where are buried many of the early Loyalists.

Thus it will be seen that one of the most important settlements of the Province, both in the nature of the land and in the character of the settlers, was the last to be served with the modern means of transportation, without which the most fertile section can, at the most, mark time. The distance between Fredericton and Woodstock is a little more than sixty

miles. You have the beautiful St. John river in sight all the way up and all the way down. Other railways run alongside other rivers, but there is generally something of a sameness in the view. Not so along this portion of the St. John, the variety of view is what surprises and delights. Here, you are up on a high piece of ground and the river is winding along below, and in the distance a huge silver snake, cultivated flats and charmingly wooded heights in the farther distance. There, you are running right beside the water, and whether you look up, down, or across you have a view for the landscape painter. It is not enough for the lover of natural scenery to go one way over the road. You get snatches of landscape going up-river and other snatches going down, so that to miss any of it by reading, whether the reader's fancy is to Chesterton's Orthodoxy or *The Sunday American* is equally a sin against good taste. The river is not all there is to see. There are flats beautifully cultivated, islands lying in the river tilled to the full. The very grass and grain seem to grow faster and lift up their heads more proudly since the land has come out of the bondage of isolation. It is a

pity that in original names were not found far more of the stations. Meductic is retained, although in years gone by it nearly succumbed to the impossible "Eel River". But the Indian period is well kept in mind by other names. Pokiok we have still, but perhaps unavoidably there seems no place on the railway map for Shogomoc, while something should be done to revive the name of Aukpaque, the village in early Indian and French days, not far from Fredericton, which rivalled and probably surpassed in importance "Medoctic". No names recalling the French transition appear to be in use. The Loyalist stamped his Prince William on a large parish in York county, and there are many villages and settlements of which he was the unquestioned godfather and which he duly named.

A country with a very respectable past, with a prosperous and comfortable present, rich in tradition and story, rich in soil and wood and waterway, picturesque in scenery, occupied by a people more familiar by a long way with their churches than their law courts, the upper St. John valley country will very soon be the best known and the most extensively visited portion of New Brunswick.



AS OTHERS SAW US

By Lawrence J. Burpee.

THERE is a modest shelf of books in my library for which I have a particular affection. It contains the narratives of travellers who have at one time or another wandered into this remote corner of the world, and made notes in their diaries of the manners and customs of the inhabitants. When, as a Canadian, I feel myself threatened with an attack of "swelled head," I find it an excellent corrective to pull down one of these volumes and read what others have said of us. Sometimes the pill is sugar-coated, but there is generally a more or less bitter tonic underneath, or we may abandon the metaphor and put it in another way. I come to you as a modest showman. I have here an interesting troupe of acrobats, most of them transatlantic, a few from over the border. Let me trot them out for your amusement.

We have three ancient acrobats, known to history as Samuel Champ-lain, Jacques Cartier, and Mare Les-carbot, but we will excuse them, as their contortions are not much to our present purpose. Suppose we make a beginning with the Baron de Lahontan and Father Hennepin, rivals of that other veracious traveller Baron Munchausen.

Lahontan, in his published *Voyages*, describes an imaginary conversation with a very improbable Huron chief whom he calls Adario. Lahontan professes to defend the character of his fellow countrymen, in Old France as well as New France, while

Adario contrasts the manners and customs of the French with those of the Hurons, much to the damage of the former.

"Lying and slandering your brethren," says Adario, "is a thing that you can as little refrain from as eating and drinking. I never heard four Frenchmen converse together without speaking ill of somebody; and if you knew what I have heard 'em say publicly of the Viceroy, the Intendant, the Jesuits, and of a thousand people that you know, not excepting yourself, you would be convinced that the French are very well versed in defamations. And as to the business of Lying, I affirm it for a truth, that there is not one merchant in this country that will not tell you twenty lies in selling the worth of a beaver's skin in goods; not to mention the lies they invent in order to defame their neighbours."

Remembering that splendid hoax, the Rivière Longue, and all that appertained unto it, we may concede that the Baron de Lahontan knew a lie when he saw it, and perhaps we should take this defamation with a grain of salt.

As to Louis Hennepin, on second thoughts I think we had better tell that over-imaginative traveller to stand aside. Anything that he would have to say about Canadians would at least have to be taken in a Pickwickian sense.

Dollier de Casson has described the city of Montreal and its people as they were in the middle of the

seventeenth century; Charlevoix, Franquet and others describe New France, its manners and customs, in the first half of the succeeding century. But we must hurry on to the narrative of that most entertaining Swedish traveller and botanist, Peter Kalm, who visited Canada in 1749, and has left us a delightfully graphic picture of the country in the last days of the French régime.

He first visited Montreal, and then on the invitation of the Governor-General sailed down the river to Quebec. "As soon," he says, "as the soldiers who were with us saw Quebec they called out that all those who had never been there before should be ducked, if they did not pay something to release themselves." Peter paid up.

Kalm, like a good many other travellers, was more impressed with the splendid situation of Quebec than with the details of the town, the appearance of its streets, and the interior of the houses. "The floors," he writes, "are very dirty in every house and have all the appearance of being cleaned but once every year." Nor was he quite favourably impressed with some of the habits of the *habitants*. "The common people of Canada," he complains, "may be smelled when one passes by them on account of their frequent use of onions."

Having come up to Canada from New England, he naturally draws a comparison between the people of the two communities. "The civility of the inhabitants here (Quebec) is more refined than that of the Dutch and English in the settlements belonging to Great Britain; but the latter, on the other hand, do not idle their time away in dressing as the French do here. The ladies especially dress and powder their hair every day, and put their locks in paper every night [I wonder how he knows it], which idle custom was introduced in the English settlements. The gentlemen wear generally their own hair, but some have

wigs. People of rank are used to wear laced clothes and all the Crown officers wear swords. All the gentlemen, even those of rank, the Governor-General excepted, when they go into town on a day that looks like rain, carry their cloaks on their left arm. Acquaintances of either sex who have not seen each other for some time, on meeting again, salute with mutual kisses."

Peter Kalm never missed an opportunity of questioning those whom he met, from the Governor-General to the humble *habitant*, as to the life and customs of the country. He describes the form of Government, the priesthood, the different industries, and the home life of the people, but always he comes back to the women of Canada, who seem to have held for him a peculiar fascination.

"What I have mentioned above," he says, "of their dressing their heads too assiduously, is the case with all the ladies throughout Canada. On those days when they pay or receive visits they dress so gaily, that one is almost induced to think their parents possessed the greatest dignities in the state. The Frenchmen, who considered things in their true light, complained very much that a great part of the ladies in Canada had got into the pernicious custom of taking too much care of their dress, and squandering all their fortunes and more upon it, instead of sparing something for future times."

Peter evidently got his information at first hand, for he tells us that one of the first questions which the ladies of Canada propose to a stranger is whether he is married. The next, how he likes the ladies in Canada, and whether he thinks them handsomer than those of his own country; and the third, whether he will take one home with him. Peter does not tell us how he parried these embarrassing questions.

"There are some differences," he says, "between the ladies of Quebec and those of Montreal; those of the

latter place seemed to be generally handsomer than those of the former. Their behaviour likewise seemed to be somewhat too free at Quebec, and of a more becoming modesty at Montreal. The ladies of Quebec, especially the unmarried ones, are not very industrious. A girl of eighteen is reckoned very poorly off if she cannot enumerate at least twenty lovers. These young ladies, especially those of a higher rank, get up at seven, and dress till nine, drinking their coffee at the same time. When they are dressed, they place themselves near a window that opens into the street, take some needlework, and sew a stitch now and then; but turn their eyes into the street most of the time. When a young fellow comes in, whether they are acquainted with him or not, they immediately lay aside their work, sit down by him, and begin to chat, laugh, joke, and invent *double-entendres*; and this is reckoned very witty. In this manner they frequently pass the whole day, leaving their mothers to do all the business in the house. In Montreal the girls are not quite so volatile, but more industrious."

If Kalm had only let it rest there he would have earned the approval of the latter, but the irrepressible old gossip must go on to say:

"The girls of Montreal are very much displeased that those at Quebec get husbands sooner than they," and he explains this incredible statement by asserting that the eligible young men from France have to land at Quebec when they reach Canada, and that that is the end of them, so far as the girls of Montreal are concerned.

We learn from the Swedish naturalist that "the ladies and the men of distinction of Montreal wear fans made of the tails of wild turkeys when they walk in the streets during the intenseness of the heat". He also tells us that "the men upon the whole are more fond of dressing than the women," and that they "con-

stantly carry their looking-glasses with them on all their journeys," but it is only fair to add that he is now speaking of red Canadians, not white Canadians.

To offset all this frivolity, let me not omit the following details, which will appeal to the heart of the modern householder: A pound of butter cost eight or ten sols in Montreal (the sol, according to Kalm, being about equivalent to a New England penny), a dozen eggs sold for five sols, which was considered exorbitant, as they had previously sold for three sols; a chicken sold for ten sols, a turkey for twenty. A common labouring man got thirty or forty sols a day, and Kalm explains that the "scarcity of labouring people occasions the wages being so high". Finally, a maidservant who was faithful and diligent got one hundred livres *a year*, or a little more than the modern maidservant gets a month.

It is time, however, that we move forward to the period of English rule in Canada. One of the earliest travellers who has left an account of his visit to Canada in the latter half of the eighteenth century is Isaac Weld, who published a narrative of his journey through the United States and Canada in the years 1795, 1796 and 1797. Weld at least conceived a high opinion of the hospitality of the people of Montreal, English as well as French. "They are," he says, "remarkably hospitable and attentive to strangers; they are sociable also amongst themselves, and fond in the extreme of convivial amusements. In winter they keep up such a constant and friendly intercourse with each other that it seems then as if the town were inhabited by but one large family."

Of the *habitants* he says: "Some of the lower classes of the French Canadians have all the gaiety and vivacity of the people of France; they dance, they sing, and seem determined not to give way to care; others, to appearance, have a great deal of that

sullenness and bluntness in their manners characteristics of the people of the United States; vanity, however is the ascendant feature in the character of all of them, and by working upon that you may make them do what you please. Few of the men can read or write; the little learning there is among the inhabitants is confined to the women; a Canadian never makes a bargain, or takes any step of importance, without consulting his wife, whose opinion is generally abided by."

Like a good many other travellers, Weld was struck with the fondness of the French Canadian for his native tobacco. "A French Canadian," he says, "is scarcely ever without a pipe in his mouth, whether working with the oar or plough; whether on foot or on horseback; indeed, so much addicted are the people to smoking that by the burning of the tobacco in their pipes they commonly ascertain the distance from one place to another. Such a place they say is three pipes off; that is, it is so far off that you may smoke three pipefuls of tobacco whilst you go thither. A pipe, in the most general acceptation of the word, seems to be about three-quarters of an English mile."

From Montreal Weld travelled up the St. Lawrence to Kingston, through the Thousand Islands, the scenery of which he describes as "beautiful in the highest degree". He tells us that it took seven days to travel from Montreal to Kingston. Kingston then consisted of about one hundred houses, and was increasing rapidly in size.

He gives us the interesting information that the naval officers in Lake Ontario, if their vessels were not otherwise engaged, were allowed to carry cargoes of merchandise from one port to another, the freight of which was their perquisite. They also carried passengers across the lake at an established price.

It is a little difficult to realize that in Weld's day the little town of New-

ark or Niagara was the political centre of Upper Canada. On arriving there by boat he exchanged his travelling clothes "for such as it was proper to appear in at the capital of Upper Canada, and at the centre of the *beau monde* of the province." Weld was astonished at the rapid growth of Niagara, and evidently saw for it a great future. "So sudden," he says, "and so great has the influx of people into the town of Niagara and its vicinity been that town lots, horses, provisions, and every necessary of life have risen within the last three years nearly fifty per cent. in value."

Of Toronto, on the other hand, Weld has little or nothing to say, beyond noting with some surprise the projected change of the capital from such a convenient place as Niagara to York. However, he adds, "A new city to have been named London was to have been built on the river formerly called La Trenche, but since called the Thames, and here the seat of Government was ultimately to have been fixed". Is it not somewhat disconcerting to some of us to have London thus spoken of as merely a town that might have been?

Just one further note from Isaac Weld's travels. Before leaving Canada and crossing over into the United States, he mentions the project of a canal to connect Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, but thinks it probable that when the canal is built it will be on the American side, "The State of New York being far better able to advance the large sums of money that would be requisite than the Province of Upper Canada either is at present, or appears likely to be."

About the same time that Weld was travelling west through Canada, an eminent French traveller, the Duc de la Rochefoucault, was journeying east. Like Weld, he did not think Toronto worth a personal visit, and what he got on hearsay was of a rather libellous nature. "There have not been," he says, "more than twelve

houses hitherto built in York. They stand on the bay near the river Don. The inhabitants do not possess the fairest character. One of them is the noted Baty, the leader of the German families, who, according to the assertion of Captain Williamson, was decoyed away by the English. In a circumference of 150 miles the Indians are the only neighbours of York."

That reminds me—and I hope you will not misinterpret the quotation—that Jonathan Carver, who travelled through a portion of what is now Canada in 1767, says, "On the north-west part of this lake (Ontario) is a tribe of Indians called Mississaugas, whose town is denominated Toronto."

Rochefoucault spent a few days in Newark, and compares it with Kingston, to the disadvantage of the latter. Toronto, of course, did not enter into the comparison at all.

His comment on news and newspapers in Upper Canada makes interesting reading at the present day: "The taste for news," he says, "is not by far so prevalent in Upper Canada as in the United States. Only one newspaper is printed in Newark; and, but for the support granted by the Government, not the fourth part of the expense of the proprietor would be refunded by the sale of his papers. It is a short abstract of the newspapers of New York and Albany, accommodated to the principles of the Government, with an epitome of the *Quebec Gazette*. In the front and back of the paper are advertisements. It is a weekly paper, but very few copies are sent to Fort Erie and Detroit. The newspaper press also serves for printing the acts of the Legislature, and the notices and orders issued by the Governor; and this is its principal use."

Rochefoucault, for political reasons, was refused permission by Lord Dorchester to visit Lower Canada, and therefore what he has to say about conditions in that Province is all obtained at second hand. He notes for one thing that the only pub-

lic library then existing in Canada was in the city of Quebec, and this, he says, was small, and consisted mostly of French books. "No literary society exists in Canada, and not two men are known in the whole country to be engaged in scientific pursuits from love of the sciences. Excepting the *Quebec Almanac*, not a single book is printed in Canada."

It is interesting to compare the prices of provisions in Lower Canada in 1795 or 1796, as given by Rochefoucault, with the prices mentioned by Peter Kalm as prevalent in 1749. Rochefoucault says the price of beef was four sous a pound, mutton six, veal five, and salt pork eight to twelve. A turkey cost from eighteen pence to two shillings, a fowl six to eight sous, wheat six to seven shillings a bushel, oats three, Indian corn five to seven, salt one dollar a bushel, bread two sous a pound, and butter eight. Day labourers, he adds, generally earned in the summer two shillings and sixpence a day, women half that money; in winter the wages of the former were one shilling and three pence a day, and the latter were paid in the same proportion. A man servant got five dollars a month. The rent for a good convenient house amounted in Quebec to \$130 a year, and in Montreal to \$150.

The opening of the nineteenth century brought an ever-increasing tide of visitors to Canada, and many of these embodied the results of their more or less entertaining, and more or less authentic, observations of Canadian life and character, in book form. Of those whose visits fell within the first quarter of the nineteenth century one may mention Maude, who came here in 1800; Heriot, 1807; Lambert, about the same time; Hall, 1816; Sanson, 1817; Talbot, 1818; Silliman, 1819; and Howison, 1822. As there are still several later visitors clamouring for a hearing, it will not be possible to give these early Victorian travellers more than a few words in each case.

One would almost think that these visitors to Upper Canada had entered into a malicious conspiracy to defame, or, what is almost worse, to ignore, the Queen City of the West. You will hardly credit it, but John Maude's only contribution to our knowledge of life in Toronto in 1800 is a sea-serpent story. He is writing from Newark. "A boat," he says, "that had sailed from York, the present seat of Government, unexpectedly returned again; the people on board relating with great terror their having seen a great Snake [Snake with a capital] at least thirty feet long, which from its rearing its head and fore-part of its body out of the water, they conjectured meant to attack them. All this they deposed on oath before a magistrate. The Indians present, who have always a corroborating story ready (and who probably came from Hamilton), asserted that their people had seen three such Snakes, and had killed two."

Travelling down the lake, Mr. Maude tells us that he "admires the situation, but not the town of Kingston". Montreal fares little better at his hands than Toronto. It is chiefly memorable because of a dinner at the hotel as the guest of Alexander McKenzie, "known here by the name of *Nor'west McKenzie*".

This tantalizing traveller tells us nothing of the dinner, except that it was a good one, and that Mr. McKenzie had no less than thirty of his friends at table. When one thinks what John Maude might have recorded in his journal, of the conversation and fur-trade yarns that must have circulated about this dinner-table, one would like to shake him.

One glimpse he gives us, in the course of a visit to a French Canadian village, which to some extent compensates for his neglect of other opportunities. "Upon this expedition," he says, "I had been obliged to brush up my old French as interpreter to the party. I had hitherto

been content to merely proclaim our wants; but seeing at this early hour a young girl standing before a bit of broken glass in a lindsy-woolsey petticoat and without gown, most assiduously decorating her hair with powder, pomatum and ribands, I asked her if those were not her bridal ornaments?

"Alas! (said the mother) she is indeed going to be married! She is too young; she is scarcely sixteen; we want her to wait a year or two, but young girls think it is a fine thing, this matrimony!" Neither this mournful speech, nor our presence, could for a moment withdraw the damsel's attention from the decoration of her head; but the entrance of a young clown had a very different effect, as, without ceremony, he went up and saluted her at her *toilette*. The youth appeared to have made no alteration in his usual dress; hers was confined to her *coiffure*; for, without putting on a gown, she immediately accompanied him to the door, and, after kissing her mother, drove off in a calash to church." There we must leave her.

From John Lambert, who visited Canada half a dozen years after Maude, we learn, or at any rate we are told, that Canada in the early days "presented but few attractions to the stranger," and that "its dreary and uncomfortable wilds, its bleak and lofty mountains covered one half the year with snow, repulsed rather than invited those who visited it". After such an opening, we are not surprised to hear that the "French Canadians are an inoffensive, quiet people, possessed of little industry and less ambition. Yet from the love of gain, mere vanity, or that restlessness which indolence frequently occasions, they will undergo the greatest hardships. Their parsimonious frugality is visible in their habitations, their dress, and their meals; and had they been as industrious and enterprising as they have been frugal and saving, they would have been the

richest peasantry in the world." I wonder what Mr. Bourassa would think of that?

Lambert tells a story of a traveller in Lower Canada who carried his provisions with him, and on arriving at a primitive inn handed a parcel to the mistress of the house and requested her to make him some tea. He waited patiently for some time, but at last the landlady arrived from the kitchen. "How shall I describe his astonishment," exclaims Lambert, "when he beheld the whole pound of tea nicely boiled, and spread out on a dish, with a lump of butter in the middle. The good woman had boiled it all in the *chauderon*, and was placing it on the table as a fine dish of greens to accompany the gentleman's cold beef."

Lambert tells his readers that Canadians are not blessed with good complexions; that the women use beet-root as an inexpensive substitute for rouge; and, he adds, "even the men are sometimes vain enough to beautify their cheeks with that vegetable". He also mentions that the education of our forefathers was "slight and superficial," and that "Canadian women were not celebrated for their domestic knowledge," that they found it difficult to procure good servants, that the houses were badly ventilated and heated almost beyond endurance; that there were only one or two bookstores in the country, and that these contained nothing much but school-books and a few old histories. He refers to the public library at Quebec, and exclaims disgustedly, "Novels are the only books which seem to have any charms for the modern fair sex, and it is of little consequence in the opinion of many how they are written or what they contain". Can this have been written more than a century ago?

We cannot take leave of Lambert without mentioning the series of inimitable coloured illustrations, reproduced from his own drawings—illustrations that more than compensate

for any amount of criticism. One of them represents an army officer in Canada, with an immense fur tippet gracefully wound around his neck and hanging down to his knees. "I should not," says Lambert, "be surprised if those delicate young soldiers were to introduce muffs. They were in general use among the men under the French Government, and are still worn by two or three old gentlemen."

One sentence must suffice from George Heriot's *Travels*: "The habitants," he says, "are honest, hospitable, religious, inoffensive, uninformed, possessing much simplicity, modesty, and civility." Not, on the whole, a bad character to give any similar population.

Francis Hall, of the Light Dragoons, stole away from his arduous military duties to take a peep at us in 1816. His point of view may be gathered from the following comment on social life in Montreal: "The fur-traders, or North-westerners as they are familiarly termed, take the lead in society, for they give the best dinners. I met with nothing in the town which could be called remarkable," he says, "except a pathetic address to a runaway wife from her disconsolate husband, written on a window-pane where I lodged."

He draws an indignant picture of "England contending for and expending her best blood and treasure in defence of a country one-half of which is little better than a barren waste of snows, and the other a wild forest scarcely intersected by a thread of population".

Finally, Hall made his way to Upper Canada, and I hardly dare to let him tell you what he thought of Toronto: "York, being the seat of Government for the Upper Province," he says, "is a place of considerable importance—in the eyes of its inhabitants; to a stranger, however, it presents little more than about one hundred wooden houses, several of them conveniently and even elegantly built,

and I think one, or perhaps two, of brick. The public buildings were destroyed by the Americans; but as no ruins of them are visible, we must conclude either that the destruction exceeded the desolation of Jerusalem, or that the loss to the arts is not quite irreparable. I believe they did not leave one stone upon another, for they did not find one. Before the city, a long flat tongue of land runs into the lake, called Gibraltar Point, probably from being very *unlike* Gibraltar. York, wholly useless, either as a port, or military post, would sink into a village, and the seat of government be transferred to Kingston, but for the influence of those whose property in the place would be depreciated by the change." Now, how did poor muddy little York manage to survive the damnation of Lieutenant Hall?

Is there any reader from Ancaster? If so, let him sit up and listen to Lieutenant Hall. "Ancaster," he says, "has a smiling aspect. Its site is picturesquely grand, and the neighbourhood thickly spread with improving farms. Ancaster merits to be the metropolis of Upper Canada."

We now introduce to your favourable notice a couple of American travellers, Joseph Sansom, apparently of Philadelphia, who visited Canada in 1817, and Dr. Benjamin Silliman, of Yale, who came over the border in 1819, for the "gratification of a reasonable curiosity," and let us hope that his curiosity was reasonably gratified.

Sansom took a hasty dinner at Montreal, glanced at the public buildings, and incontinently fled down the river to Quebec. After demonstrating to his own satisfaction that Montgomery would have captured the town, if it had not been for a trifling oversight on the part of Benedict Arnold, Sansom landed in the lower town, which he describes in language which must have taxed even his generous vocabulary. "It is," he says, "a dismal congeries of the most wretched

buildings, rising, in darkness visible, amidst every kind of filth, between the rock and the river. I quitted the narrow confines with the alacrity of a fugitive escaping from the confinement of a prison (though here, in dirt and darkness, hundreds stink content) by a long flight of steps, ending in slope after slope, down which trickles perpetually the superfluous moisture of the upper town, the streets of which, in wet weather, are rinsed over the heads of the luckless passenger by those projecting spouts which are so common in the antiquated towns of Germany." Having at last reached the upper town, Sansom takes a somewhat more cheerful view of things, but it is well that we should hurry him off to Upper Canada before he has another fit of language. He never actually got there, but his philosophical comment on the country and its inevitable destiny is worthy of our most serious consideration.

"Canada," he says, "fattens on the wealth of Britain, and the most refined policy would dictate to the United States to leave the unprofitable possession to burn a hole in the pockets of its possessor. As for Upper Canada, it is, in fact, an American settlement—the surplus population of the State of New York; and it will sooner or later fall into our hands by the operation of natural causes, silent but sure; or if we should become too wise to extend our unlimited territory, a powerful colony of American blood must in time become an independent nation, and will naturally be to us an amicable neighbour." So much for Sansom.

Dr. Silliman is a different type of visitor. He is charmed with the situation, the solidity, and even the air of antiquity of Montreal. "We easily feel," he says, "that we are a great way from home." The comfort, cleanliness, and quiet effectiveness of the service in the hotel where he spent the night were all that could be desired. Nothing, however, more strik-

ingly illustrates the difference in mental attitudes than a comparison of Silliman's description of the lower town in Quebec with the jaundiced picture drawn by Sanson. "As we passed along the streets of the lower town," says Silliman, "I could well have thought that we were in Wapping of London. A swarming population among whom sailors were conspicuous; the cheering heigho! of the latter, working in the ships; the various merchandise crowded into view in front of the shops and warehouses; the narrow, compact streets, absolutely full of buildings; the rattling of innumerable carts and drays, and all the jargon of discordant voices and languages, would scarcely permit us to believe that we were arrived in a remote corner of the civilized world." The only thing he found to criticize in Canada was the bread, which he says was generally sour, dark-coloured, and bitter.

John Howison, of the East India Company, adds nothing of moment to our gallery of pictures, beyond a characteristically Oriental description of the Thousand Islands, the scene reminding him of the Happy Islands in the Vision of Mirzah. By the way, I had almost forgotten to mention that he found "nothing the least interesting or remarkable" in Kingston; but pauses to wonder why the seat of government had not been removed there from York, the former, "although not altogether unexceptionable, having from its position and resources many more claims to this distinction than York".

Time will not permit us to linger with Talbot, except to note in passing that he praised unreservedly the comfort of the river steamers plying between Quebec and Montreal; that he refers to the Bank of Montreal, in a patronizing way, as that "infant concern," and solemnly condemns the "grossness of manners and semi-barbarism" of Canadians.

Later visitors—McGregor in 1833, Theller in 1837, Arfwedson in 1834,

Brown in 1840, Walker in 1839, Kohl in 1856, Trollope in 1861, and Berry in 1878—must also for the most part be brushed unceremoniously aside. Kohl was not at all properly impressed with the dignity of Bytown; but praises the "vast and solid quays of freestone" at Montreal, "for the like of which London itself sighs in vain". Trollope mentions, with dubious appreciation, the plank walks of Quebec. "I should say," he remarks, "that the planks are first used at Toronto, then sent down to Montreal, and when all but rotted out there, are again floated off to be used in the thoroughfares of the old French capital." His comment on Montreal is brief and pithy: "Over and beyond Sir William Logan, there is at Montreal for strangers the drive around the mountain, not very exciting, and there is the tubular bridge." His final fling is at Sherbrooke: "I have said," he remarks, "that the Canadians hereabouts are somewhat slow. As we were driving back to Sherbrooke it became necessary that we should rest for an hour or so in the middle of the day, and for this purpose we stopped at a village inn. It was a large house, in which there appeared to be three public sitting-rooms of ample size, one of which was occupied as a bar. In this there were congregated some six or seven men, seated in arm-chairs round a stove, and among them I placed myself. No one spoke a word either to me or to anyone else. No one smoked, and no one read, nor did they even whittle sticks. I asked a question, first of one and then of another, and was answered with monosyllables. So I gave up any hope in that direction, and sat staring at the big stove in the middle of the room, as the others did. Presently another stranger entered, having arrived in a wagon as I had done. He entered the room and sat down, addressing no one, and addressed by no one. After a while, however, he spoke. 'Will there be any chance of dinner here?' he said. 'I guess there'll be

dinner by-and-by," answered the landlord; and then there was silence for another ten minutes, during which the stranger stared at the stove. "Is that dinner any way ready?" he asked again. "I guess it is," said the landlord. And then the stranger went out to see after his dinner himself. When we started, at the end of an hour, nobody said anything to us. The driver 'hitched' on the horses, as they call it, and we started on our way, having been charged nothing for our accommodation. That some profit arose from the horse provener is to be hoped."

In justice to Trollope, one must not overlook his fine tribute to the splendid site and architecture of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, and to that noble piece of Norman, the University building in Toronto. "The university," he says, "will take rank after, but next to, the buildings at Ottawa. It will be the second piece of noble architecture of Canada, and, as far as I know, on the American continent." Some of us will be inclined to think that Trollope's judgment still holds good.

A word or two from Dr. Walter's "Trifles from My Portfolio" may be regarded as a wholesome corrective. "They showed us," he says, "Chrysler's Farm, a scene of some bloodshed in the late war; and our guide appeared to suppose that this slight affair was as well known to Fame as Marathon or Waterloo."

I wonder if there may not be some truth in the comparison which James B. Brown draws, in his "Views of Canada," between the courtesy and real politeness of French Canadians of all ranks, and the comparative absence of these qualities among English-speaking Canadians; as well as in his shrewd guess that the somewhat patronizing attitude of the latter toward the former, whom they find lacking in certain hardier qualities, has done much to "widen the breach which customs, laws, and language naturally placed between the races".

From Berry there is space for only one morsel of wisdom (or folly, as the case may be). He visited Ottawa about July, 1878, and informs his readers that the chief industries of the capital are heat, politics, and most infamous lucifer matches. O Shade of Eddy, listen to that!

From Lady Monek we get no balm for our wounded feelings. "We were much disgusted," she writes, in 1864, "with the squalid look of Ottawa . . . the streets were so rough, like dirt roads . . . looks as if it was at 't'other end of nowhere' . . . the hotel clean but third-rate, and the food looked and tasted uncivilized."

I am not sure that we can legitimately count Susanna Moodie among our visitors from over the water, but after all when she wrote "Roughing it in the Bush" (1832), and even "Life in the Clearings" (1840), she was studying Canadian life and character from the point of view of an Old Country woman. In any event, one would not wish to overlook her shrewd comments, often severe but never unkindly, on the manners and customs of our forefathers in Upper Canada. Some of her criticism has no very direct application to present conditions; but a good deal of it we may still take to heart—if we have reached a sufficiently humble mood.

Mrs. Moodie is a born story-teller, and she is hardly within sight of Quebec before she has some of her fellow-passengers commenting on the falls of Montmorency:

"It may be a' vera fine," says one, "but it looks na' better to my thinkin' than hanks o' white woo' hung out o'er the bushes."

"Weel," cries another, "thae fa's are just bonnie; 'tis a braw land nae doubt, but no' just so braw as auld Scotland."

"Hoot, mon! hauld your clavers," said a third. "We shall a' be lairds here, and ye maun wait a muckle time before thae wad think aucht of you at hame."

I do not think we have had any light on Belleville from earlier visitors, but here is Susanna Moodie on the market-place at Belleville:

"It is curious to watch the traits of character exhibited in buyer and seller. Both exceed the bounds of truth and honesty. The one, in his eagerness to sell his goods, bestowing upon them the most unqualified praise; the other depreciating them below their real value, in order to obtain them at an unreasonably low price.

"'Fine beef, ma'am,' exclaims an anxious butcher, watching with the eye of a hawk a respectable citizen's wife as she paces slowly and irresolutely in front of his stall, where he has hung for sale the side of an ox, neither the youngest nor fattest. 'Fine, grass-fed beef, ma'am—none better to be had in the district. What shall I send you home—sirloin, ribs, a tender steak?

"'It would be a difficult matter to do that,' responds the good wife, with some asperity in look and tone. 'It looks hard and old; some lean cow you have killed, to save her from dying of consumption.'

"'No danger of the fat setting fire to the lum,' suggests a rival in the trade. 'Here's a fine veal, ma'am, fattened upon the milk of two cows.'

"'Looks,' says the comely dame, passing on to the next stall, 'as if it had been starved on the milk of one.'

When Mrs. Moodie discusses the women of Upper Canada, one feels that she must be on familiar ground, and whatever she says must be accepted unreservedly, for it is, of course, a well-known fact that one woman never misjudges another.

"Among the women," she says, "a love of dress exceeds all other passions. . . . Could Raphael visit Canada in rags, he would be nothing in their eyes beyond a common sign painter. . . . The Canadian women, while they retain the bloom and freshness of youth, are exceedingly pretty, but these charms soon fade.

. . . The early age at which they marry, and are introduced into society, takes from them all awkwardness and restraint. A girl of fourteen can enter a crowded ballroom with as much self-possession as a matron of forty. . . . I have hardly ever seen a really plain Canadian girl in her 'teens, and a downright ugly one is almost unknown. . . . The Canadian lady dresses well and tastefully and carries herself easily and gracefully."

I suppose we all knew that our grandmothers, or great-grandmothers, were politely supposed to be "delicate," but how, or why, has remained a mystery to most of us. Mrs. Moodie does not throw much light on the why, but she gives us some idea of the how. "This term *delicate*," she says, "is a favourite one with young ladies here, but its general application would lead you to imagine it another term for *laziness*. It is quite fashionable to be *delicate*, but horribly vulgar to be considered capable of enjoying such a useless blessing as good health. I knew a lady who, when I first came to the colony, had her children daily washed in water almost hot enough to scald a pig. On being asked why she did so, as it was not only an unhealthy practice, but would rob the little girls of their fine colour, she exclaimed, 'Oh, that is just what I do it for. I want them to look *delicate*. They have such red faces, and are as coarse and healthy as country girls.'" Poor little beggars!

Mrs. Moodie's pictures of family life in Upper Canada are somewhat bewildering. She pats us on the shoulder with one hand and boxes our ears with the other. "The harmony," she says, "that reigns among the members of a Canadian family is truly delightful. They are not a quarrelsome people in their own homes. No contradicting or disputing or hateful rivalry is to be seen between Canadian brothers and sisters. They cling together through good and ill report, like the bundle

of sticks in the fable; and I have very seldom found a real Canadian ashamed of owning a poor relation. This to me is a beautiful feature in the Canadian character."

Kind of her say so—but wait, here comes the slap!

"The simplicity, the fond, confiding faith of childhood, is unknown in Canada. There are no children here. The boy is a miniature man—knowing, keen, and wide awake; as able to drive a bargain and take an advantage of his juvenile companion as the grown-up, world-hardened man. The girl, a gossiping flirt, full of vanity and affection, with a premature love of finery, and an acute perception of the advantages to be derived from wealth and from keeping up a certain appearance in the world. . . .

"Age, in Canada, is seldom honoured. You would imagine it almost a crime for anyone to grow old—with **such** slighting, cold indifference are the aged treated by the young and strong. It is not unusual to hear a lad speak of his father as the 'old fellow,' the 'old boy,' and to address a gray-haired man in this disrespectful and familiar manner. This may not be apparent to the natives themselves, but it never fails to strike every stranger that visits the colony."

Now a word or two for the men. "Men in Canada," says Mrs. Moodie, "may call one another rogues and mis-

creants, in the most approved Billingsgate, through the medium of the newspapers, which are a sort of safety-valve to let off all the bad feelings and malignant passions floating through the country, without any dread of the horsewhip. Hence it is the commonest thing in the world to hear one editor abusing, like a pick-pocket, an opposition brother; calling him *a reptile, a crawling thing, a calumniator, a hired vendor of lies*".

Nevertheless, Mrs. Moodie had on the whole a warm spot in her heart for the people of Upper Canada. "They are naturally a fine people," she says, "and possess capabilities and talents, which, when improved by cultivation, will render them second to no people in the world, and that period is not far distant."

Finally, let us bask in the warmth of her praise of Toronto, in grateful contrast to the cold malignity of earlier travellers. "There is," says Mrs. Moodie, "a fresh, growing, healthy vitality about this place that cannot fail to impress a stranger very forcibly the first time he enters it. He feels instinctively that he sees before him the strong throbbing heart of this gigantic young country, and that every powerful vibration from this ever-increasing centre of wealth and civilization infuses life and vigour through the whole length and breadth of the province."



FROM THE TRENCHES

By Patrick Macgill
Author of "Children of the Dead End" etc

II.—THE RATION PARTY

A RIFLEMAN lay snoring in the soft slush on the floor of the trench, his arms doubled under him, his legs curved up so that the knees touched the man's jaw. As I touched him he shuffled a little, turned on his side, seeking a more comfortable position in the mud, and fell asleep again. A light glowed in the dug-out and someone in there was singing in a low voice a melancholy rag-time song. No doubt a fire was now lit in the corner near the wall, my sleeping place, and Bill Teake was there preparing a mess-tin of tea.

The hour was twilight, the hour of early stars and early starshells, of dreams and fancies and longings for home. It is then that all objects take on strange shapes, when every jutting traverse becomes alive with queer forms, the stiff sandbag becomes a gnome, the old dug-out, leaning wearily on its props, an ancient crone, spirits lurk in every nook and corner of shadows; the sleep-heavy eyes of weary men see strange visions in the dark alleys of war. I entered the dug-out. A little candle in a winding sheet flared dimly in a niche which I had cut in the wall a few days earlier. Pryor was sitting on the floor, his hands clasped round his knees, and he was looking into infinite distances. Bill Teake was there, smok-

ing a cigarette, and humming his rag-time tune. Two other soldiers were there, lying on the floor, and probably asleep. One was covered with a blanket, but his face was bare, a sallowness with a blue, pinched nose, a weak, hairy jaw, and an open mouth that gaped at the rafters. The other man lay at his feet, breathing heavily. No fire was lit as yet.

"No rations have arrived?" I asked.

"No blurry rations," said Bill. "Never no rations now, nothink now at all. I 'ad a loaf yesterday, and I left it in my pack in the trench, and when I came to look for't, it was gone."

"Who took it?" I asked.

"Ask me another!" said Bill with crushing irony. "'Oo ate the first bloater? Wot was the size of my great-grandmuvver's boots when she was twenty-one? But 'oo pinched my loaf! And men in this crush that would pinch a dead mouse from a blind kitten? Yer do ask some questions, Pat!"

"Bill and I were having a discussion a moment ago," said Pryor, interrupting. "Bill maintains that the army is not an honourable institution and that no man should join it. If he knew as much as he knows now he would never have come into it. I was saying that—"

"Oh, you were talkin' through yer

'at, that's wot you were," said Bill. "The harmy a place of honour indeed! 'Oo wants to joint it now? Nobody as far as I can see. The married men say to the single men, 'You go and fight, you slackers! We'll stay at 'ome; we 'ave our old women to keep!' Sayin' that, the swine!" said Bill, angrily. "Them thinkin' that the single men 'ave nothin' to do but to go out and fight for other men's wives. Blimey! that ain't 'arf cheek!"

"That doesn't alter the fact that our cause is just," said Pryor. "The Lord God of Hosts is with us yet, and the Church says that all men should fight—except clergymen."

"And why shouldn't them parsons fight?" asked Bill. "They say, 'Go and God bless you' to us, and then they won't fight themselves. It's against the laws of God, they say. If we 'ad all the clergymen, all the M.P.'s, the Kaiser and Crown Prince, Krupp and Von Kluck, and all these 'ere blokes wot tell us to fight, in these 'ere trenches for a week, the war would come to an end very sudden."

Pryor rose and tried to light a fire. Wood was very scarce, the paper was wet and refused to burn.

"No fire to-night," said Bill in a despondent voice. "Two pieces of wood on a brazier is no go; they look like two cross-bones on a 'earse."

"Are rations coming up to-night?" I asked. The ration wagon had been blown to pieces on the road the night before and we were very hungry now.

"I suppose our grub will get lost this night again," said Bill. "It's always the way. I wish I was shot like that bloke there."

"Where?" I asked.

"There," answered Bill, pointing at the man with the blue and pinched face who lay in the corner. "'E's gone west."

"No," I said. "He's asleep!"

"'E'll not get up at revelly, 'im," said Bill. "'E's out of the doin's for good. 'E got wounded at the door, and we took 'im in. 'E died . . .

I approached the prostrate figure, examined him, and found that Bill spoke the truth.

"A party has gone down to Loos for rations," said Pryor, lighting a cigarette and puffing the smoke up towards the roof.

"They'll be back by eleven, I hope. That's if they're not blown to pieces. A lot of men got hit coming down last night, and then there was no grub when they got the dumping ground. "This man," I said, pointing to the snoring figure on the ground. "He is all right?"

"Dead beat only," said Pryor; "but otherwise safe. I am going to have a kip now if I can."

So saying he bunched up against the wall, leant his elbow on the brazier that refused to burn, and in a few seconds he was fast asleep. Bill and I lay down together, keeping as far away as we could from the dead man, and did our best to snatch a few minutes.

We nestled close to the muddy floor across which the shadows of the beams and sand-bags crept in ghostly play. Now the shadows bunched into heaps, again they broke free, lacing and interlacing as the lonely candle flared from its niche in the wall.

The air light and rustling was full of the scent of wood smoke from a fire ablaze round the traverse, of the smell of mice, and the soft sounds and noises of little creeping things.

Shells travelling high in air passed over our dug-out; the Germans were shelling the Loos road and the wagons that were coming along there. Probably that one just gone over had hit the ration wagon. The light of the candle had failed and died; the night full of depth and whispering warmth swept into the dug-out, cloak-ed the sleeping and the dead, and settled, black and ghostly in the corners. I fell asleep.

Bill tugging at my tunic awoke me from a horrible nightmare. In my sleep I had gone with the dead man from the hut out into the open. He

walked with me, the dead man, who knew that he was dead. I tried to prove to him that it was not quite the right and proper thing to do, to walk when life had left the body. But he paid not a sign of heed to my declamation. In the open space between our line and that of the Germans the dead man halted and told me to dig a grave for him there. A shovel came into my hand by some strange means, and I set to work with haste; if the Germans saw me there they would start to shell me. The sooner I got the job done the better.

"Deep?" I asked the man when I had laboured for a space. There was no answer. I looked up at the place where he stood to find the man gone. On the ground was a short white stump of bone. This I was burying when Bill shook me.

"Rations 'ave come, Pat," he said.

"What's the time now?" I asked, getting to my feet and looking round. A fresh candle had been lit; the dead man still lay in the corner, but Pryor was asleep in the blanket.

"About midnight," said my mate, "or maybe a bit past. Yer didn't arf 'ave a kip."

"I was dreaming," I said. "Thought I was burying a man between the German lines."

"You'll soon be buryin' a man or two," said Bill.

"Who are to be buried?" I asked.

"The ration party."

"What!"

"The men copped it comin' up 'ere," said Bill. "Three of 'em were wiped out complete. The others escaped. I went out with Jones and O'Meara and collared the grub. I'm just going to light a fire now."

"I'll help you," I said, and began to cut a fresh supply of wood which had come from nowhere in particular with my clasp knife.

A fire was soon burning merrily, a mess-tin of water was singing, and Bill had a few slices of bacon on the mess-tin lid ready to go on the brazier when the tea came off.

"This is what I call comfy," he said. "Gawd, I'm not arf 'ungry. I could ate an 'oss."

I took off the tea, Bill put the lid over the flames, and in a moment the bacon was sizzling.

"Where's the bread, Bill?" I asked.

"In that there sandbag," said my mate, pointing to the bag beside the door.

I opened the bag and brought out the loaf. It felt very moist. I looked at it and saw that it was coloured dark red.

"What's this?" I asked.

"Wot?" queried Bill, kicking Pryor to waken him.

"This bread has a queer colour," I said. "See it, Pryor?"

Pryor gazed at it with heavy eyes.

"It's red," he muttered.

"It's colour is red," I said.

"Red," said Bill. "Well, we're damned 'ungry now any'ow. I'd ate it if it was covered with rat poison."

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"Well, it's like this," said Bill. "The bloke as was carryin' it got it in the chest. The rations fell all round 'im and 'e fell on top of 'em. That's why the loaf is red."

We were very hungry, and hungry men are not fastidious. We made a good meal.

When we had eaten we went out and buried the dead.

CONSTANTINOPLE

The City of a Thousand Colours

By Florence Withrow.

PART I.—'STAMBOUL AND SCUTARI

STRANGELY anomalous is the East both "Far" and "Near", but no more curious and abnormal place is there than the ill-fated city of Constantinople, which is likely soon to be again the cynosure of all eyes. The "City of Fates" is a true and timely name for this great Eastern metropolis, for, long before the Cæsars, Byzantium had an ancient history: founded by the Megarians (Greeks) in the eighth century B.C., destroyed by the Persians in the sixth, re-colonized by the Dorians and Ionians in the fifth, contended for by the Lacedæmonians, the Athenians and the Macedonians* in the fourth, subdued by Philip's mighty son, Alexander the Great (331 B.C.), held under tribute by the Sythians, dominated by the Romans (name changed by Constantine (330 A.D.), besieged by the barbarians, conquered by the Ottoman Turks (1453), held to the present hour by the fanatical Moslem.

We should like to make this wholly an historical sketch, since so chequered is the history, but on account of present interest we shall treat rather the city of to-day as we found it in three recent visits.

Since each of the four cities within Constantinople has a tale of its own, let us first tell that of Roman and

Mussulman 'Stamboul and of Asiatic Scutari. Who can pipe a lay to the great city on the Bosphorus without first singing the beauty of its shores, lapped by the blue waters of the Marmora, reflected in the Golden Horn and the mirror of Sweet Waters, and laved by the emerald Straits which lead to the dark expanse of the Black Sea? No terrestrial city is so gloriously enthroned upon uplifted hills or has so shimmering a footstool of pellucid waters extending along a frontage of twenty-two miles and forming an indented harbour of ideal beauty.

The approach to 'Stamboul from Seraglio Point is like a scene from the Arabian Nights. Rose tinted in the setting sun, a glow suffuses the phantom city, veiling it from distinct view, but revealing slender minarets and lofty towers, golden domes and gleaming cupolas, silvery kiosks and tinted pavilions. Lights and forms appear which seem never to have been on land or sea. Your eye becomes enchanted and your imagination bewildered at this ethereal and fantastic beauty, for no city on this planet presents so mysterious and luminous a vision.

To be sure disillusionment follows disembarkation, but not everywhere is

* During the siege of Philip of Macedon, the Byzantines were saved from capture by a streak of light, which revealed the enemy. To commemorate this Divine aid, as they believed it, they chose the crescent as the city's crest, which symbol, originally Byzantine, was adopted by the Turks upon their conquest in 1453.

it so, for the place abounds in beauty spots as well as in sordid sights.

Go within the spacious area of a Sultan's mosque with its courts and corridors filled with fluttering pigeons; lift your eye to the stupendous central dome and to the lesser domes resting on strangely shaped roofs; gaze still higher upon the ivory minarets, slender as a lily stalk and chiselled into lace work, whence the muezzin calls to prayer. Some one has well said that the Prophet chose wisely when, as a summons to the faithful, he selected the human voice rather than the trumpet of the Israelites or the bell of the Early Christians, else one of the most beautiful features of human architecture, the graceful minaret, would have been lost to the world in some heavier structure.

From gazing in wonderment upon the lovely shafts you rest a while and watch the ablutions of devout Moslems at the marble fountain and note the colours of the porcelain tiles and the tiny glass mosaics. Afterward, in drawing near the mosque, you examine the heavy portals, rich in metal studding, then tread across the Oriental rugs and look aloft upon the forest of chandeliers hanging from the vaulted roof. Later you penetrate the upper sanctuary to the *Kabla* (or holy niche toward Mecca), encrusted with mosaics and arabesque, and observe the near-by pulpit inlaid with mother-of-pearl and sandal-wood. Perchance you will then turn to a grated window and peer through the richly-jewelled panes to a quiet inner court. In your study of the scores of artistic features of a great temple of the faith of Islam you are convinced that here is Art of supreme merit.

For beauty of another sort you wander away to an ancient cemetery, with its centuries of desolation. It is sure to be set in a sombre grove of cypresses, with here and there a gigantic plane tree or a spreading sycamore. Scattered in confusion and neglect are a myriad graves. A crudely cut stone turban supported

on a stone prop is the most common type of tomb-stone. Others are flat slabs carved with Arabic letters long since worn away, or prism-shaped mounds broken down by the hand of time. Every cemetery is on a hillside, some overlooking dark waters whence come black shadows which fill your soul with awe. Around is a city full of dead in deserted graves hidden beneath ruins, with no evidence of care or remembrance. Such is the pitiful spectacle of many long-forgotten burial-places in the East.

The solitude and neglect is depressing. You hasten to the world of life and find yourself in a crowded thoroughfare of present-day 'Stamboul. The street is dirty. No corps of "white angels" sweeps up the daily litter from incessant trains of camels and of heavily laden donkeys and ox-carts. You are jostled in the throng and rub shoulders with a dozen races, the Turk, Arab, Greek, Armenian, Syrian, Egyptian, Russian, Caucasian, Circassian, Kurd, Croat, Balkan, Mongolian, each in his native dress.

You stand amazed and feel like a characterless pygmy in your plain black suit. Before you pass giant Albanians and grizzled Montenegrins, hardy mountaineers, in coarse white kilts. Then comes an agile Serb or a burly Bulgar in fur-trimmed garments. Next follows a clumsy Russian in wadded blouse and high, padded boots, or a fierce Cossack in shaggy frieze, or maybe a quiet-eyed Syrian in Byzantine robes, in company with a sad-faced Armenian swathed in black, symbolic of his martyred race. A Tartar in sheepskins, a Nubian in white cotton, a Persian in brightly-dyed silks, with Astrakan trimming, joins in this cosmopolitan procession. Perhaps an alert Egyptian in soft-toned mantle or a swarthy Bedouin in camel's hair will pass, for the child of the desert is a nomad and wanders from the Libyan and Arabian deserts to the northern mart as does the Cairo merchant who comes hither from Port Said in a modern steamship.

Although bewildered by this human kaleidoscope you bethink yourself and move on to the Grand Bazaar. In spite of having been frequently burned, the hoary walls of this massive structure still stand. It is a vast edifice, with hundreds of cupolas to give light and air, and a labyrinth of arcades in whose recesses are innumerable small booths. All Eastern bazaars have covered streets with tiny niche-like shops, but nowhere, not even in the famous vaulted Bazaar of Damascus, is there a building comparable to the mediæval structure of 'Stamboul. Its arches and pillars are of noble proportions, and, although sadly decayed and damaged, they show remnants of florid decoration of their gorgeous prime. Of course all bazaars are not as sumptuously housed and often are merely alleys of shacks, covered with indiscriminate and nondescript sacking and matting.

It may be affirmed truthfully that all bazaars are crowded, that the activity is incessant and the noise perpetual. The wares may be termed "infinite" and "eternal," both in point of quantity and of style, for from the golden age of Solomon and Selim to the year 1916 they have remained unchanged. What we brought home in recent years is precisely the same in kind as our father bought thirty years ago. The tinsel work, arabesque, filigree, silk and gold embroideries, embossed and encrusted leather, carved and inlaid woods, metal and silver trinkets, "sparkling jewelled swords of damask work and deep inlay," all are the same. O unchanging East, unyielding East, how manifest even in thy arts and crafts!

Especially true is this in the Bazaar of Arms, where there is an armoury of terrible weapons which have been brandished for centuries in fierce and fanatical warfare. Here are duplicates of ferocious Sultans' and Janissaries' scimitars and sabres, Damascus blades and daggers, for even to-day the metal worker of the East hammers out these contorted

blades with strangely shaped handles.

Adjoining the Arms are great saddles laden with ornaments, plumed frontals, bronzing and metal harness for Arab steeds, jewelled belts and girdles, topboots and buskins ornamented with the star and crescent.

Turning from these mediæval trappings, your eye is attracted by seductive luxuries of an Oriental toilette—perfumes and pastilles, attar of roses and essences of jasmine, pomades and citron soaps, black kohl for eyebrows and red henna for finger tips.

Full of colour and fancy are other follies in this gallery of allurements—fantastic jewellery with pendant gems, pearls and beads, golden scarfs and silvery spangles, striped sashes and tinsel shawls, arabesque velvets and satin brocades, Indian lawns, Persian tissues, Arabian gauze. How fascinating is this shimmering, glistening wealth! And how artfully can the wily merchant induce you to buy, even though the while he is "fleecing" you here and "skinning" you there! Never mind extortion! At home your treasures of the East, laden with the flavour and fragrance of the Orient, are worth to you the wealth of Ind, even if they may need Western fumigation.

Although fascinated with Bazaars, you feel you must escape and seek a less turbulent quarter; hence you betake yourself to a realm of the past, the old *Seraglio*. Like the Alhambra of Granada, it conjures up images both beautiful and terrible and epitomizes four hundred years of the life, the loves, the intrigues and the tragic deaths of the House of Othman, (Turcoman chief, founder of Ottoman dynasty, 1280).

On one of the loveliest hills of 'Stamboul, on the site of the ancient acropolis of Byzantium and of the capitol of the Eastern Roman Empire, the conqueror Mahomet II. (1435) erected his mighty fortress palace. From that time until Abdul-Medjid (1850) built the new palace in Galata, the voluptuous court of the Turkish

Sultans (twenty-five in all) has held sway from the *Seraglio* (Turkish for palace) and thence have the imperial mandates of the head of Islam gone forth.

To-day it is a partial ruin, but imagine rather the glamour of its past, when it stood proudly upon its terraced hills. The main palace, with numberless courts and colonnades, is of mixed Arab and Persian architecture, with all the airy frets and pinnacles of that florid style. Like a pearl among emeralds, it is set in a forest of great trees, surrounded by battlemented walls which rise beside the waters of the Marmora and the Golden Horn. Within the courts are fairy kiosks and fountains of variegated marbles and porcelain. In the alcoves are alabaster groups of classic figures, while leading from one terrace to another are flights of steps and balustrade set with urns.

In its golden prime the vast *Seraglio* comprised a royal treasury, with 100 treasurers; imperial stables, with 900 silver mangers; kitchens employing 200 cooks and 150 bakers, barracks for 1,000 janissaries, and aviaries for 500 parrots and nightingales. Special mosques were there, requiring thirty-two muezzins, whose towers were used by astrologers to divine propitious hours for the Sultan's occupations.

Besides light arcades and Persian gardens, dark passages and damp dungeons abounded, where many a foul deed was done and through which rushed wild mobs of invaders and turbulent reactionary soldiers. To this day remain the iron chains of the prisons as well as the frescoed walls of the superb Divan (Council of State) described as "a pavilion of lace set with jewels". A like description applies to the Throne room (still existing), with its golden canopy fringed with topaz and amber, before

which, alas! was flung the murdered body of a Sultan and of a frail Sultana, who had been "dragged through carven cedarn doors and left bleeding upon spangled floors".

The adjoining Court of Felicity or Royal Harem is the one of which least had best be said. For four centuries its gates were closed save to a favoured few, and none knew of the pale veiled women and helpless babes within, except the licentious monarch and the silent white-robed eunuchs. Gardens, groves, secret walks and hidden bowers made an earthy paradise but for the serpent of lust,

"A realm of pleasaunce, with sun-chequered lawn,
Deep myrrh-thickets, rosaries of scented thorn,
And tall Orient shrubs o'er-looking the Golden Horn."

What memories do they recall of beautiful maidens presented to the harem by prince or by corsair—a Circassian, a Greek or a Venetian, maybe a sloe-eyed Jewess, who with jewelled arms and ankles languished in a perfumed prison and died a victim of jealous hate.

It is a sudden change from the old *Seraglio* to the Mosque of Saint Sophia, although not far through the streets of 'Stamboul, which you slowly traverse until you stand before a plain barracks-like structure painted in stripes of pink and white. The exterior is ugly, wholly concealing the original Christian basilica and showing clumsy additions made by successive Sultans, while the enormous dome* surmounted by a gilded crescent is dwarfed when viewed from the square below.

As you enter the majestic mosque you see traces of the Greek church, but the lines have been changed to suit the uses of Islam. Still there are noble dimensions of the former nave, broken by a dozen half domes. The

* The Dome was built of light pumice-stone and Rhodian bricks, ten times lighter than ordinary brick. Justinian laboured upon it himself, and called it the "second firmament". It has no equal except St. Peter's, and from its cupola the name of Allah shines down in letters twelve feet long.

gigantic pillars and cyclopean arches yet show portions of the temples at Ephesus, Balbek, Palmyra, Thebes, Athens, for the Roman Cæsar builded from spoils of a vast empire. These columns ill become a Saracenic mosque; however, the incongruity is not displeasing. What frets the eye is the prodigality of Turkish ornamentation and the faded glamour of magnificence. Constantine's and Justinian's Christian temple is lost in the bizarre splendour of an overladen mosque. Lateral galleries with sculptured open-work have been stretched from one pilaster to another and hung with crescent banners and prayer rugs. Arched windows heavily jewelled have been cut to admit a ray of light, which touches the rich gilding of an imperial cipher on a bright green disc, or a sparkling mosaic motto from the Koran.

Up the pulpit, carved and inlaid, the Ratib goes even to-day, with drawn scimitar, to show that Saint Sophia was acquired by the sword. The Sultan's latticed tribune, with Othmanli coat of arms; huge bronze urns made from conquered cannon, heavy pendant lamps and triumphal standards are other features of this military mosque. Faded Cherubim and the stately figure of Divine Wisdom have long been concealed by Saracenic arabesque and gorgeous shields. The faint daylight fades, the domes become shadowy, you feel "chilly and grown old" and escape the gloom by seeking again the outside world.

You hasten to the crowded quay, passing the ancient Hippodrome, now a horse market showing traces of Roman days in the porphyry bases of equestrian statues, the broken pedestals of a fallen column, or of an obelisk divested of its copper sheathing. The burnt shaft of Constantine and the bronze column of the serpents, which dates back to the Greeks and which upheld the golden tripod, are now in desolate ruin. In the centre of the once proud circus stands a

grandiose fountain presented by the German Kaiser and protected by a rough board fence (*Es ist verboten*).

The Sublime Porte (name taken from portal of old Seraglio) is also passed, but all you see is a very grand but shabby gate and a high, plastered wall behind which is the palace of the Grand Vizier and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

Arrived at the bustling dock, amid odours and noises, you take a rusty steamer to picturesque Scutari, stretching over its Asiatic hills and protected by a wall and battlements. It is a quiet, dreamy town of little purple and white houses, with a generous showing of mosques and barracks. A cypress cemetery, the largest in the East, spreads over the hillside. In this city of the Dead you linger until the setting of the sun. A morbid fascination draws you to these Mahommedan burial places with which Constantinople abounds, for hundred of thousands more lie mouldering in the graves than walk the busy streets, for millions of souls have lived and died on these ancient shores.

As the twilight is short, you are soon in a ghoulish atmosphere, amid weird white stones and broken sepulchres. Spectre-like they loom up in the dying light of day. You stealthily retreat to the town below, where tiny lights gleam forth from the house domes. No brilliant street lighting is there in night-mantled Scutari. That must be sought in Pera. Hither to that other shore you take a *caïque* for a quiet journey beneath star-lit heavens and with the myriad lights of Galata gleaming afar.

*

PART II.—GALATA AND PERA

WHAT curious new scenes await you on the north shore of the Golden Horn! Many of the sights of Turkish 'Stamboul are repeated, for there are labyrinths of narrow streets in Galata also, but

here a foreign population lives unknown in the Mussulman city.

Whole districts of ancient renown have fallen from their high estate and are now the squalid quarters of the Jew, the Greek, and the Armenian. Old buttresses and bits of wall and arches of the once proud palace of the Podesta attest the master days of Genoa, but these massive structures are now decaying warehouses or jumbled junk-shops.

Perhaps the most pitiful quarter is the Ghetto, where litter and filth abound and where ragged women and tattered old men drearily work among scrap iron and broken glass. The decrepitude of the aged and the pinched features of the children betoken the abject poverty of this despised alien race. On the only treeless hill in Constantinople stands the Jewish cemetery, with thousands of overturned tombstones which obliterate every trace of path and show the cruel desecration of the graves of the hated Hebrew, who alive or dead, is here spat upon and cursed.

Less loathsome, although foul enough, are the poor Greek and Armenian districts. Their little pastry-shops and restaurants make you feel you would forswear all meals forever had they to come from such greasy kitchens. Sometimes the shop itself is the cooking-place and even the slaughter-house where rabbits and fish are cut and cleaned.

Of a better class is the average Turkish café, with its matrassed divan and short-legged table, where the lazy Turk lounges beside a metal tray and copper pot, sipping his black syrup coffee from a tiny cup and smoking his hubble-bubble pipe. An air of lethargy prevails, and seldom is there the bustle found in the foreign eating-shops. Sometimes the café furnishes a barber or a dentist who never troubles to sterilize his instruments. Surely the germ theory does not apply in the East, or else the Oriental is immune!

From sordid surroundings you will

strike off to a suburb of Galata, through tortuous streets so narrow that the projecting upper stories with latticed windows almost meet. Behind these Moorish shutters dark eyes peer down of women who seek by watching the passing show in the street to relieve the tedium of their empty lives. To be sure a Turkish lady is not as secluded as of yore; nevertheless she must still keep to her woman's part of the house and must never be seen on the street with her husband or son.

Reflecting upon the narrowness of a Mahommedan woman's life, then upon the glorious freedom of your own, you arrive among the mausoleums of long-departed Sultans, surrounded by sombre cypress trees, sycamores and acacias. The never-failing fountain attracts the ear of gurgling water, and the notes of song birds fill the air with sweet cadence.

These royal mosque-tombs are all-glorious without, with a wealth of arabesqued stucco. The interiors are equally magnificent, with sparkling mosaic, carved cedar-wood, reliefs in jasper, malachite, lapis-lazuli and scores of marbles from Thrace and the Archipelago. Some of the mausoleums have been pillaged, and are now divested of their gorgeous ornament; others are neglected, hence their gilded inscriptions are covered with the dust of ages.

From the tombs of dead potentates you set forth to the splendid palace of the living despot, the Dolma Bagtche, superbly set upon the terraced banks of the Bosphorus. This conglomerate royal residence, in a confusion of styles, Arabic, Greek, Renaissance, is said to be "the largest marble mole in the world," and can only be seen to advantage from the green waters of the Straits and when outlined against a blue sky. Its various facades defy description, so ornate are the carved cornices, festooned arches and Moorish porticoes.

The interior corresponds with the

intricate exterior in numberless corridors, great halls and sumptuous chambers, all frescoed, gilded and medallioned until hardly a plain square inch remains.

From the ornamental bronze gates of the courtyard the royal cortege of the Sultan proceeds every Friday to one of the great mosques. Officials and soldiers comprise the procession, but it is a poor affair compared to former days when the Grand Vizier, beys, pashas, courtiers and grooms accompanied the gorgeous ruler, who appeared in gold and purple robes, silver turban heron plumed, and carried a jewelled mace.

Being in a mood for sights spectacular, you remember the pleasure place at the Sweet Waters of Europe, an enchanted grassy plain shaded by great willows and nut trees and with a shallow river flowing into the farthest end of the Golden Horn. As it is Friday, the Moslem Sunday it is a gala day. Hundreds of graceful *caïques* furnished with bright mats and cushions, float like lilies upon the glinting water. White veiled Turkish ladies, concealing painted ruby lips but revealing khol blackened eyelids and crescent brows, recline in the pretty barques or lounge on Smyrna rugs spread beneath the trees. A few *grande dames* arrive in splendid carriages with liveried servants, for limousines are not yet common. A few men stroll about or ride fine horses but seldom approach the women, as etiquette forbids. Gayly dressed children dance and play or buy drinks and confections from the sherbet and sweet-meat vendors. The sound of laughter, the murmur of voices, the music of queer instruments completes the picture of the valley of Sweet Waters upon a sunny fête day.

Returning toward the crowded centre of Galata, you see rising in the distance a stout round Tower associated with the rule of the Genoese who saw a resemblance to their own beloved city, "La Suberba," in mountain-throned Constantinople and

who established themselves here for almost two hundred years, until driven out by the Ottoman conqueror. Pirates in truth were these Frankish Argonauts, along with the Venetians and Pisans, in their maraudings in the Levant, but they served to bring the wealth of the Orient from Eastern shores to Western Europe.

Rising on several hills of Galata, in conspicuous relief, are great arsenals, enormous barracks and military schools which are the most modern buildings in Constantinople. On immense parade grounds the young Turk is trained in German methods of warfare which, added to his Turcoman instincts, renders him a brutal military machine and fit colleague of the modern Hun.

From the broad plateau of one of these decapitated hills the eye can reach to the far distant hills of Asia. In the foreground on a solitary rock rises the Tower of the Maiden where legends says a Persian Prince sucked the poison from a Sultana's arm. On the Asiatic hills were quartered the eight cohorts of the 40,000 Goths of Constantine and subsequent Roman legions. In the middle distance you can descry the broken arches of the aqueduct of Valentinian and the ruined amphitheatre and baths of Theodosius, also the shattered outline of the Castle of the Seven Towers, that grim old Roman fortress, which later became a stronghold of the reign of the Janissaries, when they deposed nine Sultans and brought them to the Seven Towers to perish in damp dungeons or to suffer torture and immediate death.

From contemplating the ruins of these ancient towers, you turn to modern Pera and are amazed to find it thoroughly European, with a few neat public squares, several splendid hotels, some select foreign shops, fashionable cafés, luxurious clubs, consulates and a generous supply of French theatres which provide uncensored vaudeville.

On the heights of Pera and along

the hills of the Bosphorus are the palatial residences of wealthy Turks, foreign embassies and luxury-loving Europeans, with gardens fanciful and luxuriant. Several royal villas also rise on the verdant banks, in one of which the deposed Sultan lived in regal state, he who in his ignorance tried to forbid the introduction of electricity into Constantinople, because he confused a dynamo with dynamite.

Near the entrance to the Black Sea, on a splendid eminence, stands Robert College, founded by Christopher Robert of New York in 1863. The influence of this institution is inestimable. From its halls have graduated several thousand students of probably most all Eastern nationalities, for they come from far and near. Their Western knowledge and modern training has no doubt been a tremendous force for the uplift of the East. Robert College graduates fill posts of responsibility throughout Asia Minor, Egypt, the Balkans and even in the Far East.

Your curiosity next takes you to a college diffusing knowledge of quite different ilk. It is the Patriarchal school of the Greek Church whose head resides in a modest palace adjoining. The buildings are all of wood like most of the Turkish houses, with interminable rows of shuttered windows, sorely in need of paint, which seems a scarce product in Constantinople. The courtyard is neat and whitewashed and guarded by sentries. Very seldom is the aged Metropolitan seen except when officiating in the sumptuous Patriarchal church whose jewelled icons are of fabulous worth and whose wealth of ornament almost beggars the most gorgeous mosque.

Of course, you have not left the famous Galata bridge to the last day of your visit, but probably have been attracted thither every day, for no better vantage ground is there in this cosmopolitan city, in fact some claim on the whole earth, from which to see the world go by. The various na-

tionalities enumerated as seen in the streets of 'Stamboul will surely cross this bridge as well as scores of others in native garb: Wallachians, Roumanians, Transylvanians, men of Cyprus and Crete, Damascenes and Bagdad-dwellers in Mesopotamia and in the uttermost parts of the earth.

The rickety wooden bridge, one quarter mile long, is disappointing as a structure but as a spectacle cannot be surpassed. One hundred thousand human beings are said to pass and repass between each setting of the sun. There is never an hour of desertion or quiet. At one time it was infested with mangy dogs, but an edict a few years back, rid the city of 80,000 poor ownerless canine who were exposed on an island in the Marmora and left to devour one another, since the Mahommedan religion forbade the more humane treatment of proper extermination.

Over the rattling bridge paces every conceivable kind of donkey with every manner of bray or balk, from the long-eared mule, gayly caparisoned ass to the little patient panniered donkey. A Turkish cavalry officer or an Algerian zouave prances on an Arab steed or a Greek dragoman canters on a raw boned horse. Caravans and carts lumber along and occasionally a spirited span of horses drawing a legation carriage clatters over the loose planks. Black veiled poor women and white veiled ladies, brawny porters and bony beggars, water carriers and coffee vendors, Asiatic ruffians and Turkish gamin, blind and lame all wend their way to and fro. The truth and pathos of the old song occurs to you:

"Proud and lowly, beggar and lord, over the bridge they go;

Rags and velvet, fetter and sword, poverty, pomp and wee."

Also, trudging on foot, are queer ecclesiastics of divers and most diverse religions, Moslem, Buddhist, and Greek church priests, Dervishes and Jesuits, Dominican and Trappist monks, Franciscan and Capuchin

friars, all clad in the garb of their order, with conical hats, cowled hoods or tonsured heads. The priests of the Armenian and the Coptic churches show that they too have a distinctive habit. White turbaned Orientals and red fezged Turks likewise bespeak their nationality, and a green scarf on the turban betokens a Mecca pilgrim. What a strange masquerade of people of all shades, from the white Finlander who has penetrated through Russia to the Black Sea, to

the coal black negro of Central Africa or the swarthy Moor of Tunis and Morocco!

Truly, as the old sage of Chelsea said, "Travel is the one pleasure which does not pall," for how infinite in interest is the study of other races, and if one cannot compass the globe to see each in his own clime, where better can they be reviewed than in the greatest central city of the East. Well has it been called "a Babylon, a world, a chaos".

EASTER, 1916

By R. J. TEMPLETON

ERIN, some trouble has stricken you lately,
 Causing your exiles to sorrow once more,
 Tearing the hearts that have always, and greatly,
 Loved your dear green lands, your sweet lands, asthore!

Erin, your womb in its travail has often
 Blessed other lands than your own in its pain,
 Maybe the hard heart of fate will soon soften,
 Maybe your anguish will yet prove your gain!

Erin, your sons and your daughters will ever
 Think of you fondly, though tears dim the eye.
 Nation of exiles, the seas cannot sever
 Hearts that respond to your sore stricken cry.

Erin, dear land, you will yet from your labours
 Rise in your nationhood, proudly secure.
 Sons may ill use you, make light of your favours,
 They can but hinder; your destiny's sure.

SOLDIERING IN CANADA FIFTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

By Dr George Bryce

ON the second of June, fifty years ago, in the Fenian Raid the invaders of Canada were met by a force of Canadian volunteers at Ridgeway, or Limeridge, in the Niagara district. The writer, who was there, desires to tell the tale. The fratricidal war of the North and South in the United States had ended, and hanging about American cities were thousands of unemployed men—so-called veterans. The writer once heard a Hibernian orator on a 4th of July day after the war, in the largest theatre in Boston, in eloquent words cry out: "Who was it that gained the victory of the North over the South? Was it the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers—the Puritans of New England? No! it was the Irishmen of America." This is a matter for Americans to settle, but undoubtedly thousands of "Irish patriots", or Fenians, partly from hatred to Britain, and partly from the desire to plunder, turned on indefensive Canada.

The whole winter of '65 and '66 was spent in secret meetings and plottings by the invaders, and was met by drilling and preparation of a like kind by the volunteers throughout Canada. Evidently the intention of the boys "awearing of the green" throughout the cities of the Republic bordering on Canada was to make a strike on St. Patrick's Day. For some time before that date the active militia men of Canada were preparing for the onset by constant drill. Stu-

dents gave up their duties, shopkeepers excused their clerks for drill, and a number of factories were half empty of workmen, and during all the day on the seventeenth of Ireland, the troops, regulars and citizen-soldiery, were under arms in the armouries and other rendezvous throughout Canada to meet the blow that was to have been struck. These thorough preparations prevented for the time being the threatened raid. The present danger over, students returned to their books, but the examination of the honour men of the University were deferred till early in June, and men of the other troops went back to their work. Among the "crack" regiments of volunteers were the Queen's Own, of Toronto, and the Thirteenth Battalion, of Hamilton. With the fortunes of the Queen's Own we are more familiar. The Queen's Own Rifles was a regiment of ten companies. Nine of the companies in dark green uniforms were like the 60th British Regulars, well-known in Canada as the regiment of which our present Governor-General was an officer. The eighth company was made up of students and graduates of Trinity College, Toronto; the ninth consisted of men of Toronto University, and number ten were Highlanders, who wore the "garb of Old Gaul". Speaking especially of the Queen's Own, it is right to state that it was made up of a superior class of young men. Every part of the regi-

ment did its part well in the fight.

It is very inspiring to think of the courage and patriotism exhibited by them, and especially is it pleasing to us in different parts of Canada to learn that it is proposed to observe the semi-centennial, or Jubilee Year, of Ridgeway, on the second of June of this year, in Toronto.

It is with the hope that members of the different companies of the "Q. O. R.'s" will not fail to place alongside of this paper, which is chiefly devoted to the University Company, the records of their own companies.

The writer remembers joining the University Rifles in his freshman year in 1863, and of his rising to the dignity of "lance-corporal" in his first year, and in the year of the raid to that of colour-sergeant. Talking over company affairs recently with Sir Hugh John Macdonald, in Winnipeg, he naively remarked: "I was for several years a member of the University Company, but I never reached beyond the height of a 'mere sergeant'. At a dinner in Toronto two years ago with an old company comrade, who had invited two other former members of the 'Fighting Ninth', we addressed one another with our former titles.

A well-known doctor of later days, Professor Vandersmissen, was not originally a member of the company. He knew no drill. His sight was said to be defective, but he persuaded the sergeant to take him to Captain Croft. "Vander" would take no refusal. He would go. Captain Croft at length said to the sergeant: "Take him on the boat as you are crossing the lake and give him a drill in the manual and platoon." That was done. The University contingent reached St. Catharines and were billeted in a hotel on June 1. During the night orders came to leave early for Port Colborne. The senior sergeant had in all some forty or fifty. He quickly embarked on the train and reached the rendezvous. A humorous feature of St. Catharines was a home squad of darkies, who professed to be

guarding the city. Before daylight orders came to join our regiment at Port Colborne. With practically no regular commissariat, we snatched a few eatables as we sat on flat-cars to be carried eastward in the forenoon of June 2nd. Acting on the news, as we were on the line for Fort Erie, we learned that a body of men, said to be 800 or 900 Fenians, had crossed at Buffalo and were marching westward to cut the Welland Canal. Accordingly we were halted at the station, some three or four miles north of which it was said the Fenians were making west to cut off the Welland Canal. We were chiefly Queen's Own and the 13th of Hamilton.

The little army was too impetuous. There was no shirking. What should have been done was to have waited till Colonel Peacock with his contingent of men were coming from the Niagara Falls south, with his regulars, and we would have caught the enemy in a trap. But the men were impetuous and when two or three miles from the railway we saw traces of men skulking in the woods. The attack was made immediately. Skirmishing lines were thrown out, the Queen's Own to the right, and the 13th of Hamilton to the left. The support were sent out to follow in good order. No one in a battle can tell more than he can see from his own standpoint. One thing was evident, the volunteers were far more ardent and reckless than regulars would have been. The University Company was on the right wing of the skirmishing, and Company 10, the Highlanders, with their supports, in the rear. The Fenians retired. The men of the Queen's Own were ardent. Firing back and forward lasted for some time, the Fenians being driven from point to point by our right wing for a mile or two. The attacking force held from rail fence to rail fence and gradually pushed the enemy back. Our company, being on the extreme right, was constantly following the woodland to guard against being sur-

rounded. The Fenians, however, never attempted a flanking attack. As they yielded back from one field to the next we followed on. Their leader, Colonel O'Neil, rode on a white horse and he went along behind his line keeping up his men. It was learned afterwards that almost every man in the University Company made the Colonel his mark, but no one succeeded in hitting him.

The tragedy of the whole eventful contest was made by someone seeing the several mounted officers of the Fenians, including Colonel O'Neil, and giving the alarm of "cavalry". When this happened a command was brought up from the rear to the front line to retire. This was so far as our part of the line was concerned unnecessary and most important. Our commander, Captain Whitney, for a time refused, but had to obey orders, as the line to the left was retiring. This is what happened on the right wing of the advancing line. Our fatalities as a company were heavy. Out of the twenty-seven men of No. 9 University Company, three were killed and four were wounded. Though on a small scale, our casualties as a company were some twenty-six per cent.—a heavy casualty even in the present struggle.

Three killed! The writer was beside Tempest, defending a fence line, when a shot took him in the head, and he never spoke. Our wounded were: George Patterson, now an official of the court in Winnipeg; E. Paul, still residing in Hamilton; R. Kingsford, Toronto, and Professor Vandersmissen. Vandersmissen's case was naturally interesting to me, he was shot with a bullet which went through his body, following the diaphragm. His recovery was a miracle.

The Fenians are said to have had about the same number of casualties as our troops had.

When our men concentrated at the railway station, we began to move in

a body to Port Colborne. The Fenians, disappointed in their project, made the return in haste to the Niagara river, where they crossed in flat boats, and were seized on the other side by American authorities. When the main body of our volunteers reached Port Colborne in the afternoon, the wounded were cared for in a hastily-arranged hospital, while the various companies were assembled and the roll called. The writer made out the returns of the University Company, and for years this document was kept as a memento in the archives of the company.

The enemy having crossed to the other side of the river, on the day after the fight the volunteers were encamped all along the river opposite Buffalo. In the camp, the University Company held the extreme flank—a dangerous position in case of an attack from Buffalo. Professor Cherri-man joined the company at Fort Erie. After a few days the Queen's Own regiment, in the dead of night, was noiselessly removed to the railway and whirled away by way of Paris to Stratford, where they remained ready to beat back any attack from Detroit or Chicago.

Such was the Fenian attack of fifty years ago, to be followed by only a few spasmodic attempts in later years on the border of the Eastern Townships in Quebec, or still later in the fizzle made when a Fenian expedition was sent to attack Manitoba, under the same Colonel O'Neil, who commanded at Ridgeway. The Colonel was captured by American troops at the boundary-line, and the writer, going out to Manitoba in 1871, had the pleasure of seeing him in the dock in St. Paul, from which predicament he succeeded at length in making his escape.

Such is the writer's story. Some of it may seem inaccurate or inadequate to other witnesses, who saw different phases of the Fenian fiasco.

THE BATTLE of WINDMILL POINT

An incident of the Rebellion of '37

By George C. Wells

JUST below the town of Prescott, overlooking the St. Lawrence, stands a tall stone tower painted white. It is one of the few historic landmarks left along the river. Originally a windmill, and for many years past used as a lighthouse, it served, on one memorable occasion, as a fortress and so gave its name to the hardest and bloodiest encounter of the Rebellion of 1837-38 in Upper Canada.

Canadian refugees* and their sympathizers in the United States had formed, at many points in the northern portion of New York State, Hunters' Lodges, which were branches of a secret organization having as its avowed purpose the destruction of monarchical institutions in America and the achieving of Canadian independence. In the autumn of 1838 the leaders of this organization decided that the time was ripe for an attack and to make the attack at Prescott, where they believed there were large quantities of arms and ammunition stored in Fort Wellington (though in this they were mistaken, as the fort was then only under construction). They believed, too, that if suc-

cessful in capturing the village and the fort, with what it was supposed to contain, they would be joined by large numbers of the neighbouring inhabitants and, with these ideas in mind, they concentrated their forces along the United States border during the early days of November. A lawyer named Bierce, from Akron, Ohio, who had taken to himself the title of general, was to lead the invasion and had established his headquarters at Ogdensburg, where the local authorities seem to have been at least not unfriendly to his plans. The man who actually took the most prominent part in the fighting, however, was a Pole, named Van Shultz (or Van Shultz Nils Sezoltevk, to give him his full designation), and he may be called the hero of the story, for, though misguided, he was indisputably a brave man and one who deserved a better fate than the ignominious one which befell him. He was then in the early thirties and had resided in America for some little time; whether he had taken part in the Polish insurrection against Russia, the writer does not know, but it is altogether probable, and he, no doubt,

* Prominent among them is generally believed to have been Dr. Dumoulin, who, though of American birth, had been a member of the Legislative Assembly of Upper Canada and a prominent leader of the rebels. After taking part in an armed fiasco near Brantford he had fled the country.

thought that in leading an attack on Canada he was striking at an oppression as intolerable as that under which his own brave countrymen groaned.

On the morning of Sunday, November 11th, 1838, the little steamer *United States* left Millen's Bay, near Sackett's Harbour, N.Y., towing two schooners, which were laden with arms and ammunition and carried some 600 men. One of the schooners was commanded by Van Shultz, and the other by a local character named Bill Johnson, and sometimes called "Admiral Johnson". As the three vessels proceeded down the river, the officers held a council-of-war, at which Van Shultz proposed that they should not touch at Ogdensburg, but proceed direct to the Prescott wharf, land at once and, leaving a sufficient force on guard at the wharf, divide the little army into three bodies, one of which should march straight through the village, and the other two go around it on the east and west sides respectively, all three to then unite and attack the fort in case any resistance should be offered and it did not, as he thought likely, surrender on demand. He proposed further that the schooner should be kept below Prescott with the object of maintaining communications with Ogdensburg and bringing over fresh supplies of provisions and military stores, as well as the large reinforcements he expected to receive. It was part of his plan to station such artillery as he had, and the heavier guns he hoped to find in the fort, on the river bank, and with them to prevent the British vessels from descending the river until his followers, augmented by Canadian rebels and reinforcements from the United States, should become so strong as to be unconquerable by any force the authorities could put into the field.

The other officers, however, opposed Van Shultz's scheme, although they were all inferior to him in courage, experience and ability and, indeed, probably in part at least because of that very fact and through jeal-

ousy the expedition did land at Ogdensburg, where it met the announcement that "General" Bierce, who was to have taken the supreme command, had suddenly fallen ill. The circumstances of his illness were such that it was generally believed to be a case of "pure funk" and he was never able to refute the charge of cowardice made against him. The failure of their leader, under strong suspicion of showing the white feather, of course had a most demoralizing effect upon the men and Van Shultz, as he had anticipated when he advised against landing on the other side, saw his army melt away like a block of ice on a July morning and, when, next day, he moved across the river in one of the schooners he had with him only 170 instead of the thousand he had hoped for.

Landing on the Canadian side, Van Shultz posted his men on rising ground where rough stone fences offered shelter and promised good prospects for resisting an attack. Here he awaited the coming of reinforcements from the south side of the river and the accession of disaffected Canadians, in both of which he was grievously disappointed. The other schooner, commanded by Bill Johnson, which had on board a great part of the arms and ammunition, was in some way (accidentally or by design) run upon a sand bar while crossing the river; the tug *Paul Pry* came along, pulled her off and started towing her towards the Canadian shore, but when she had got fairly into Canadian water, the armed British steamer *Experiment*, in charge of Lieut. Fowell, suddenly appeared and opened fire with her guns, whereupon the *Paul Pry* incontinently departed. The *Experiment* ran up close to the schooner and her crew prepared to board, when Lieut. Fowell found he was getting into very shoal water and at the same time that the steamer *United States* was coming up rapidly. He therefore drew off and a few minutes' hot fighting took

place between his vessel and the *United States* and *Paul Pry*, both of which were armed. Admiral Johnson instead of attempting to reach the Canadian side took advantage of this opportunity to return to Ogdensburg, whither the *United States* and *Paul Pry* soon followed him, the former having received several shot in her hull, one 18-lb. ball striking her engine.

The chief naval officer in Upper Canada at that time was Captain Sandom, R.N. He soon heard of the expedition's departure from Millen's Bay and immediately set out from Kingston in pursuit with the steamers *Victoria* and *Cobourg* and the small party of soldiers and marines he was able to get together. He reached Prescott at 2 a.m. on the 13th and added his little contingent to a party of militia which had been gathered together by Colonels Young, Frazer and Gowan. The whole force then proceeded in two columns to attack Van Shultz's men, who, after an hour's fighting, were driven from the shelter of the fences, to take refuge in the old stone windmill and in a stone house near by.

Captain Sandom then opened fire from his steamers on these buildings, but his guns were not heavy enough to make much impression on the massive stone walls and, after a time, the government's land forces found the fire of the invaders so galling that they fell back, leaving only pickets to keep them apprised of any movement and holding themselves in readiness to frustrate any attempt at escape, which might be made before the arrival of heavy artillery should enable them to batter down the defences.

The expected large reinforcements not being sent by General Bierce and the other leaders who, with careful regard for their own safety, remained in Ogdensburg, and the local inhabitants not having any disposition to join the standard of revolt, Van Shultz saw that his position would soon be hopeless and was urged by

his men to return to the United States; this, however, was easier to propose than to accomplish, for he had not a single boat at his disposal and the *Experiment* steadily patrolled the river. During the night a volunteer swam the river, with the aid of a plank, and begged that boats might be sent. On Tuesday evening word came back that a schooner would cross during the night and take away the disappointed invaders. They carried their wounded down to the river bank and waited anxiously, but the schooner did not come and when day dawned there was nothing for it but to return to such shelter as the windmill and stone house afforded. On Thursday night the steamer *Paul Pry*, although she was supposed to be in custody of a U. S. marshal, was allowed by the authorities to slip over with a Mr. Preston King (afterwards a member of the United States Congress) and some others to interview the besieged; no information is obtainable as to how she eluded the *Experiment*, but at any rate she was unable to get very close to shore, so the party went in two small boats. A council took place and the visitors left promising to return with boats sufficient to take off Van Shultz and his men, but they failed to carry out the promise—it is said that when they endeavoured to take the *Paul Pry* once again the U. S. authorities refused permission, though they had granted it (or at least winked at the expedition) on the first occasion.

Next day, Friday, November 16th, Colonel Dundas arrived from Kingston with four companies of the 83rd Regiment, two 18-pounders and a howitzer. The guns were placed in position forthwith, on a little eminence some four hundred yards from the windmill, and opened fire, at the same time that Captain Sandom began a bombardment from three vessels in the stream. As darkness fell, the troops moved nearer to the buildings, which were rapidly becoming untenable under the heavy fire. Col-

onel Dundas, who had assumed the chief command, posted his men so as to prevent the enemy escaping, as it was expected they would try to do under cover of the night. Van Shultz himself had undertaken, with ten men, to hold the stone house because he could get no one else to do it. Finally his party were driven out and they endeavoured to secrete themselves in the brushwood around the river bank. In this, however, they were unsuccessful and were all captured, including their leader. Shortly afterwards, a flag of truce was sent from the mill and terms of surrender asked for, to which Colonel Dundas replied that he would accept an unconditional surrender and that only. There being nothing else to do, the invaders accepted these conditions and laid down their arms. All the prisoners, 157 in number, were tied together with ropes, Van Shultz at their head and marched to Fort Henry at Kingston, where in due course they were tried and eleven, including Van Shultz himself, executed. After the surrender, the regular troops had to protect the prisoners from the fury of the militia, who wanted to lynch them.

The government forces are stated to have lost forty-five in killed and wounded, and an eye-witness of the fight declared that on the morning following the surrender he counted one hundred dead bodies on the ground. If his statement is true it must cover the entire loss of the invaders for, although an hour's armistice was granted on Friday for the purpose of burying the dead, Van Shultz's party were unable to inter their's for lack of spades. It, however, does not tally with the fact that 157 were captured while Van Shultz's statement is that he had only 170 at the outset; on the other hand Bill Johnson afterwards asserted that he

brought over fifty recruits for Van Shultz after the fighting began. At this late date it is impossible to obtain accurate figures, but the fact remains that the fight was a hard one and the loss of life considerable.

After the battle the leaders of the so-called "Patriot" army endeavoured to throw the blame on each other. Van Shultz, while under sentence of death, spoke in no measured terms of the cowardice of "General" Bierce and of Johnson, and said that if "those cowardly rascals" could be punished for bringing him and his associates into their unhappy position he would die content. Bierce, on his part, claimed that Van Shultz had crossed over to Canada without authority, against his express wish and in ignorance of the conditions actually existing on the Canadian side, which he by that time had become convinced meant failure. Johnson, who, although he was responsible for many engaging in the rash enterprise, took excellent care of his own skin, defended himself by saying that he had been deprived of his command by a superior officer and had no power to act. It will at least be conceded that Van Shultz played the bravest part and that his failure was not due to any lack of courage or enthusiasm.

There is no doubt that at one time it was planned to make simultaneous attacks upon a number of the frontier points and some of those who took part in the raid on Prescott believed that other attempts were being made at the same time and they had been assured three weeks would see the independence of Canada fully achieved. Each of the invaders was promised ten dollars a month while in active service, with a bounty of twenty dollars and a grant of 160 acres of land as soon as the new government should be established.



THE SUNNY BREAKFAST-ROOM

From the Painting by Arthur Crisp,
a Canadian Painter

Exhibited by the
Canadian Art Club

WAR BABIES

By William Banks

Author of "William Adolphus Turnpenny"

OF course, Jimmy Elson should have been more explicit and more tactful in the first place. But then he would not have been himself, for while Jimmy Elson is often explicit, explosively so, he is seldom tactful. He should have known very well that Elsie has as much idea of stocks and bonds as a baby.

However there is nothing gained in using words over that part of it now. Jimmy had to pay pretty dearly for his blundering. As a matter of fact, Elsie, his wife, seems to be making him pay for it yet. She had on another new gown yesterday that was perfectly—well, I figured out that it could not have cost a cent less than two hundred dollars, and—

About the trouble. Oh, yes. Well, remember, I'm just telling you the story as I pieced it together from what Elsie and Jimmy and Harry, my husband, told me at one time and another while the war—I mean the trouble—was on. My maids also picked up quite a bit of news one way or another from the Elson's maids, who are a most extraordinarily gossipy lot. I wouldn't have allowed my maids to speak to me on the matter had it not been that I was dragged into the trouble, and finally had to act as umpire, so to speak. My husband just laughed throughout the entire "performance" as he called it, but Harry always refused to take Jimmy and Elsie seriously. He says neither of them has brains enough to think of anything else but the other one yet. You see they've been mar-

ried less than two years and they have no children. Harry always was like that anyway. You know he thinks he manages me. It's absurd, of course, but so long as I know that I'm managing him I suppose we'll get along well enough.

Oh yes, you want to know about the war—the trouble I mean—though the war really was responsible for it. Yes, that's the fact.

It was like this. Elsie and Jimmy were at breakfast and Elsie was trying to make him understand that the Reids must be tremendously in debt. They're not in our class, but of course one cannot help but observe what goes on in the street one lives in. She told him of the wonderful gowns and other things Mrs. Reid was buying all of last week, and the new furniture for the library. "And he's only a salaried man," she said, "and his salary is not a very large one."

Jimmy was smiling all the time. All wives are familiar with that irritating, superior, tolerant style of smile, but he never said anything until she had the bailiffs in the Reids' house—not really you know but figuratively, and then he said, "I wouldn't worry about the Reids, Elsie. He's worth about half a million cash; made it all in the last six months".

That made Elsie mad, naturally. She said she supposed Jimmy was quite satisfied now that he had allowed her to make a fool of herself.

Jimmy started on a feeble protest but Elsie wouldn't listen to him. I don't know all that she said, but I

suspect she saw that she was hurting him. What she most desired to do then was to throw her arms around his neck, kiss him and beg forgiveness. But just because she did want to do that she went on saying harsh and cruel things. She even raked up that perfectly untrue story about his once having made love to Maude Lestor and—

Anyway, Jimmy began to say things himself in a little while. He should have gone to the office at once. Leaving Elsie alone just then would have been the greatest punishment that he could have thought of, but very few men ever take the right course in such a situation, and Jimmy Elson would be the last man in the world to do so.

He blundered along in a stupid, slow, man-like way, starting an explanation every time he thought she was going to stop talking, but she didn't take the slightest notice of him until he said something about wishing they were like the Reids and had a few "war babies".

Well all that Elsie knew about "war babies" wasn't much and what there was of it was "the wrong dope", as my husband said when I told him part of the story.

What Elsie had said before was mere childish prattle compared with what she said after Jimmy mentioned "war babies". He had insulted her, she declared, deliberately, cruelly, and with malice aforethought, or some such words. Now she knew why he had picked a quarrel, and had cunningly goaded her into having to tell him the truth about himself. But she wished him to understand that on the very moment his "precious war babies" entered the house she would leave it, and never come back to it again. It was not that she was cruel, she was sure no one felt more keenly than she did for the poor little mites; but if they were fated not to have children of their own, and if Jimmy felt that they should adopt one or two, then surely they could take

children of whose parentage they—

Jimmy broke in here to tell her that she was all wrong and he might have got a hearing if he had not added, "just like a woman". My husband wouldn't say that, at least not to me, but then we've been married fifteen years.

Elsie told him angrily that she would not listen to him. "You're just trying to wriggle away from the truth that you started all this trouble," she said, "and now you're gloating because you think I'm suffering."

Jimmy denied the charges vehemently.

"Yes, you did, and you are," cried Elsie, "and you've been grinning like a monkey all the time."

The monkey part of it was rather stupid of her, I'll admit, because she knew very well that Jimmy believes that the human race is revolutionized, or whatever's the right phrase, from the monkeys. He thought she was jeering at his theories, though she declares she never once thought of them at the time, and he ascended without any further ado. Certainly his conduct was indefensible on any ground; but he just let himself go. Haven't you sometimes wished you could. Jimmy did, properly.

I forgot to say that he shut and locked the door of the breakfast room before he let loose the flood of eloquence, and Elsie thought, for a second, that she was about to become an angel then and there. She says now that she doesn't recall but two things that Jimmy said to her, though he talked for twenty minutes or more with such a savage tone in his voice that she could have hugged him for showing her how masterful he could be. The things he said that she did remember were that she must never again accuse him of having made love to Maude Lestor, and that if she did he would regard her as a naughty child, and punish her—well—just as a mother would. Then he unlocked the door and stalked out. If she had called to him then to come back, and



"Your wife knows she's wrong. But you'll do all the backing down and apologizing, and she'll emerge the real ruler of your home'."

had told him, as she longed to do, that she loved him, she might have saved herself several days of misery, but I doubt if she would have established so complete an ascendancy over Mr. Jimmy Elson as that she now enjoys.

As soon as he had gone Mrs. Elson called up her mother, Mrs. Eccles. She lives at Oakville, thirty miles away. Jimmy paid the 'phone company twenty-one dollars for that conversation. Mrs. Eccles is a quiet little body, and she knew about as much of "war babies" as Elsie did. The upshot of their conversation was that Elsie and one of her maids went to Oakville that afternoon. Elsie left a note for Jimmy telling him that whenever he chose to ring her up and apologise for his harsh, cruel, and abominable treatment of her she would come back to him.

Jimmy dropped in "quite in a casual way" of course, to see my husband

that night. I left them together in Harry's den after I had particularly inquired from Jimmy, as to Elsie's health, for I had already heard a rumour of the trouble. Jimmy answered with a fine assumption of easiness that she had gone to spend a few days with her mother. But later on, as I afterwards learned, he told the whole story or most of it to Harry, and asked for his advice.

Harry it seems listened with the gravity of a Supreme Court judge, and then advised Jimmy to stick it out. "But I know you won't," he said. "You'll be like the most of us."

"The most of who?" asked Jimmy.

"The most of us married men," Harry answered. "You're in the right and you know it. Your wife knows she's wrong. But you'll do all the backing down and apologizing, and she'll emerge the real ruler of your home. You might as well give in now, Jimmy."

That was rather clever of my Harry, don't you think? He's not so stupid or so slow as he sometimes pretends to be.

Elsie 'phoned to me on the third day after she had left home. She talked a lot in a few minutes without saying anything worth the cost of a long-distance call. Then she asked me bluntly whether I had seen Jimmy recently and how he looked. I told her that he had been in two or three times and that he seemed to be quite well. As a matter of fact he seemed to be quite miserable, but everything is fair to those that think it so, isn't it, or is that the wrong quotation? You see I was looking for anything that offered an opportunity of bringing the two together, because I knew that love would do the rest. But Elsie's conversation wasn't very encouraging until she began to say good-bye, and after the fourth good-bye she added, "I'll call in to see you to-morrow".

She did, and she, like Jimmy, looked wretchedly tired and miserable. I thought to myself that it was a situation that required a direct frontal attack, as the war despatches say, and so, the moment she expressed in a politely perfunctory manner the hope that Harry was well, I charged.

"He's in splendid health," I said, "and immensely pleased with himself just now."

"Over what?" Elsie asked timidly.

"War babies," I said.

She winced and gasped, and for a moment I thought she would faint, but that kind of thing isn't common to the Eccles brood. However it seemed to me that it was all of five minutes before she murmured, "War babies!"

"Yes," I said as calmly as I could, "he's been selling some of them at a good—"

"Selling—war—babies!" — Elsie stammered.

"Yes, my dear," I said, "and your Jimmy has been doing the same but his profits are less, because he was late getting in on them, Harry says."

"Jimmy selling war babies!" and there she stuck, poor Elsie.

I've been rather sorry since that Elsie didn't happen to be just then someone I don't like. But I do like Elsie Elson, and so I executed a flanking movement.

"I'm hanging on to some that Harry bought for me," I said, "because I'm sure they'll go up ten points or more in the next few days."

It was then that Elsie laughed, such a relieved, happy laugh, almost a sob, and colour came to her cheeks, though her eyes were moist, as she said, "I've always been so stupid about stocks and the stock market. May I use your 'phone a moment, I—I—want to ring up Jimmy."



GENERAL ALDERSON

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES*

By Britton B. Cooke

IF in your fancy you trace out the skeleton of the Canadian army in France from this dour sapper to yonder busy corporal and the competent looking sergeant overseeing his busy-ness, you will arrive at a lieutenant—the subaltern who is in all probability father and mother and a touch of ginger and blazes to this platoon. If from the subaltern, who is youthful and a bit serious-minded, you trace the connection through the captain to the junior major and the junior major to the second in command of the battalion, you arrive at the Colonel, who lives a little bit back of the front line and has a charging machine to charge the green water from the filtration plant—it is wholesome in spite of its colour. This part of the tracing is laborious work, for if you do it in person you must follow the line from the bays of the firing line back through the muck of the communication trench to the shelter of a certain hedge which lets you get to Hyde Park corner out of sight of the German Snipers. The line of officers from the Colonel's diggings leaps then to the headquarters of the Brigade where the Brigadier-General studies aeroplane maps pieced together with pins on the side of the wall. Thence the channels of authority lead to the Divisional headquarters where a divisional commander is busy with things no one knows about

but the elect. Thence in a single step you pass—still tracing authorities—to the office of the Corps Commander, General Sir E. A. H. Alderson. Every fresh laurel won by the Canadians reacts through this focusing point, General Alderson, upon the fame of the British soldier everywhere. Every order to the Canadians, every important official communication to them goes, in form at least, through General Alderson's hands. With him lies the grave responsibility of ordering them to take a position or hold a position or, if necessary, relinquish a position. It is upon his shoulders to see not only that the Canadians win but that in their efforts to win they are properly supported and protected. It is for him, subject to the general policy and wide decisions of "B. G. H. Q." (British General Headquarters) to order our Canadian men into danger or out of it. I enlarge upon this point because the responsibilities that go with great army commands are too little understood by civilians, and because too it is part of the picture of the man who commands the Canadians. I heard once of a Victoria Cross man who declined a high command because as he said, "I have courage enough to order myself into danger. I have not the courage to decide for others."

We rode by motor from B. G. H. Q.

* It is reported that General Alderson is to become Inspector-General of Canadian forces in England.

to the town where General Alderson and the Canadian Headquarters Staff was located last September. Liken B. G. H. Q. to Montreal where Shaughnessy presides over the forces of the C. P. R. Liken this town to which we were now taken, to Winnipeg, where the commander of our important division of the supreme command resides. The roads out of British Headquarters were in excellent condition. The French countryside was at its best. Sunlight warmed the landscape. Birds wheeled in the blue overhead. The tall trees lining the sides of the road held lofty converse with a cool breeze. In the reedy canals that zig-zagged through the fields to right and left, robust women standing in low punts, poled high-heaped vegetables from one place unknown to us, to another still less in our ken. They had red cheeks and seemed happy, calling and chattering to one another as two punts or a fleet of punts met, or as they passed workers in the fields.

Our tires beat like far-off faint drums on the cobbles. The wind whipped into our faces. We passed here a supply column grinding along toward the Front with tons of food and other less gentle supplies. On the hood of the leading motor truck rode a barking terrier . . . We flashed through villages where old women sat working at their lace pillows out in the front of their houses. There was no sign of war except for soldiers here and there, and unending lines of new trenches and an occasional far-off booming of guns. At eleven, with a sudden jamming on of brakes, we arrived before the house where Canadian Headquarters are established. We shook off the dust, stepped over the spare petrol tins carried in the tonneau and crossed a flag-stone sidewalk to an archway in the seemingly endless wall of houses on that side of the street. Halfway through the archway a door appeared on our left, and we turned in and up a few steps to a dusty dim interior

where the familiar thrash and rattle of telegraph instruments filled the air and great bulking shapes of soldiers cluttered up and down the rough-floored hall, or waited with messages outside the General's door. An expectant orderly awaited us.

"The General is ready, sir," he said and opened the door on our right. We went into a cheerful-looking room whose windows gave onto a back garden, which was at least green and secluded.

"General Alderson," said our guide, in introduction, "Mr. ——"

A man of not great height nor breadth, a quiet pleasant voice, a kindly, shrewd countenance met our eyes.

"I am very busy," said this simple-speaking gentleman. "But I am glad to meet you and to show you anything I can show you." He turned to the maps on the walls of the room. "These you see, are our trenches. The red lines indicate what we held when first we came to this part of the line. The yellow show what we now hold—"

With a pencil in his hand the General indicated the interesting points.

"This," he went on, "is where you are going this morning, and that is where you are to go to-morrow, is it not?"

Then he showed the trenches and also the length of line held by the Canadians, and then having visited also the garden at the rear, we returned through the arched carriage-way to the street, said good-bye to the General in whose area we were privileged guests, and went on to the firing line.

The General's office was quite easily within shell-range of the enemy, but the Germans were somehow not firing that way. For all one could tell the town might have been a part of say Cobourg or Ingersoll, or any other fair-sized Canadian town. Soldiers were everywhere to be seen, and military automobiles came and went from the open market-place opposite the General's office. But there was otherwise no sign of war.

The interest in the place was, to at least one of our party, the General we had just left. One might well have expected a little pomp and circumstance, a little rasping of the distinguished officer's throat, and an air of great impatience, as if we prying folk from Canada were somehow impeding the final wiping-out of the Germans by a few strokes from the General's pen. That was not the sort of man we had met. We had met a sort of "Bobs", and the recollection of that quiet, unassuming gentleman—for with no reflection upon the General's soldierly qualities, it was as a gentleman rather than as an important official that he impressed one—must remain with one always. The man was mild, but with a hint of stern doggedness underneath. He was cheerful, without being boisterous, but with a suggestion of constitutional gravity of mind underlying the smile and the grasp of the hand. One felt, upon further acquaintance, that the commander of the Canadians is a man who chooses to rule by a sort of candid reasonableness rather than by continual demonstrations of authority.

I had the honour to have luncheon with the commander of the Canadian forces the day after our introduction in his office, and to hear him express his views on one question and another in the course of our conversation. After luncheon, in the private office in his house I had the privilege of seeing detail maps showing just how the Canadian line lay before and after the German attempt to break through in front of Ypres, and to hear the General's description of that glorious fight. It would not be appropriate to try to reproduce his description. It was in part technical and in other parts referred directly to the maps which showed how such-and-such forces were here and such there—and so on. The interesting part of the thing was the manner and the inflection with which General Alderson referred to the work of the Canadians.



GENERAL SIR E. A. H. ALDERSON

Commander-in-chief of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces

One may, I think, fairly suspect that a grim pride burns in this quiet gentleman's heart with the knowledge that he held the first command of these "Empire troops" that proved themselves so worthy of the trust Britain had in them.

General Sir E. A. H. Alderson would in my mind appear to be a curious commentary on war and pacificism. Were it not likely to be unjustly interpreted, one might say the Canadian Commander-in-Chief is himself a pacifist type so far as exteriors are concerned. This is no fighting cock. Here is no bluster and swagger but alert, unassuming competence. There is a taste for literature in the cast of this man's eyes, and a sensitiveness in the shaping of the fingers that betrays a disposition to enjoy other music than the mere singing of guns, but that, in its proper

time and place. There is a touch of precision in the fitting of his uniform, which in civil life might have run to nosegays in the button-hole. This is a man whose attitude toward life is not that of a bullying braggart, but rather that of a student who when war is laid aside seeks some new beauty in everything and is continually surprised at the new marvels of life that appear to his observant and constantly comparing eye. General Alderson's past record in other fields of war, especially as late commander of the Poona Division and in Mashonaland, confirms what the General's handling of the Canadian expeditionary force revealed—absolute competence, thorough-going hard work, complete devotion to duty and brilliant decisions. Canadians know that where their General sends them they will be well supported, and given the benefit of every care that their commander has at his disposal. Furthermore, a great quality in General Alderson is tact. It was no easy matter for a British officer to take over the command of a large body of almost "raw" Canadian troops. New officers and sensitive officers, Canadian independence of spirit and the bitter conditions in that first winter at Salisbury Plains—these elements might very well have combined to cause great embarrassments to a commanding officer, and possibly friction. General Alderson has kept his command "sweet". He has shown himself peculiarly sympathetic to the Canadian temperament. Finding that Canadians have their own ways in some things and

that they cannot altogether abandon those ways—the General has adapted his plans to conditions. Where compromise could not be allowed he has enforced the rules of the British army with such firmness and tact as to reduce all opposition.

"Sir," I said, asking him a question at luncheon that day, "we Canadians know our men are the best of men, but we sometimes wonder whether the press despatches describing their conduct may not have been—just a trifle favourable on account of their newness."

"Did you happen to read," he returned, "the address which I delivered to our men after St. Julien?"

"Yes."

"And was that any less favourable to my own men than the other things that had been said?"

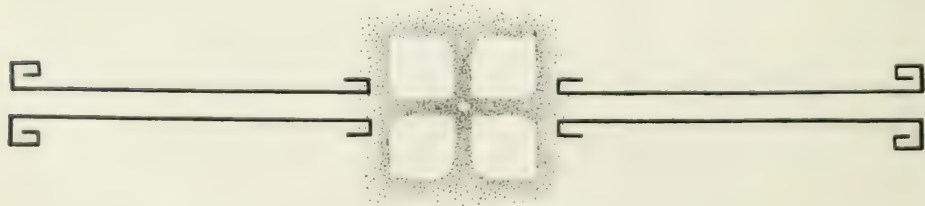
"No."

"Then be assured nothing too good of our men was published in the press. I never say what I don't mean."

"What is the best quality in a Canadian?" I asked.

"The best?" He laughed a little. "Why—we have a saying here: 'A Canadian can do anything from tuning a piano to burgling a safe.'"

Canadians should know more of General Sir E. A. H. Alderson. He does not wear his heart or his mind on his sleeve. But glimpsing him, even briefly, is to feel assured that between fighting quality in the ranks and quality of leadership of the Canadian force there are no discrepancies.



CURRENT EVENTS

By Lindsay Crawford.

TWO months ago the German Chancellor said that the battle of Verdun would teach the enemies of Germany how little truth there was in the stories of Germany's military decline. The utter failure so far of the enemy's attempt to break the French line at Verdun, added to the appalling sacrifice of German troops, has convinced the Allies that Prussian military domination in Europe has received its death-blow. Five Russian contingents have been landed in France, which must impress the Kaiser's advisers with the hopelessness of the struggle. The magnificent front shown by France at Verdun is one of the big surprises of the war. The deadly precision of the marvellous French artillery has been the deciding factor. Against the French curtain of fire division after division of German troops advanced in vain. It was a crucial time for France. For France has been bled white by this war and henceforth must rely more and more on Britain and Russia for the necessary reserves. The release of Russian troops for service on the western front is an earnest of the close friendship between France and Russia, and a sign that the former has all her eligible men in the field. German divisions lost so heavily in the fighting before Verdun that they had to retire to the rear, where the gaps were filled with drafts from the depots, fifty per cent. of whom were

young lads of the 1916 class. The arrival of Russian soldiers in France has had a tremendous moral effect throughout the allied countries.

In the United Kingdom the conscription of all available men has been put into operation. Married or single, at home or abroad, men eligible for service in Great Britain have to report. It is the last phase of the Great War. Russia alone of all the Allies engaged can continue to draw upon an unlimited supply for reserves. Britain's determination to put every available man in the field evidences a keen appreciation of the dangers that may attend the final drafting of peace terms. Russia will emerge from this struggle a giant refreshed. Henceforth the destiny of Europe is closely bound up with Russian policy.

The surrender to the Turks of Townshend's army of nine thousand men at Kut-el-Amara is one of the regrettable incidents inseparable from a big war. Townshend held out for four months until the food was exhausted and no immediate hope of relief in sight. This Anglo-Indian army that advanced to the gates of Bagdad and was compelled, after a brilliant victory, to fall back before a superior force goes into retirement with its honour unsullied. The forces of nature warred against the relieving army, which was but twenty miles distant, and prevented a junction of

forces. There is every reason to believe that the Turks will treat their captives with every consideration. Townshend and his brother officers were brought to Bagdad. If they remain there it is likely that before long the Russians will open the prison doors. The Grand Duke's victorious army is drawing nearer to the prize of Mesopotamia. Whatever the future of this region, the Russians are paving their way to Constantinople. There will be less disposition in English circles to cavil over Russia's demands for control in the Dardanelles.

*

The United States and Germany are fast nearing the parting of the ways. The sinking of the *Sussex* produced another crop of diplomatic notes from the Washington Government partaking of the flavour of an ultimatum, which, as Roosevelt bitingly declares, "does not ultimate". It is the nearest approach to a breach yet taken by the Wilson Administration. The German reply promises a change of submarine policy conditional on the raising of the British blockade. The United States is asked to bring influence to bear on Britain to relax her naval pressure on Germany's bread-basket. The impudence of this demand has not passed unnoticed in the American press.

*

For a week following the dramatic arrest of Sir Roger Casement on the Kerry coast, Dublin has been the scene of a serious uprising of the Sinn Féin party. On Easter Monday, when Dublin put on its holiday garb and the city was crowded with visitors, the insurrection broke with startling suddenness. The general post-office was seized and every point of vantage in the city was held by a section of the rebels detailed for the purpose. The holiday spirit was quenched in blood and the flag of the Irish Republic was run up by the Provisional President, Padraic Pearse. Soldiers and officers and civilians dropped in their tracks, shot down without warn-

ing. It was a ghastly business unrelieved by the slightest glimmer of hope of success for the insurgents. For a whole week isolated groups of rebels were in a state of siege, cut off from reinforcements and supplies and hopelessly outnumbered. Gunboats and field artillery and maxims poured shot and shell on the rebel strongholds, and bombing parties set fire to the buildings in which they were making a last stand, fighting with halters round their necks. From the Four Courts to the Custom House, in the heart of Dublin, including some of the finest public buildings and business establishments in the city, the destruction of property was complete. The mad folly of the leaders in choosing such a time for revolt and in associating the cause of Irish freedom with Prussian despotism alleviated at the outset the sympathy of the overwhelming mass of the Irish Nationalist population. But the coming of General Maxwell, and the summary executions secretly carried out under martial law changed the temper of the Irish people in a single night. It is useless to attempt to explain this to some people. The fact that civil law in Ireland was superseded by an English military autocracy—of the type which refused to move against the Ulster rebels in 1914—was sufficient to cause a revulsion of feeling throughout the south and west of Ireland. This changed attitude found an echo in John Dillon's protest in the House of Commons and in the condemnation of English rule in Ireland by leading English journals. It was followed by the departure of Mr. Asquith for Dublin, where civil government had fallen into abeyance and only the "Bloody Assizes" of Maxwell remained to emphasize the essential distinction in the eyes of English statesmen of the conduct of Christian de Wet and his Boer followers in South Africa, and Padraic Pearse, the Irish rebel leader, and his followers. There was amnesty for the Boer; there was a firing squad in a barrack square

in the cold dawn for the Irish insurgents. The rising in South Africa and that in Dublin were in all essentials parallel cases. In each case the support of Germany had been invoked. In each case blood had been shed. But for de Wet there was pardon; for the Irish a felon's grave. And there are still some stupid people who pretend they cannot understand Dillon's outburst in the Commons, or the revulsion of feeling that swept over Ireland. Maxwell's regime has bred more Irish rebels to the square mile in Ireland in a single week than the revolutionary movements of the last century succeeded in creating. And this bitter feeling is not confined to Ireland. It rankles in the breast of the Irishman in Canada, who, with the knowledge of what Irish soldiers have done in this war, sees his native land handed over to the tender mercies of an English general and a military caste that two years ago openly espoused the cause of the Carson rebels in Ulster. The blunder has been committed and nothing now can repair the mischief save a generous recognition of the right of Irishmen to rule their own country. England's cause in this war is the cause of the smaller nationalities. Until Ireland is restored to her rightful place as a self-governing nation within the Empire men will be found willing in Ireland to risk their lives in promoting rebellion.

It is difficult to explain the complete change of sentiment in Ireland as English law took toll of the leaders of the insurrection. Only those who have lived in that country can appreciate the revulsion of feeling that came over Irishmen all over the world as the ruthless work of Maxwell's secret courts-martial began to tell on public opinion. This was not confined to Irishmen. English journals hostile to Irish Home Rule promptly perceived that there was something amiss in the government of a country that could produce such a rising and that could prompt a man of the

calibre of John Dillon to make a speech in the House of Commons that recalled the worst days of the Land League. The full facts are not yet available, but the shooting, by order of an officer, of Sheehy-Skeffington, a non-combatant and pacifist who was trying to prevent looting, and who was not connected in any way with the rising, shows that some things took place on the military side which aroused the indignation of the Irish people. The wholesale arrests throughout the country and the deportation of thousands of suspects were not calculated to allay the fierce resentment which martial law had created. Two things emerge from the controversy which events in Dublin have aroused. Whereas before the rising the Sinn Fein forces were a negligible quantity as compared with the rest of Nationalist Ireland, Maxwell's regime has tended to range Nationalist Ireland, at home and abroad, on the side of the rebels. Contrast this with the aftermath of rebellion in South Africa, where De Wet, actively engaged in supporting the German enemy, was amnestied, and it must be admitted that English statesmen have blundered badly in discriminating against the Irish rebels. By Irishmen the Maxwell regime—the rule of the same military caste that took the side of Carson before the war—is regarded as an invasion of their national rights. The man who refuses to allow either Ottawa or Quebec to interfere in the domestic affairs of Ontario too often looks with another eye at the interference of England in Irish affairs. Obsessed by the dramatic rising in Dublin, he does not stop to examine the validity of England's claim to rule Ireland as a Crown Colony. All Irishmen to-day are rebels. The Carsonites are armed and pledged to use these arms for the defeat of a British Act of Parliament. These Ulster rebels, with their Provisional Government, threatened before the war to seek the aid of Germany in resisting the claim of the British Parliament

to legislate for Ireland. In threatening to rebel, in locking up police and customs officers during the Larne gun-running episode, when German arms were illegally imported, these Ulster Carsonites were rebels against English rule in Ireland. Carson, as the chief rebel, was punished by being offered a seat in the British Cabinet. His chief lieutenants, Sir F. E. Smith, K.C., and James H. Campbell, K.C., were also honoured by receiving fat jobs in the Coalition Ministry. Rebellion, in the eyes of the Asquiths and Maxwells, is commendable in the case of the Carsonites; it is an atrocious crime, to be stamped out in blood, when undertaken by men who claim the right that Englishmen claim, the right to self-government. Carson laid down the principle that the British Parliament had no right to destroy the veto of the Lords or to pass a Home Rule Bill for Ireland. In other words, he challenged British authority in Ireland. What more, in the eyes of the law, have the Sinn Feiners done, if we except the bloodshed? They have paid the penalty for their illegal acts, but there is no Irish Nationalist to-day who does not honour their memory. It is said by cold-blooded materialists that rebellion is only justified by success. The success of the latest Irish rebellion is admitted on all sides by the striking unanimity with which the press of the United Kingdom demands a change in the government of Ireland. Irishmen will not halt in their loyalty to the Allied cause in Europe, but English rule in Ireland is an anachronism which no Canadian would tolerate for a day if applied to this Dominion.

*

The bilingual controversy in Canada has reached a climax. Led by Sir Wilfred Laurier, the debate in the Federal House disclosed a serious

rift in the Liberal ranks. Why the question ever reached the Dominion House without first being threshed out at a Liberal convention is one of those mysteries that puzzles the man in the street. Politics in Canada are centralized in party caucuses. Policies are formulated and plans of campaign engineered by select coteries of self-appointed leaders, and the rank and file must vote as directed. On the bilingual issue it is difficult for any intelligent man who understands the facts of the case and who is not swayed by passion or prejudice to give a hearty yea or nay to either side as represented in the debate at Ottawa. Schopenhauer's dictum—"The more languages you know the more times man you are"—needs to be impressed on the minds of English-speaking nations. Germany's industrial rise in a single generation has been attributed to various causes, but in the opinion of Germans themselves the world-wide range of their trade and commerce is due to the German "drummer", who to highly technical training and ready adaptability added the gift of tongues. This triumph in lingual science was seen before the war in the "peaceful penetration" of German trade ambassadors in every corner of the earth. It is witnessed to-day at the front in the wonderful efficiency of the German war interpreters' organization, which gives such cohesion to the Prussian war machine in its diplomatic as well as in its military conflicts with the Allies. The bilingual controversy in Canada will not be settled by taking cover behind Provincial rights. If Canada is to play a part in world commerce commensurate with her enormous resources and potentialities, provincialism, whether of Quebec or Ontario, must be merged in a sane nationalism.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

HEARTS AND FACES

BY JOHN MURRAY GIBBON. Toronto:
S. B. Gundy.

THERE is to this novel a spice and movement that one does not always hope to find in the work of a Canadian writer or coming from a Canadian publisher. But although the author has lived in Canada for several years, he is a Scot of the Scots, and the novel was first published in England. Besides being a Scot himself, Mr. Gibbon is the author as well of another book, "Scots in Canada", which was widely read, particularly in Great Britain, after its publication a few years ago. There is nothing provincial about the present novel, and as its appeal is cosmopolitan, its style excellent, its characters lifelike, and its moral unstated, it should have a wide sale. It is the record of a young man, George Grange, of Aberdeen, who casts aside his college books and on the advice of an old artist takes up brushes and paints. There are delightful descriptions of scenes and happenings in Aberdeen, where fifteen pounds for the payment of college fees and the expenses of living during the Winter Session was "bed-rock economy". Reid, the artist, and the Aberdonian as well, is a distinctive personality. So is Wolseley Greville, the dashing young Englishman who seemed always to be dragging some young girl to her ruin. It was in a saloon on the other side of Union Bridge that Grange first saw Greville, the same Greville whom he was to encounter later at Paris, and again, and tragically, in London.

"Union Bridge ! How many tragedies and comedies have crowned your single span ! The street narrowed when it topped your arch, for the councillors who built you loved economy, and a little jostling mattered less if it meant a bawbee more in each ratepayer's pocket. You were narrowest on Sundays, when those trim troops of church-goers smiled to themselves on their way to their respective pulpits—the East Kirk and the West Kirk, the Free, and the Established—each with its hour and a half's entertainment for a penny in the plate. You were perhaps broadest when the night had thrown its cover over staggering steps or a nod to a giggling girl. Underneath your passage of night and day was the traffic of the trains, and on your granite blocks the occasional rumble of Bain's old cabs. You were the meeting-place and the dividing-place of East and West, of work and leisure."

Tender become one's feelings for that old bridge. And there are many more such tendering passages in the book and many revelations of humour. Commenting on Grange's leaving Aberdeen to pursue elsewhere, in a broader field, the art of painting, the author makes these subtle observations:

"One spirit flames through the Aberdonian, and that is the spirit of ambition. If he sees no chance of realizing that in his own city, out he goes, irrepressible emigrant, to make his fortune somewhere else. Self-confidence is his passport, and difficult indeed would be the frontier that could stop him. Not a brilliant brain, but a terrific worker, he just as often gets to where he wants to in the end."

Then we have his pertinent question and reply:

"What would have happened if all the Aberdonians had stayed in Aberdeen ? Surely there would have been civil war."

George Grange was one of these restless, ambitious Aberdonians. Fretted by Reid and responding to his own leanings, he sets out for London. There he meets artists, art students, and artists' models. The life of the average student of art is well revealed—the Bohemian atmosphere, the temptations, the lack of discipline. Delicate situations are most delicately handled, and yet not squeamishly. Throughout all these Grange works his way manfully, and at length he reaches a position of eminence as an artist. And throughout all, also, flit the characters that make the pages live—Ethel the model; Claire, likewise a model, and daughter of Greville, whom Greville tries to seduce, not knowing their relationship; and, of course, Greville himself, the kind of villain who stops at no depth of villainy.

Grange soon becomes homesick, and we find him hurrying back to Reid and to his former associations. With Reid he goes out to Stonehaven, and as a result we have this charming bit of description:

“Stonehaven’s harbour snuggled under Downie Point, whereas an open beach stretched north half a mile or so to the tiny harbour of Cowie, near which the low tide uncovered rocks slippery with seaweed. Mysterious pools enticed the children to search for starfish and anemones and soft-shelled crabs. On the pier at Cowie harbour small boys fished for the poodlies that swam in millions through the clear water. Like the old ‘Stanehive’, Cowie village had its red-tiled roofs, warm against the cool green sward of Cowie braes or the gray slaty sea.

“The Cowie burn had its bed alongside the beach, then twined up inland past the tennis greens, where it yielded an astonishing supply of flounders to the summer visitors, then half a mile or so to St. Kieran’s Well, with rocky shores under the railway viaduct, and so into a glen of pools forbidden except to privileged rods. A pretty, sparkling stream in sunny weather, it was a furious spate after rain, with dull brown flood wherein swam many sturdy trout.”

From these scenes Grange returns to his life as artist in London, and there in the end we leave him. We

should like to know more of him, because we have to leave him just as, so we feel, he might marry and live happily ever afterward. But we are done at any rate with Greville. We are back in Aberdeen, and so is he, and so is Grange. We are in a hospital, and there on tables we see the outlines of human figures covered with cloths.

“Browser carefully dried his hands and drew back the cloth from the centre figure.

“‘Look here,’ he said, ‘this is the one I’m working on’.

“‘Wolseley Greville! Good God!’

“‘Yes, we get our bodies from the work-house. Curious that one who so degraded his university should come to lie on its dissecting tables. The only occasion on which his presence has been of service. A most interesting body’.”

*

ESSAYS AND LITERARY STUDIES

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THE material of this volume will not provoke as much laughter as the author’s other books have provoked, but nevertheless it will be read with relish by many who like to receive opinions that have at least some semblance of novelty. And whether Mr. Leacock’s opinions are novel or not, they at any rate are presented in a novel way. The first contribution to the book is “The Apology of a Professor”, an essay on modern learning. He starts off as follows:

“I know no more interesting speculation, nor any more calculated to allow of a fair-minded difference of opinion, than the inquiry whether a professor has any right to exist. *Prima facie*, of course, the case is heavily against him. His angular overcoat, his missing buttons, and his faded hat, will not bear comparison with the double-breasted splendour of the stock broker or the *Directoire* fur gown of the cigar-maker. Nor does a native agility of body compensate for the missing allurements of dress. He cannot skate. He does not shoot. He must not swear. He is not brave. His mind, too, to the outsider at any rate, appears defective and seriously damaged by education. He cannot appre-



MR. JOHN MURRAY GIBBON

Author of a new novel entitled "Hearts and Faces". He is of Scottish descent, a graduate of Oxford, has studied philosophy in Germany, art at Paris, and has travelled extensively. He is an official of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and has a lovely home at Ste. Anne. He is the author of a former book entitled "Scots in Canada".

ciate a twenty-five-cent novel or a melodrama or a moving picture-show, or any of that broad current of intellectual movement which soothes the brain of the business man in its moments of inactivity."

Not a bad beginning. Good enough to entice anyone to read on. And, having read on, the end will come only too soon. The end, indeed, is a chapter entitled "A Rehabilitation of

Charles II." In between there are chapters on "American Humour", "The Woman Question", and, besides others, "The Amazing Genius of O. Henry". All these are serious essays, so that if anyone should be looking only for fun he should look elsewhere. But fun may be found perhaps in this very book, for, for instance, "The Woman Question" closes with the ob-

servation that preachers have a way of closing their sermons by "leaving their congregations with a thought". So he concludes:

"With the readers of this essay I do the same. I leave them with the thought that perhaps in the modern age it is not the increased freedom of woman that is needed, but the increased recognition of their [her] dependence. Let the reader remain agonized over that till I write something else."

*

MOBY LANE AND THERE-ABOUTS

BY A. NEIL LYONS. London: John Lane.

THIS is a volume of short stories of much finer calibre than one usually encounters. It is written by a real English humourist, and when one speaks of English humour one is supposed to be speaking of the best. The stories embrace many quaint characters and conversations. We quote the following:

"You have given up chimney-sweeping, then?" I inquired.

"Oh, no, sir," answered Mr. Toovey. "That be my trade. I were apprenticed to the chimbley-sweeping."

"You have, at any rate, discontinued chimney-sweeping for the present?"

"I won't say that, sir," answered Mr. Toovey. "No, I won't say that! That be my trade, you see, sweeping chimbleys."

"Then why not sweep my chimney?" I persisted.

"You see, sir," explained Mr. Toovey. "I aren't swep' neer a chimbley for months and months—not since my eldest boy went orf to America. I doos a bit o' cobberlin' and I doos a bit o' 'iggerlin' and sometimes I sells fish and wood. But I reckons to be retired from business, really. My wife could tell you more about it

than I can, on'y my wife she be at Worthin', where our daughter live."

"Anyhow, I can't depend on you to sweep my chimney, Mr. Toovey."

"I wouldn't say that, sir. You see, I reckens to be a chimbley-sweep be trade. On'y I got some wood to attend to—they faggots over at Theobald's. I ought to be attendin' to them now, on'y me wife she be away and I gotter stop and mind the place yere."

"I see that I'm not to expect you tomorrow, Mr. Toovey, but perhaps," I suggested, "you could come and clean my chimney some other morning—when you are free to leave this place."

"Free to leave this place!" echoed Mr. Toovey. "Oh, I dare say, come to that, I'm as free to leave my place as what anybody else is. Only I choose to stop 'ere. You had better come again, young man, and see the Missus."

"You think, then," I ventured to assume, "that you will be able to come some other morning and—"

"I can't say naarthun about that," said Mr. Toovey. "I aren't swep' a chimbley out for ever so long—not since my eldest boy went orf to America. You'll 'ave to see the Missus about it."

"Perhaps," I said, "you can recommend me to some other chimney-sweep, Mr. Toovey?"

Mr. Toovey shook his head. "That I can't," he replied. "I be the on'y proper chimbley-sweep this side o' Lawes. You won't better me if you walk five miles."

*

THE BARS OF IRON

BY ETHEL M. DELL. Toronto: William Briggs.

THE author of "The Way of an Eagle" gives in this her latest novel the story of two healthy young persons whose vicissitudes and interrupted love affairs will doubtless be of absorbing interest to a great many readers. It is not a powerful novel, nor yet a weak one, but it has certain qualities that attract the average readers.



From the painting by Bertha Des Clayes.

THE NORTHWEST ARM

Haligonians justly are proud of the Northwest Arm, a stretch of sea that embraces the best residential section of Halifax and provides numerous opportunities for safe boating and bathing. It is a great sight on Regatta Day, or for that matter, on any Saturday afternoon in summer, to see the Arm, with its myriads of devotees, sparkling in the sun. Melville Island, close by, displays an old military prison, and here and there among the trees one catches glimpses of brightly-painted bungalows and summer homes. At times the water is so calm and clear that one can look over the sides of a small boat and see starfish lying on the bottom and watch other curious inhabitants of the sea.



THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLVII

TORONTO, JULY, 1916

NO. 3

QUEER THINGS

By Dr. W. J. Grenfell

I CANNOT even pose as an authority on queerness. In the dictionary it is described as odd, whimsical, and of course what seems queer in that sense, at first sight, becomes commonplace with familiarity.

Twenty-eight years ago I went on a winter Cruise in the North Sea as surgeon to the fishing fleets. I arrived at Great Yarmouth and drove to where my ship was said to be situated. It was dark, and snow was on the ground. I descended, at the cabman's invitation, but saw no sign of any ship.

"Where's the vessel?" I demanded.

"Why, there," he answered, pointing out two poles, which, coming as I did straight from work near the London docks, seemed like two flag poles.

Walking carefully to the edge of

the bank I peered over the side, and saw a small sailing-boat the size of a canal barge. I not only saw "queer" but felt "queer". I descended by the rigging—after which my London clothes looked queer. A liberal coating of tar and oil had just been applied to the little ship, preparing her for the severe tests she was about to meet outside the harbour.

It appeared queer to a stray journalist who visited us during the voyage to see a professional person in sea boots and a sweater, counting the pulse of a pachydermatous giant in the darkened bunk of a rolling fishing-smack, with an eight-day clock held under his disengaged arm. But no device to replace losses was queer to a member of the crew of a dogger-bank fishing-boat in those old days before "steam came up".

It seemed queer to me to see men get up in the middle of every night in the foulest weather and depth of darkness, clothe themselves like knights of old in shining coats of mail and march round and round and round a capstan on the low dock of a sixty-ton boat, while one hand stood at the companion ready to shout "jump" every time a bigger wave than usual threatened to turn the boat completely upside down; and it seemed queerer still to know that they did it every night, that sometimes the task took three or four hours to accomplish, and that, after all, nothing was gained by it. It was rather queer, too, to see them come below and lie down in their bunks, pipes in their mouths, and their legs hanging over the side to let their streaming socks dry while they slept, before they were at it again—and yet be as happy under the circumstances, yes, and happier, than I have known men to be in lovely homes, with everything that money could give them. But that, too, became commonplace.

It was an odd sight one night on deck, as by the dim light of the hurricane lantern, I examined the haul of fish and other prizes out of our big net, to see suddenly that we had picked up a friend who had been lost overboard from another vessel of our fleet, two or three days before.

To me it was queer the first time I sighted the coast of Labrador, and saw a huge whale jump clear out of the ocean as easily as does a small trout in a pool, especially when it appeared that he must fall on to our little craft, which was no bigger than he. It was queer to find that he was being chased by an enemy a hundredth part of his own size. But now that I have been whale hunting, the trout is just as whimsical.

In strictly professional work, oddities of the balance of mind and matter have seemed to me the queerest. On one occasion I was called to see a great burly fisherman, a married man, who had done exceedingly well

and had a nice house and outfit. I found him in bed in the middle of his living-room. Examination showed him to be perfectly sound. It was impossible to persuade him of the fact, however, and he remained in bed a year more, convinced that "his time had come". After that, for no apparent reason whatever, he suddenly changed his mind, got up, and went about his business just as usual. Seeing that experience among these world's workers is usually all the other way, and most of the men neglect all warnings of nature, throwing away their chances of recovery by delaying to seek for help till too late, this man's action was queer.

On one occasion, passing the entrance of a large bay, the watch noticed a smoke column, telling us that help was needed. Steaming up the inlet, we met a boat coming out, with a man's clothes suspended from a wood cross in the bow.

"Simon has been out of his mind for six weeks," they informed us, "and us can do nothing with him. Will you take him to the hospital with you?"

"I'll come and see."

On landing, I was led to an empty outhouse near the man's home; and in there I found the luckless Simon, spread out, his hands and feet tied fast to the corners of one of the picture-frames in which the skins of large seals are wont to be stretched for drying. Besides his having tried to set fire to the house, the mystery of madness had raised a sort of superstitious fear in the other men's minds.

The only way open was to carry the poor fellow south with us and put him under proper treatment. Accordingly, I ordered him to be taken aboard. Shortly after returning to the ship, I was called on deck by the horrified mate, who was thoroughly frightened, probably for the first time in his life. For the boat was along side, and the men, afraid apparently to let the mad man

loose, had hoisted him over the side still stretched in the seal frame. That night, having no one to watch him specially, we put a feather mattress on the iron casement of the engine-room, in the little house allotted to our oil tanks, and locked him in securely. In the morning a huge commotion on deck called me hurriedly aft. Simon was a half-bred Eskimo, tawny and hairier and uglier than any man I had ever seen. He had got loose out of his house when the engineer had come up for some oil in the morning watch. During the night he had torn off and torn up every rag of his clothing and stuffed it down the ventilation pipe, so that he could not recover it. He had torn up the feather mattress, and, having apparently liberally oiled himself, had rolled in the feathers, and was now sitting on a cask by the rail, singing a hymn from a large red hymn book—the only piece of personal property still remaining to him. The capture and re-committal of Simon was a very queer sight. Likewise were the crew after the event.

After a year in the south, our friend came back, clad in all the sanity of which he had ever been capable. Having raised a collection and fitted him out, we gave him a passage back to his old home.

Next winter my colleague taking care of the northern Labrador Coast was on his lonely round when he turned his dogs up a long, narrow Bay, to make, at our request, an examination of a schooner that had gone ashore there in the fall of the year, and about the fate of which suspicion had been roused. It was thought that she had been purposely cast away so as to get the insurance for her.

That section of the coast was absolutely uninhabited. We had heard that Simon had been getting on well, and through his first season had fished and hunted just as before. But this fall he had made a failure, and caught next to nothing, so that he could not buy a winter "diet". What

he had caught he had taken aboard a trading-vessel and exchanged for a second-hand gramophone and some records. Later he had disappeared, going north with the gramophone, an ancient, single-barrelled, muzzle-loading gun, one old sea-gull which he had shot before the bay froze up—and nothing more.

As my colleague approached the end of the Inlet, he saw the wreck lying on her side, high up on an ice barrier, having been heaved up by the heavy ice which rafted and froze in miniature mountains, growing with every rise and fall of the tide. Suddenly, he admitted afterwards, a creepy feeling went down his spine, for he seemed to see in this forsaken end of nowhere a tiny column of smoke ascending from the vessel's side. There was no sign of a human being anywhere, and had he been alone without a driver, he says, he thinks he would have left that examination for someone else to pursue. On getting quite close to the hull, he was still further surprised to hear the sounds of martial music reverberating from the old ship. Stopping his dogs, he approached cautiously, and before climbing the side he shouted loudly to call the attention of any possible earthly inmate. Meeting no response, he threw a large ice chunk up over the rail. It rolled down the slanting deck with an uncanny noise, redoubled by the hollow hull and the absolute silence of the bay.

Then suddenly, from a hole in the boat's side, popped up the ugliest, unshaven, tawny head that the doctor had ever seen. It was, of course, Simon, who had converted the wreck into his home, had installed himself and his gramophone in it, and, like a second Alexander Selkirk, was imitating Robinson Crusoe, only under somewhat different circumstances.

Next summer, when I came along in my hospital boat, Simon was still there, but he was not alone, for he was now the proud possessor of a wife.

FROM THE TRENCHES

By Patrick Macgill

Author of "Children of the Dead End" etc

No. 3—WOUNDED

"SOME min have all the luck that's agoin'," said Corporal Flaherty. "There's Murney, and he has been at home two times since he came out here. Three months ago he was allowed to go home and see his wife and to welcome a new Murney into the wurl. Then in the Loos, too, he got a bit of shrapnel in his heel and now he's home again. I don't seem to be able to get home at all. I wish I had got Murney's shrapnel in my heel . . . I'm sick of the trenches; I wish the war was over."

"What were you talking to the Captain about yesterday?" asked Rifleman Barty, and he winked knowingly.

"What the devil is it to you?" inquired Flaherty.

"It's nothin' at all to me," said Barty. "I would just like to know."

"Well, you'll not know," said the Corporal.

"Then maybe I'll be allowed to make a guess," said Barty. "You'll not mind me guessin', will yer?"

"Hold yer ugly jaw!" said Flaherty, endeavouring to smile, but I could see an uneasy look in the man's eyes. "Ye're always blatherin'."

"Am I?" asked Barty, and turned to us.

"Corp'ril Flaherty," he said, "is goin' home on leave to see his old woman and welcome a new Flaherty into the world, just like Murney did three months ago."

Flaherty went red in the face, then white. He fixed a killing look on Barty and yelled at him: "Up you get on the firestep and keep on sentry till I tell you ye're free. That'll be a damned long time, me boy!"

"You're a gay old dog, Flaherty," said Barty, making no haste to obey the order. "One wouldn't think that there was so much in you; isn't that so, my boys? Papa Flaherty wants to get home!"

Barty winked again and glanced at the men who surrounded him. There were nine of us altogether, sardined in the bay of a trench that ran across the fields between Loos and Hulloch. Nine! Flaherty, whom I knew very well, a Dublin man, with a wife in London; Barty, a Cockney of Irish descent; the "cherub," a stout youth with a fresh complexion, soft red lips and tender blue eyes; a sergeant, a very good fellow, and kind to his men . . . The others I knew only slightly. One of them a boy of nineteen or twenty had just come out from England; this was his second day in the trenches.

The Germans were shelling persistently all the morning, but missing the trench every time. They were sending big stuff across, monster 9.2 shells which could not keep pace with their own sound; we could hear them panting in from the unknown—three seconds before they had crossed our trench to burst in Bois Hugo, the wood at the rear of our line. Big shells can be seen in air and look to us like beer bottles whirling in space; some of the men vowed they got thirsty when they saw them. Lighter shells travel more quickly: we only become aware of these when they burst; the boys declare that these messengers of destruction have either got rubber heels or stockinged soles.

"I wish they would stop this shelling," said the Cherub in a low, patient voice. He was a good boy, he loved everything noble, and he had a generous sympathy for all his mates. Yes, and even for the men across the way who were enduring the same hardships as himself in an alien trench.

"You know, I get tired of these trenches sometimes," he said diffidently. "I wish the war was over and done with."

I went round the traverse into another bay less crowded, sat down on the fire-step, and began to write a letter.

I had barely written two words when a shell in stockinged soles burst with a vicious snarl, then another came plonk! . . . A shower of splinters came whizzing through the air. Round the corner appeared a man walking hurriedly, unable to run because of a wound in the leg; another followed with a lacerated cheek, a third came along crawling on hands and knees and sat down opposite on the floor of the trench.

How lucky to have left the bay was my first thought, then I got to my feet and looked to the man opposite. It was Barty. "Where did you get hit?" I asked.

"There!" he answered, and pointed

to his boot which was torn at the toe-cap. "I was just going to look over the top when the shell hit, and a piece has gone right through my foot near the big toe. I could hear it breaking through; it was like a dog crunching a bone. Gawd! it doesn't 'arf give me gyp!"

I took the man's boot off, and saw that the splinter of shell had gone right through, tearing tendons and breaking bones. I dressed the wound.

"There are others round there," an officer, coming up, said to me.

I went back to the bay which I had just left to write my letter. The bay was littered with sandbags and earth, the parapet had been blown in. In the wreckage I saw Flaherty, dead; the Cherub, dead; and five others were disfigured, bleeding and lifeless. Two shells had burst on the parapet, blown the structure in, and killed seven men. Many others had been wounded; those with slight injuries hobbled away, glad to get free from the place; boys who were badly hurt lay in the clay and chalk, bleeding and moaning. Several stretcher-bearers had arrived, and were at work dressing the wounds. High velocity shells were bursting in the open field in front, and shells of a higher calibre were hurling bushes and branches sky high from Bois Hugo.

I placed Barty on my back, and carried him down the narrow trench. Progress was difficult, and in places where the trench had been three parts filled with earth from bursting shells I had to crawl on all fours with a wounded man on my back. I had to move carefully round sharp angles on the way; but, despite all precautions, the wounded foot hit against the wall several times. When this happened the soldier uttered a yell, then followed it up with a meek apology. "I'm sorry, old man; it did 'urt awful!"

Several times we sat down on the fire-step and rested. Once when we sat, the Brigadier-General came along

and stopped in front of the wounded man.

"How do you feel?" asked the Brigadier.

"Not so bad," said the youth, and a wan smile flitted across his face. "It'll get me 'ome to England, I think."

"Of course it will," said the officer. "You'll be back in blighty in a day or two. Have you had any morphia?"

"No."

"Well, take two of these tablets," said the Brigadier, taking a little box from his pocket, and emptying a couple of morphia pills in his hand. "Just put them under your tongue and allow them to dissolve . . . Good luck to you, my boy!"

The Brigadier walked away; Barty placed the two tablets under his tongue.

"Now spit them out again," I said to Barty.

"Why?" he asked.

"I've got to carry you down," I explained. "I use one arm to steady myself and the other to keep your wounded leg from touching the wall of the trench. You've got to grip my shoulders. Morphia will cause you to lose consciousness, and when that happens I can't carry you any farther through this alley. You'll have to lie here till it's dark, when you can be taken across the open."

Barty spat out the morphia tablets and crawled up on my back again. Two stretcher-bearers followed me, carrying a wounded man on a blanket, a most harrowing business. The wounded man was bumping against the floor of the trench all the time, the stretcher bearer in front had to walk backwards, and the one at the rear was constantly tripping on the folds of the blanket. A mile of trench had to be traversed before the dressing-station was reached, and it took

the party two hours to cover that distance. An idea of this method of bringing wounded away from the firing-line may be gathered if you place a man in a blanket and, aided by a friend, carry him across the floor of your drawing-room. Then, consider the drawing-room to be a trench, so narrow in many places that the man has to be turned on his side to get him through, and in other places so shaky that the slightest touch may cause parados and parapet to fall in on top of you.

For myself, I seldom, except when a peculiar injury necessitates it, use a blanket. I prefer to place the wounded person prone on my back, get a comrade stretcher-bearer to hold his legs, and thus crawl out of the trench with my burden. This, though trying on the knees, is not such a very difficult feat.

"How do you feel now, Barty?" I asked my comrade, as we reached the door of the dressing-station.

"Oh, not so bad, you know," he answered. "Will the M.O. give me some morphy when we get in?"

"No doubt," I said.

I carried him in and placed him on a stretcher on the floor. At the moment the doctor was busy with another case.

"Chummy," said Barty, as I was moving away.

"Yes," I said, coming back.

"It's like this, Pat," said the wounded boy. "I owe Corporal Darvy a 'arf-crown, Tubby Sinter two bob, and Jimmy James four packets of fags—Woodbines. Will you tell them when you go back that I'll send out the money and fags when I go back to blighty?"

"All right," I replied. "I'll let them know."

"And the morphy, too," he whispered.

AFTER THE WAR, WHAT?

By S. J. Hood

WHAT we should do after the war is a matter so easy and simple that voluble decisions have already been rendered on every hand. What we *will* do is a question filled with inviting difficulties. It is safe to venture on the uncertain field with the broad Apocalyptic paraphrase that he that is unjust will be unjust still, and he that is filthy will be filthy still, and he that is righteous will be righteous still, and he that is holy will be holy still. This may be questioned by those who look for cataclasmic changes in individual natures through violent social, military or religious upheavals, but as a rule racial heritage is entailed.

Anxiety as to means of restoring the material loss can be relieved by the assurance that the waste of war is but little greater than the waste of peace. Destruction in one quarter must be offset by proportionate economy in another. The world can never indulge in or become addicted to unusually great waste, because the world always lives "from hand to mouth". It never has anything important to waste. Great fortunes are delusions, so far as they consist of title deeds, franchises, special privileges, advantages and the bonded debts of the many to the few. These could all be cancelled at any time without leaving the world any poorer.

The problem of restoring waste need cause no uneasiness in a world of perpetually narrow margins.

The real wealth in existence is estimated, on an average, at about four years' production. In shelter or housing we are more than four years ahead, but in food and clothing we are much less, in fact only a few months away from want. In the implements of trade, manufacture and transportation we have about four years' supply. Accuracy in this estimate is, of course, impossible, but the duration of every form of wealth can be approximated. If the war lasts four years the world's average wealth will be reproduced during its continuance. All the houses will not be rebuilt, but the food and clothing will be reproduced several times. Fear for the destruction of vast stores of wealth is evidently groundless, and there is no cause for alarm over daily waste.

Comparisons with the waste of peace are reassuring. The reported enlistment of six men-servants from an aristocratic household may serve as an illustration. The energy of their lives would have been wasted anyway. The waste is not increased by taking them to the trenches, and the burden of their maintenance is not materially altered or shifted. If the crew of a wealthy man's yacht enlist there is no addition to the burden.

Their lives were being wasted and the coal they would have shovelled might have represented as much loss or destruction as the shells they will throw at the enemy. For the unemployed, a formidable element at any time, to enlist does not increase the waste. The economic pressure that keeps an element unemployed also keeps the majority less noticeably half-employed. They are capable of filling positions of greater productiveness and proportionate returns. This great element of idleness, eluding the most conscientious statistician, is taken up by the removal of a large number to the ranks, and the filling of their places by promotions, changes and the extension of individual services. To this extent there is no additional economic loss. Transferring old losses and wastes, instead of creating new ones, is suggested by the calculation of the British Chancellor of the Exchequer that one duke costs as much as three dreadnoughts. The drain of wealth through a great increase in the outlay on dreadnoughts can be avoided by a proportionate reduction of the outlay on dukes. This can be effected by income or land taxation. The products of a large farm would be required to pay for the costumes of a social entertainment. If, in the exigencies of war, these products are used to maintain the soldiers, and the private entertainers are forced to do without the special costumes, the war is in that regard conducted without any special outlay. It is apparent that much of the loss which goes to make up a formidable array of statistics is really no loss whatever.

In Canada the people have not undertaken the creation of dukes, but they have created several millionaires who are quite as costly and burdensome. If the production of them is suspended or restricted during the war the creation of new burdens will be avoided. War will merely substitute one kind of waste for another. An important influence making good the

great destruction of war is the multitude of economies forced on the producing classes. It is almost as important to cut down the multitudinous wastes of the producers as the few gigantic wastes of dukes and millionaires. An inexpensive method of housing and feeding the rich would effect greater material economies than all the housing and feeding projects designed by earnest and wealthy philanthropists, but economy will be forced among all classes.

The real losses of war are the masterpieces of architecture and other inherited treasures from an age of loftier artistic impulse. But one of the world's greatest archaeological treasures was recently overwhelmed, in time of peace and in spite of protests, to carry out some irrigation projects in the decrepit East, and the outrages by western millionaires on the world's æsthetic sense outshame the worst that has been charged, in that respect, against the war-mad Germans. Regarding war comparatively may soften some lines of its grim visage. The material and æsthetic losses are not as much greater during war than during peace as their spectacular aspect would suggest.

The human sacrifice from which we all recoil in horror is the momentous feature of the problem. Wealth restoration is a matter of a few months, but human restoration will require twenty years or perhaps a quarter of a century. This has created two opposite lines of uneasiness, the fear of a great scarcity of workmen and the fear of a great returning force of discharged soldiers unable to find employment. These fears disturb respectively employers and employees. Both are relieved by a reminder that every employee must also be an employer. The girl who works for pin money rather than accept parental generosity makes a demand for the makers of pins and all other supplies. She may seem to be displacing some typist, but in the grand total of interlaced industry and commerce she is

not making nearly so great a displacement. If she and other productive workers were paid to the full extent of their service, they would become consumers or indirect employers to the extent of their usefulness, and such absurdities as over production could not develop. That, however, pertains rather to the popular field of what should be done than the uncertain sphere of prophecy.

As the wastes of peace begin to replace the wastes of war, and the transition will be rapid and almost sudden, a multitude of hands will be turned from the arts of destruction to the arts of production. There will be a spasmodic movement toward the land, but the pre-empting speculator, not being incommoded with farming machinery and other impedimenta will reach it first. That will soon bring the movement to its ordinary and abnormally diminutive proportions, in spite of such timid and impractical remedies as legislators will venture to attempt. In the perpetual superabundance of the human element in production, the ever-pressing scarcity of opportunities for productive work, returned soldiers will have the preference. Still the average citizen will be quite as eager as now to secure a job for his son, his dependent relative or the relative of his intimate friend. In Governmental affairs the preference for the returned soldier will be more marked. Yet the outwardly friendly member who goes in and pounds his Cabinet Minister's desk, vociferates that he spent his own good money to carry a constituency which no one else in the party could carry and threatens that if Tom doesn't get the job "there'll be doin's" will be likely to have his way.

Women will find usefulness in a wider range of occupations. The home has long emerged from the function of the mother's workhouse and the daughter's prison, and it will be still further removed from any such reproach. The notion that every woman worker displaces a man will be gra-

dually discarded. Under aboriginal conditions, still surviving with the large majority of the human race, woman is the worker and man the fighter—woman the sustainer and man the defender. Man has never systematically saved woman from work when doing so would entail physical work on himself. He will employ one woman to work for another, but as one woman never will work for another we have the servant problem, which, as Kipling would say, is another story. Almost every invention is aimed to restore the primitive condition. A fortune awaits the man who can transfer any important line of work from men to women, so minds are continually active in that direction.

The tendency will be aided by women's newly-revealed capacities. It will be an injurious change only to the extent to which work is excessive, and this may become formidable. It is not as the worker, the ancient position, but as the excessive worker, the modern position, that women are subjected to physical deterioration.

Any squaw would abandon the tent of her lord and master if compelled to work at the nerve-racking health-destroying speed of the race with machinery imposed on civilized women. The backward tendency will be marked in other respects. Wages will be crowded down nearer to the sustenance level. The many will emerge deeply in debt to the few who have been able to seize the opportunities. Interest on the bonded debt will be in consequence a greatly enlarged burden. The enduring cleavage will be between those who live by their own labour and those who live by the labour of others. The one class will be too weak to resist governmental encroachment or condemn governmental incompetence, and the other will have too much at stake to do so.

There will be spasmodic efforts toward removing the chief cause of war by making the production of naval and military equipment governmental monopolies in the leading

nations. National and international trusts depending on war or the menace of war for their dividends will be subjected to criticism. But reformatory efforts in this regard will not advance to any material extent beyond the Trades and Labour Councils, Single Tax associations, Socialist organizations and Women's Enfranchisement societies. It will be among the effective reforms that cannot obtain influential support and will not be adopted. It will be specially obvious, after the war, that futile reforms which make a somewhat spectacular appeal will be generously supported by work, wealth and influence, while such reforms as would be really effective and would achieve fundamental improvement will, through neglect and antagonism, be impossible of achievement. After the war the poor will be found giving largely to charity, not charities but charity. Sometimes a man or woman of wealth will undertake the maintenance of a poor family during a season of sickness or economically enforced idleness, but poor men, in incomparably larger numbers, will be taking care of next-door unfortunates. The futile search for the deserving poor, perfectly respectable but absolutely void of self respect, will be prosecuted with avidity. Victims of the system that produces enforced idleness, with its ramified baneful consequences, will be carefully investigated, but there will be no inquiry regarding its sustainers, defenders or beneficiaries. Scrupulous care will be taken to prevent charities overlapping, and it will be regarded as a reflection to live on the public bounty when it is done on a small scale.

National taxation will be used to hamper commerce and foster oppressive monopolies and equally oppressive individual and independent enterprises. There will be ineffectual movements in the opposite direction to restrict and harass those who levy the permitted overcharges through combined or monopolistic management. Britain will have a very narrow escape from a fatal lapse into protection. Employers will regard their employees as ungrateful, especially when the attributed ingratitude takes the form of objecting to low wages or long hours. Workmen will regard employers as natural and hereditary enemies who subject them to a process of slow, systematic deprivation.

In politics the majority will vote for the party into which they have been born. Funds for every campaign will be available from beneficiaries of legislative favours and from the direct recipients of bonuses and other subventions. Men of wealth will have no real political independence, for every interest that goes to make up their possessions will tie them up with many chords. They will generally be found, in consequence, on the side of the party in power. The lesser lights in politics will seek election, even when success involves sitting in a chamber where the one thing impossible is the discussion of legislation, and acting in unquestioning obedience to the dictates of a leader. Although the thirst for war will be dormant for a generation the old world will jog along much as it is jogging now. This is not a pessimistic attitude, for it is not a bad old world considering the obstacles it puts in its own way.



THE CHEECHAS OF SERBIA

By Paul Fortier Jones

WHEN the "Blue Order", so long expected, came in the latter part of September, 1915, to us in Bosnia, it meant that Serbia was stripping her war frontiers of all reserves and most of her first line troops. It meant that on the Drina only a skeleton army was left, while along the long frontiers of the Save and the Danube perhaps a hundred thousand men were spread and all the others (Serbia's whole army numbered about three hundred and fifty thousand) were to be massed along the Bulgarian border, to guard the nation's one hope—the single line of the Orient Railway from Saloniki to Belgrade. At about this time the English Parliament was being regaled with "the cordial feeling that always existed between England and the Bulgaria".

The next morning I watched the garrison at Vardishte file over the Shargon Pass to Kremna, the chief post of the Drina division, while the fourth line men, the Cheechas, were sent down to Vishégrad to take the first line places.

Of all the fresh, unhackneyed things that Serbia offered so abundantly to the western visitor, perhaps none is more indicative of the nation's real spirit, certainly none is more picturesque and appealing, than these Cheechas of the army. The word means "uncle", and in Serbia where

men age earlier than anywhere else on earth, it is popularly applied to men of more than thirty years. But the Cheechas of the fourth line range from forty-five to an indefinite limit. The Serb seems never too old to fight.

They had no uniforms, these patriarchs of the army, and, marching by, presented a beggar's array of tattered homespuns at once ludicrous and touching. To see their grandfathers in dirty rags, unwashed, half starved, blue with cold, drenched with rain, many of them suffering from rheumatism, scurvy, neuralgia, and in the last days of their nation's life dying by hundreds of wounds, cold and starvation, was one of the things the Serbs had to bear.

It was the Cheechas who first welcomed me to Serbia. I shall never forget my feelings when at Ghevgheli, the border town between Greece and Serbia, I looked out of the train window at my first Cheecha. Is this the typical Serbian soldier, I wondered, for he looked not a day under seventy, in spite of the broad grin on his face when he saw the party of American workers. It was midsummer and hot as southern Italy, but the old fellow was dressed about as heavily as we would be for a blizzard. On his shoulders he had a thick woollen cape of brown homespun, attached to which was a peeked hood designed to slip over the head in wet weather,

and which when in place added a bizarre, monk-like touch to the rest of his outlandish costume. Underneath the cape he wore a sleeveless jacket of sheepskin with the thick wool turned inside—this in July. Beneath the jacket was a shirt of linen, home manufactured, and he wore long trousers that fitted skin tight about his calves and thighs, but bagged fully like bloomers in the back. He had on thick woollen stockings, which he wore pulled over the trousers up to his knees like golf hose, and which were resplendent with wide borders of brilliant colours. On his feet were the half-shoe, half-sandal covering known as *opanki*. His queer get-up made one forget how old and forlorn he must be, for in spite of his cheerful face he could not have been happy, with nothing in life before him except the guarding of that scorching railway track, while his sons and grandsons died on the frontiers.

As I saw him standing there in the dust and heat, some dialect lines of Lanier came to me:

"What use am dis ole cotton stalk
when Life done picked my cotton!"

But that was because, like certain lady journalists, I was ignorant of Serbia. Not by a long way had "Life done picked" these Cheechas' "cotton". Nearly a million Germans, Austrians and Bulgarians did it a few months later, but the harvest, thank God, was not all one-sided.

As the slow-moving train crept north into Serbia, our acquaintance with the Cheechas grew. At every little bridge there were four of them, two at each end, living in tiny tepee-like shelters built of brush. At the stations companies of them were drawn up along the track, grotesque groups, nondescript and filthy, rifles of many makes slung over their stooping shoulders. They never failed to salute us and cheer us, their enthusiasm being mingled with a charming, naïve gratitude when we scattered American cigarettes among them.

When camping just outside Nish during the last weeks of July, there were three ancient Cheechas who passed our camp each afternoon at sunset on their way to sentry duty, and each morning just after sunrise they returned. We could never say anything to each other except "*Dobra vechie*" (good evening) and "*Dobra utro*" (good morning), but a friendship sprang up nevertheless. Month after month this was their occupation, oscillating from their filthy, vermin-infested abodes in Nish to that desolate hill top where, through the starlit or stormy nights, they watched. They had beaten out a narrow, dusty path through the upland pastures, monotonously treading which, munching hunks of black bread and large green peppers, they symbolized the Cheechas' existence.

Their childlike natures might lead one to suppose that as guards they would not be worth much, but this is wrong. Most guard duty is simple. You stand up and watch a place and when someone comes you challenge him. If his answer is satisfactory, good; if not, you cover him with your rifle and then march him in to your superior. If he disobeys, you shoot. Nothing is said about exemption. A sentry is no respecter of persons, and the simpler-minded he is the less of a respecter is he inclined to be.

One evening a man of our camp wandered to precincts sacred to our three Cheechas. He heard a loud "*stoy*", to which, instead of halting, he responded, "*Americanski*" and kept on going. Another "*stoy*" brought the same result and so a third. Then out of the dimness loomed a hooded figure, which, with an obsolete rifle, blazed away, above the trespasser's head, of course, but not greatly above it, a sort of William Tell calculation. Swifter than the roebuck came our wanderer home, down the dusty trail, hatless and breathless, wise in the ways of Cheechas.

Near Belgrade one night a gentleman of some military consequence de-

cided to inspect certain trenches. Depending upon his uniform and well-known name, he did not bother to get the pass-word.

"And do you know," he told me, "two bally old chaps from Macedonia, who spoke no known language, marched me a mile and a half to their Captain, and it was all he could do to convince the stern beggars that I had a right to my uniform and was really the British military attaché."

When fighting was going on with the Bulgarians, not very far from Nish last fall, one of the American Sanitary Commission, a hopelessly college-bred person, with strong laboratory instincts, wandered alone and unaided about the environs of the city, dreaming of hypothetical water supplies; and, dreaming thus, he wandered into realms he wot not of and, what mattered more, into the snug nest of two valiant Cheechas set to guard a road. Two days later inquiring government officials, set in motion by still more inquisitive friends, found him living the life and eating the food of the Cheechas. They had orders not to leave that post, and they were determined he shouldn't until an officer should see him.

In spite of this so inconvenient, unflinching devotion to the letter of the law, I found a softer side to the Cheechas. One afternoon at Nish I climbed a very steep and dusty trail up one of the neighbouring hills which overlooks for thirty miles or more the broad sweep of the Morava. Accompanying me was a delightful but really distressingly proper English lady whom I had recently met. A rich Balkan sunset across that valley was well worth the climb, we thought, but to the gay old Cheecha we found at the top it seemed incredible that any one not touched with the divine madness should make that exertion just to see the sun go down. With signs ingenious and embarrassing he made it known that duty held him there but that we need not mind, and thereupon, with a wink as inconspicuous as

the full moon, he turned his back upon us and so remained. We stood that back as long as it was humanly possible, and then arose to go, but he motioned us to stop, and running to a clump of bushes he pulled out a luscious melon—all his supper, I am sure—and with as obvious a "Bless you my children" as I ever saw, presented it to us.

They are made of a fine timber, these Cheechas, with amazing endurance and wearing qualities. Nothing seems to shake them. On one of my trips with M. Todolich we stopped for coffee in a little village near Zajechar. Of course, the only men in the café were very old specimens, too worn out even for Serbian military service. Several of these gathered round our table to hear what news M. Todolich could give, and one among them I especially noticed. I am sure Job in the last stages of his affliction approached this old fellow in appearance. He had had six sons, all of whom had been killed. His wife had died shortly before, and just the previous week a great flood on the river had completely destroyed his home and livelihood and had drowned his one daughter-in-law with her two little sons. What would you say to a man of seventy-five, who has watched his life go by like that? M. Todolich tried to say something, and I heard the Cheecha reply in a few Serbian words, the meaning of which I did not understand, nor how he could reply at all in that level, uncomplaining, perfectly calm tone.

"What did he say?" I asked the interpreter.

"He says, 'God's will be done,'" and that is all we heard him say.

At Dobrun four old cronies were detailed to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to our camp, and tirelessly they hewed and drew. When one considers the deep-rooted, constitutional aversion to prosaic work which is without doubt the Serb's worst drawback, this industry on their part appears at its true

value. A lady journalist measuring with her profound gaze the length and breadth and depth of Serbia, and the hearts of its people, in a junket of a couple of weeks or so, has insinuated the ungratefulness and cupidity of the Serbs. Nothing could be further from the truth. For the smallest acts their gratitude overflows all bounds and, as for pride, no peasants of Europe can approach these lowly people in their dislike of dependence. An appealing desire to show us at least their sense of thankfulness actuated even these old codgers to do things which by nature they despised doing.

At first our Bosnian *ménage* rotated around a refugee cook from Vishégrad who, had she not been Serb, would for certain have been Irish. She was a leisurely soul who refused to let any exigency whatever make her hasten. On the first pay day we missed her, and, searching the camp, finally found her in the potato cellar. Alas! she was a disciple of Omar and not to be awakened. So with the perfect courtesy that we never failed to encounter from Serbian officers, the Major at Vardishte sent us down his own cook, a Cheecha, and by far the sleekest, best-fed, most fortunate looking Cheecha I ever saw.

There was something undeniably Falstaffian in his nature, and he affected a certain elaborate mock dignity which made me present him at once with the respectful title of "Guspodin". "Guspodin Cook" we called him to his delight. He was soon referring to himself as "Guspodin Cook". While unpacking a box of old clothing sent out by well meaning people from England or America, we came across, amid filthy ball dresses and stiff-bosomed shirts, a battered top hat. It was a perfect example of the hat always seen askew on the swimming heads of stage inebriates, but it took Guspodin Cook's eye. From then on he was never seen without it whether peeling potatoes, carrying garbage, or spinning a yarn.

Only one thing on earth did he prefer to cooking, and that was telling stories. Sitting around the great fire which we always made of pine logs after supper, our American-Serb soldiers would get Guspodin Cook wound up, and they would translate for us. I could never rid myself of a sneaking suspicion that our honourable chef had never really seen a battle line—he was too good a cook. But I had no proof of this from his speeches. His *chef d'oeuvre*, the *pièce de résistance*, of his narrative larder, which he always got off while sitting tailor fashion, his "Al Jolson" hat cocked over one eye, went something like this:

"One day last winter after we had run the Suabas out of Serbia, and I was stationed up here I asked my captain to let me make a visit to my family at Valjevo. He told me I could so I started out to walk home. I got to Ouchitze in two days all right, and after resting there a little while, started out on the way to Valjevo. The road runs over the tops of the mountains, a wild country and hardly anybody lives there. Once in a while I found traces of the fighting that had been done the month before, but now the whole country was quiet and I met no one at all, not even any Serbian soldiers. About the middle of the afternoon I heard a cannon go off four or five kilometers away and I heard something terrible tear through the trees not far to my left. I couldn't imagine what a cannon was doing there with no army within fifty kilometers and no fighting going on at all. While I was wondering a big shell tore up the road a few hundred meters ahead of me. Then I knew the Suabas had slipped back into Serbia and I began to run. I heard a lot more shots and I kept on going. In an hour I came to a village where there were some gendarmes. I told them the Suabas were coming right behind me, but they said that I was a liar. Then I said for them to go back up the road on their horses and see. But they made me go back with them.

"We went to where the shot had hit the road, and while we were standing around looking at it, heard the cannon again, but the shell didn't come our way this time. We turned into a wood road that led in the direction from which the sound came. Soon we were nearly knocked off our horses by another shot which went off very near us, behind a lot of thick bushes

on our left. We stopped short to listen, but couldn't hear anything. The gendarmes were scared to death now, but I was all right. I said, 'Come on, let's go there and see who is shooting up the country'. They said it was mighty strange. Suabas wouldn't be acting like that and one of 'em, Mitrag, said a battle had been fought about where we were and a lot of good men killed and he didn't know—maybe some of 'em had come back to life.

"But I led up to the bushes and we crawled to where we could see a clear space behind. There was a Suaba field gun all right, and a lot of ammunition piled up. A good many empty shells were lying about too, but there wasn't anybody, no Guspodin, I swear it, not a sign of any Suaba or anybody around that place. The gendarmes lay there on their bellies, but I jumped up and ran to the gun crying 'Long Live Serbia'. I put my hand on the gun, but jerked it away mighty quick. It was hot enough to boil soup on almost. I picked up some of the shells and they were hot too. Guspodin, I began to shiver and jump about like a restless horse. Here was a hot gun and hot shells and no enemy in the country at all and nobody around the gun, and anyway the shots had been scattered all over the country without any aim. It seemed almost as if something or other had come back to life and was shooting that gun just because it was in the habit of doing it. I was about ready to go back to those gendarmes when they began to yell and start out through the brush like rabbits. 'There they are, get 'em, get 'em', they said and wouldn't stop to answer me. Then I decided the best thing for me was to get back to the horses, which I did.

"In a few minutes the gendarmes came up leading four boys about fifteen years old. They were clawing and biting and putting up a good fight. At last the gendarmes got them quiet and made 'em tell their story. They said they had found the gun and ammunition there, not long after the Suabas went away. They supposed they had gone in such a hurry that there wasn't time to break up the gun and our soldiers hadn't found it. They said they had been trying to make it go off for two weeks but had just found out how that day. They didn't mean any harm, it was fun and away out in the woods where they wouldn't hurt anybody, they said. That was enough: each one of us cut a long stick and took a boy for a half hour. Then we went off and reported the gun to the army."

With this simple final statement,

Guspodin Cook would always take off the top hat, wipe the noble brow beneath, and place it tenderly on again slanted at the opposite angle.

He also had a curious theory that by some strange sense children always foresee when war will come. He could give numerous examples to prove his statement, that whenever the children all over the country were seized with a desire to play at war, real war was sure to come soon. He said that in July of 1914 all over Serbia he had never seen the children playing soldier so much before, and lowering his voice, he told us that now he saw them at it again everywhere, so that "Something was coming soon". Heaven knows this prophecy at least was true!

Such were the Cheechas whom on that fine autumn morning I watched go down to Vishégrad. Our four orderlies were with them and also Guspodin Cook. His time had come at last. Serbia was now facing a period when no man able to stand alone could be spared from the battle line. Cheecha always has been a term of deep respect and love among the Serbs and rightly so, but after this war they will hold a ten times stronger lien on the affections of their country. Young troops, fresh and perfectly munitioned, were awaiting them in the enemy trenches on the Drina, troops that these old grandfathers could not hope to stop.

They knew what they were going into, they had no illusions. Distributing some thousands of cigarettes, with which I had become possessed, among them I gathered from words of their thanks how much hope they had of ever coming back. "These will be all I'll ever want—one gray-bearded scarecrow remarked to our interpreter when I gave him a hundred. He and the others seemed neither sorry nor glad. Somebody had to go. They were chosen and there was an end to it. They were as completely wiped out as troops can be, dying almost to a man. And during the nightmare

of the next ten weeks everywhere that the fourth line had to bear the brunt they distinguished themselves. Many episodes could be told, but the defense of Chachak is perhaps one of the most remarkable.

Chachak is on the narrow gauge Ouchitze Branch of the Orient Railway. Not far to the south is Kraljevo. When the first great onslaught of the Bulgarians carried them by sheer weight of numbers to the environs of Nish, the capital was moved to Chachak, supposedly a temporarily safe retreat. But the Germans, as usual, did not fight according to their enemies' surmise. Risking most difficult roads, they suddenly threatened the new capital from the northwest, forcing the government southward, first to Kraljevo, then to Rashka, Mitrovitze, Prizrend, and Scutari. The Cheechas defended Chachak. Three times the Germans wrested the town from them, and each time the Cheechas re-took it. Only when four-fifths of them had been put out of action did the Germans finally succeed in holding the place.

With rifles of every possible description, too old for real soldiers, rejected by the first three lines of defence, the Cheechas of Chachak faced as fine troops as Germany could muster, perfectly equipped, splendidly provisioned, and feeling with increasing assurance a whole nation crumbling before them. For the Cheecha knows not only how to thrive on a half pound of dry bread a day, and nothing else, he knows how to lie against a tree or turn himself into a stone, and with Serbia in her death grip, he only wished to die.

I believe the Cheechas felt the loss of their country more keenly than any one else. Most of them had lived through nearly all of her free history. Unlike the educated Serb, they could not see a bright political lining behind the present pall of blackness. But I have yet to hear a complaint from one of them. There was Dan,

one of the orderlies who retreated with the English nurses. He had been to America and he had numerous failings, but no one could see him at that time without forgetting everything except his grief. The suffering he underwent, the cold and hunger, seemed to matter nothing to him, but by the hour, at night, he would squat beside his smouldering fire and mumble, "Whata I care 'bout myself? Whata I 'mount to? 'T'ree million people lost, nuthin else don't matter! 'T'ree million people . . . t'ree million—lost!"

All Serbs love to sing, and most of their songs have a mournful tinge. The more uncomfortable the Serb becomes, the louder and longer he sings. When, seven weeks after Chachak, I passed a company of the fourth line on top of the Montenegrin Mountains, during those days when there was absolutely no food for them, when they saw their comrades drop by the hundred, dead of starvation, cold, and exhaustion, when not one foot of Serbian soil was free, separated from their families in all probability forever, at the best for years, miserable it seemed to me beyond all human endurance, the Cheechas were singing. I cannot forget that song. The fine sleet cut their faces and formed grotesque icicles on their woolly beards. The mountain wind blew their voices to shreds, voices mechanical, dreary, hopeless, unlike any Serbian's I had ever heard before. Not until I was right among them, did I recognize the song, a popular one that had sprung up since the war, its content being that "the Suabas are building houses, the Serbians shall live in; the Suabas are planting corn, the Serbians shall eat; the Suabas are pressing wine, the Serbians shall drink!"

The irony was sharp, but when one has lived in hell for ten weeks and is freezing to death on a mountain top, one hears no trivial sarcasms but only the great irony of life . . . or so the Cheechas seemed to feel.



THE FISHERMAYDEN

From the Painting by
R. Gemmel Hutchison,
a British Painter

Exhibited at the
Canadian National Exhibition

THE SAVING SENSE OF HUMOUR

By Estelle M. Kerr

ILLUSTRATED WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF WAR TIME CARTOONS

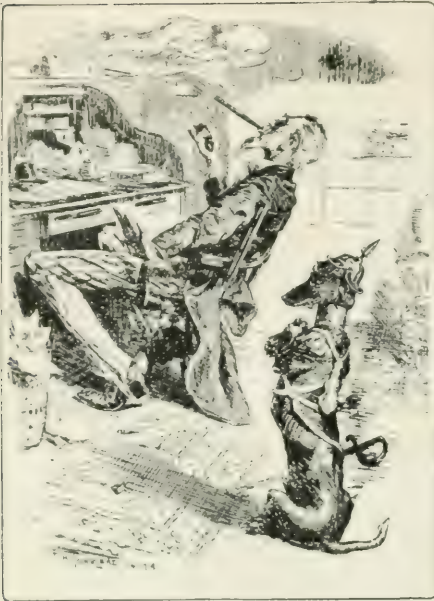
WHEN the gloom of despondency settles over a nation it is lost indeed, but many a cause has been won by a saving sense of humour. The spirit of the French aristocrats who laughed and jested as they mounted the steps of the guillotine is imperishable, and while we do not want to fiddle while Rome is burning, there is no reason why we should not have our little joke. *Punch* has never been so amusing as during the last twenty months, and since the fear of unpreparedness has laid hold of the American people the humour of the United States has taken a new lease of life.

Neutrals cannot wax merry over the war, but the Allies can jest because they also fight and suffer. There is no artist in any of the combatant nations who equals the burning irony of the great Dutch cartoonist Louis Raemaekers.

Brave old *Punch* is amazingly cheerful and continually good-tempered. Perhaps our sense of humour is quickened by suffering—court jesters were usually dwarfed and deformed—and *Punch* who is so typically English, who feels the cause so keenly, is fighting with his shafts of wit in open warfare, never stooping to be gross or slanderous. *Punch* cheers the heavy hearts in many an English home. The credit for the title and character of the cartoon seems to belong to *Punch*, who at the time of the

great exhibition of cartoons held in connection with a competition for frescoes in the new houses of parliament in 1843, jocularly ranged itself alongside the great artists of the day. The weekly cartoon which became an established favourite was a humorous or sarcastic comment upon the topic uppermost in the nations thought, and came gradually to replace the less subtle caricature.

The most famous cartoonist of the time is Louis Raemaekers of Amsterdam, who has stirred all the world by his vivid representation of the horrors of the Belgian invasion, the asphyxiating gases, the massacre of non-combatants. His works can be read without an interpreter in all quarters of the globe and will live as a perpetual denunciation of the Kaiser and his methods. Gazing at them, we experience the same horror we would feel if the crime were done at our very door. When we see the small child whose mother has been killed in the Zeppelin raids saying to her father who mourns beside the corpse, "But mother hasn't done anything wrong, has she, Daddy?" We are moved with savage disgust and burning indignation. And his cartoon that followed the execution of Edith Cavell sent a thrill through all Europe. Behind a parted curtain you see the soldier who has just cut off her head, and the Kaiser in the foreground is saying, "All right, now,



—Punch

AN ENGLISH CARTOON

"IMPERIAL DACHSHUND: 'Here I've been sitting up and doing tricks for the best part of seven weeks, and you take no more notice of me than if——'"

"UNCLE SAM: 'Cut it out!'"

bring in the protest of the American Minister". The Christ frequently enters into the cartoons of Raemaekers, but never with sacrilege. There is the Epiphany, with Germany, Austria and Turkey represented as the magi, bearing gifts of shells and bombs, from which the Holy Child averts his face. There is one where Christ, stern and grave, appears by the side of the Kaiser, on whose lips are the words, "We wage war on divine principles . . ." As he sees the Saviour the words die on his lips, and he shrinks shuddering away. The work of Raemaekers is too frankly pro-Ally to be acceptable in a neutral nation, and the editor who published his drawings in Amsterdam was heavily fined. He is now working for the London *Daily Mail*, where his sentiments need not be disguised.

The American papers may jeer at President Wilson's non-committal attitude, but it is not diplomatic for

British publications to do so, and *Punch* has been severely criticized for a recent cartoon where the president is represented as being more patient than Job, for though pierced by many arrows labelled *Lusitania*, *Arabic*, *Persia*, etc., he continues to write notes with a resigned and forgiving expression.

A Spanish cartoonist represents his country as saying to President Wilson, "Have you forgotten the Maine?" A Frenchman pictures Uncle Sam slinging ink-pots at the Kaiser, an Italian depicts the Pope, Spain and Wilson (with a hat full of ammunition) praying to the Virgin of Mercy; Hunter, in *The Toronto World*, makes Wilson say to Bernstorff, "You may hit me again, sir, I'm too 'umble to fight". But most of the cartoons, such as "Say, Uncle Sam, what did you do in the great war?" come from Americans themselves. In one of them Franz Joseph, who has just knocked



Ponibot

A FRENCH CARTOON

"CORPORAL OF RESERVISTS (reading): 'Refusal of obedience on the part of the reservist . . . six years at hard labour . . . rebellion . . . revolt . . . treason . . . death . . . military disgrace'"

"PRIVATE: 'sh all right. I should worry'"



—Jugend

A GERMAN CARTOON

My name is Tommy Atkins, and I'm a husky chap,
 My comrade is a Cossack and my partner is a Jap.
 We're going with some Ghurkas and likewise with some Sikhs,
 Some black Algerian Turcos and other coloured freaks,
 And with all the bloomin' virtues for which you know we shine,
 We are carrying civilization to the people of the Rhine.



—*L'Asino*, Rome

AN ITALIAN CARTOON

"Against the weak."

off Uncle Sam's hat with a snowball says, "Now go ahead and give me one of those correspondence courses in International Law".

Even the most patriotic cartoonist must be careful to suppress his humour on subjects that might be detrimental to recruiting. The proprietors of *The Bystander* were fined £100 and its former editor £50 and Lieutenant Bernard, cartoonist, £50 for publishing a cartoon depicting a British soldier lying intoxicated beneath a tree and clasping a bottle of rum. Beneath the cartoon were the words, "Reported Missing". An appeal has been entered against this decision.

Many years ago, at the time when the present Kaiser retired Bismarck from power, a cartoon appeared in one of the London papers which showed the latter leaving the ship of state, with the line, "The pilot leaves". International complications resulted which nearly caused a war, and the

diplomats of the two countries were kept busy for a long time trying to straighten things out.

Perhaps the most celebrated British cartoonist is Bernard Partridge whose pen-drawings, sometimes humorous, sometimes ironical and occasionally very serious, are constantly seen in *Punch*. His drawings will form a complete history of the war, and each one is a picture executed with careful attention to detail, in contrast to the foreign artists who express themselves with great economy of line. With Partridge the drawing seems to come first, the idea second.

Alfred Leete in the "Messages of Schmidt the Spy" has discovered a real vein of humour. When he sees a nursery maid flirting with a soldier, Schmidt records, "The terror of invasion is so great that the children of the rich are sent into the parks under military escort". Percy Fearson.



—*Novi Satir Kon*, Petrograd

A RUSSIAN CARTOON

"To each American note Germany replies with a mine."

alias Poy, whose nightly efforts in *The London Evening News* are never cruel, seldom cynical, but full of real humour and a keen sense of the ridiculous, has a technique that easily enables him to materialize his whimsicalities on paper, and he uses his weapons with tact.

No one appreciates a joke on himself so much as the Scotsman. Remember how he flocked to hear "Buntz Pulls the Strings", a play in which the Scotch "nearness" and all the other faults that are supposed to be exemplified in every Scot, were caricatured unmercifully. If the Highlander were a sensitive soul, a perusal of German periodicals would make him forswear his national costume forever. The German never tires of poking fun at the little man in kilts who when made a prisoner cries, "Ah if I were only with my dear mamma!" The Englishman he caricatures as a sport who goes to war with a bedstead, an eiderdown quilt, tea-pot, tin



--The London Daily Mail

A RAEMAEEKERS CARTOON

"INDIGNANT HUN (to Miss Holland): 'Gott Strafe England! Now they even want to prevent my sending goods by the Dutch mail'."



--The New York Sun

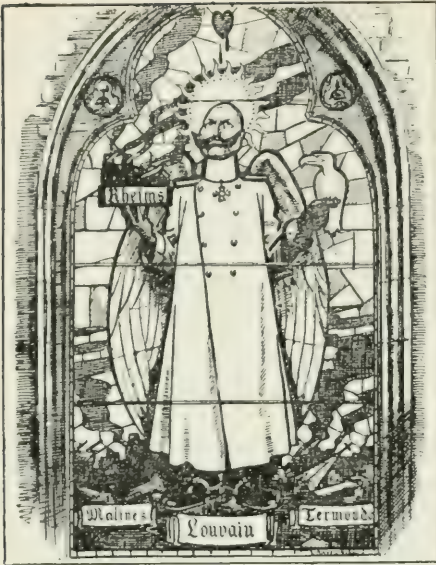
AN AMERICAN CARTOON

"THE KAISER: 'My heart bleeds for Antwerp, too'."

of biscuits, jar of marmalade and tennis racquet, so laden down that he drops his gun saying, "I never imagined how bothersome a weapon could be in war".

We have read much of the extreme youth of the German soldiers, but our enemies go us one better in a cartoon labelled, "Britain is already calling up her class of 1934", which represents a recruiting station filled with mothers bearing babes in arms who register their names in a book.

The Germans, knowing the value of the political cartoon, kept their best black and white artists at home, and it is noticed that such magazines as *Jugend* and *Simplicissimus* preserve their humour on other subjects, not allowing their pages to be wholly obsessed by the war. They represent the Triple Entente in a very crippled state, bound by bandages, and their chief bitterness has been lately directed against the Japanese, who are



—Punch

AN ENGLISH CARTOON

"Design for a stained glass window in a Neo-Gothic Cathedral."

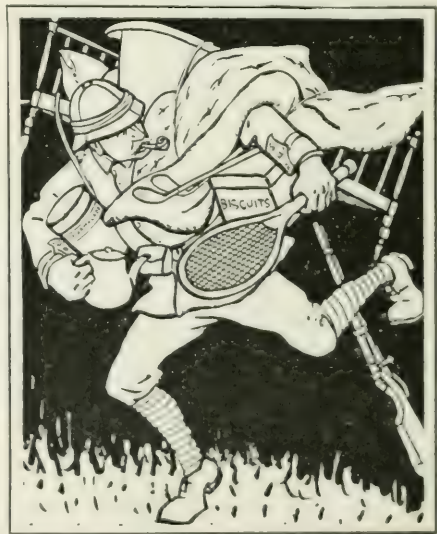
caricatured as monkeys. The Turcos and East Indian troops who are fighting with the allies are shown as naked barbarians and the procession of these people bearing the banner "We bring Culture to Berlin", is really amusing.

This is German humour on its lighter side. It is frequently too gross to contemplate. Not horrible in the sense that Raemaekers reveals, but representing people bashing in each others heads, spattering blood and gloating over it.

The French cartoonist seems to share the opinion of the German that the Englishman is a great sport, for in a cartoon that recently appeared in *Le Rire* a girl is made to say to a British officer, "Saloniki? You'll like it there. There is an excellent golf course". No cartoonist of outstanding merit appears in the French publications just now, but an exhibition recently held in Paris of cartoons done by the "*poilu*", as the French call their Tommy Atkins, shows that

many clever draughtsmen are serving in the trenches. The celebrated Alsatian cartoonist Hansi (Johann Waltz), whose children's book "*Mon Village*" caused him to be sentenced to a year's imprisonment in Germany, during which time he escaped, is now serving in a regiment on the frontier as an interpreter. He has been decorated by the Legion of Honour. Since the censorship which discouraged the cartoonists' art during the days of Italy's neutrality has been withdrawn, a great flood of humour has been released.

Each war gives birth to some deathless phrase such as Cromwell's, "Fear God and keep your powder dry". The present war has given at least one permanent contribution to history, "A scrap of Paper". Another which may prove immortal is "Too proud to Fight". It has endeared itself through the music halls to all the English-speaking world. German Kultur has become a byword, spelt with a K as England is mistress of the C's. The difference between kultur and culture is the difference be-



—Simplicissimus

A GERMAN CARTOON

"I never imagined how bothersome a weapon could be in war."

tween taube of destruction and the "Made in Germany" kultur into Europe is resisted more strongly than any other article of German manufacture.

The most striking features in a person's physique or character must be seized upon by the cartoonist, for only by caricature can a rapid likeness be obtained. By a certain type of mustache we now recognize the Kaiser. It has become a convention and many a caricaturist does not pursue the likeness much farther. A row of conspicuous teeth is synonymous with Roosevelt, and the nose of King Ferdinand of Bulgaria threatens to go thundering down history as the most colossal nose of all time. An inch or two more or less in the length of a nose is of no importance to the cartoonist. A whole regiment may march across its colossal bridge, and though it may be extended to the length of an elephant's trunk, we still recognize Ferdinand.

Just as "unpreparedness" is the chief theme in the American jokes just now, so the humours of recruiting have monopolized a good deal



—The Montreal Star

A CANADIAN CARTOON

"JOHN BULL: 'Eh, what's that? Only your lunches! Why, what tremendous appetites you have!'"



Poy

—The London Evening News

AN ENGLISH CARTOON

"MODERN HAMLET: 'The times are out of joint; O cursed spite!'"

of space in the British periodicals. There is one by Hunter in *The Toronto World* where Asquith is represented as a woman knitting a sock labelled "conscription". The Canadian shirker beside him remarks, "Socks for the soldiers?" and Asquith replies: "No. Socks for those who ought to be soldiers but are kept at home by "cold feet".

Frank Reynolds in *Punch* jeers at the happy blundering of the recruit and the speech of the fussy old lady who beams on a recently enlisted young parson and says, "Well, my lad, isn't this better than hanging about street corners and spending your time in public-houses?" is a priceless gem of humour often repeated under a new guise, and those of us who have spent our time knitting appreciate the remark of the village child who when asked where she got her new mittens replied, "Daddy sent them from the front".

Britain's blockade of neutral ports was the subject of many excellent cartoons. Raemaekers makes the Indignant Hun say to Miss Holland, "Gott strafe England. They even



A FRENCH CARTOON

Based on a reported incident at Magny, Alsace, where a German soldier shot a little boy who playfully pointed a toy gun at him.

want to prevent my sending my goods by the Dutch 'Mail'. In an English paper a large John Bull in a sailor suit is saying to two little boys called Holland and Denmark, "Great Scott! You little fellows must have mighty big insides". A. G. Racey in *The Montreal Star* has a similar conception, with two little people carrying enormous packs on their backs while John Bull says: "Eh, what's that? Only your lunches! Why, what tremendous appetites you have!"

Mr. Racey has not only helped recruiting in Canada through his car-



—The Toronto World

A CANADIAN CARTOON

CANADIAN SHIRKER: "Socks for soldiers?"
ASQUITH: "No socks for those who should be soldiers, but are kept home by 'cold feet'."

toons, but has made considerable money for patriotic purposes by giving lectures illustrated with lantern slides of his drawings. Another Canadian cartoonist is Louis Keene, who had his right hand smashed at Ypres, but straightway learned to draw with his left. He obtained a commission and expects to return to the front with one of the new battalions.

The pen is said to be mightier than the sword, even in war time, and cartoonists are battling for the cause with the force of generals.



La Campana de Girona

A SPANISH CARTOON

"Shake!"
"Yes, like true German's."

THE HOUSE I LOVE

BY MARGARET WATKINS

STRANGERS now dwell within the house I love.

And lonely is the heart of me.

The door is opened but I enter not;

Strange feet go up the stair,

To quiet chambers where I once found rest;

And when at dusk the hearth glows warm and intimate

Strange faces circle round

And alien hands are stretched toward the blaze.

How can they love that twilight time as I

Who knew it from a child?

And do they know each tree?

The best-loved willow

Tossing slim strands against the sky,

A lyre where the wind plays airily o' nights;

The broad-limbed maple, round whose foot

The valley lillies grow, green glossy leaves that hide

The fragile stems strung fragrantly with pearls;

A lime, bee-filled and fragrant;

The chestnut, like a tall-branched candlestick,

Prim-set upon the lawn;

At the road a sentinel poplar

Searred where the lightning struck.

There on the last bare, heaven-piercing branch

A robin sings at sunset,

Sings and sways in ecstasy

Till gold and rose have fled, then drops

To homely nest-loves in the sheltering leaves.

Still with closed eyes I see them all,

Then open on close-crowding wall

And a sky gray and remote above the chimney-tops,

Spring comes.

O stranger feet, walk softly through the grass,

For violets are there.

Blue scraps of sky dropped where the sun

Sifts golden through the apple-boughs.

What rare delight to find each bud

Pushed up amid the green

As if to welcome me!

Ten years ago the gate swung to.

Ten years! The old, familiar click!

I hear it yet.

And lilacs bloomed on either side. . . .

Strangers now dwell within the house I love,

And lonely is the heart of me.

THE TRAIL TO ROBSON

By William James

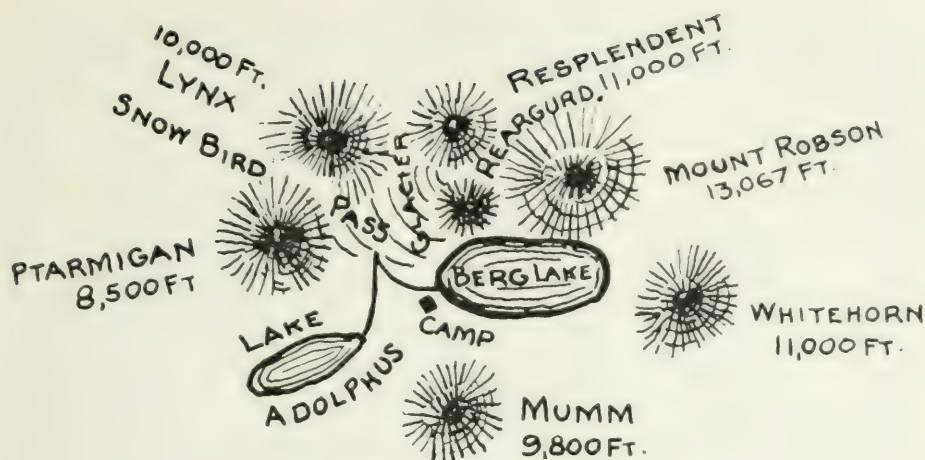
IT is said of a certain one-time prominent railway president that when the newly-conceived air-brake was submitted for his approval he ushered the idea and its originator out of his office and thereby showed his complete contempt for any scheme which would pretend to stop the rush of his trains with "air". It is recorded also of another railway official that at a construction conference, when the beautiful environment of a certain route was urged as a reason for his choosing it in preference to one a little less costly but lacking the scenic advantages of the other, he brushed the suggestion aside with the caustic observation that he had yet to hear of a feasible plan to convert the snow crowns of mountain-tops into gold currency.

But, all over the world, at this minute, trains are being stopped by air, and railway managements are methodically taking stock of their scenic resources to attract a due proportion of tourists to their territories. The snow of the mountain-tops is passing through the first stage of the annual transformation into legal tender. So are the waters of cool upland lakes and of tumbling trout streams; and so also are the marshes, dismal to all except the sportsman, and the beaches on lakes and oceans. Still the appeal of the mountain is strongest of all. And the way to the mountains is the railway.

Tourists anticipating delightful

scenic experiences tread in the wake of railway construction gangs as naturally as commerce follows the flag. With each successive conquest of the great Rocky Mountain chain, new opportunities were presented to the rank and file of the vast army of travel. Because of the varieties in altitude and topography, the environment of one road usually differs from its nearest neighbour, and the distinctive points of each have been compared minutely wherever and whenever travellers congregate. The United States has had its "innings". Its transcontinental lines have been through to the coast quite long enough for all who cared to become familiar with the beauties of the routes. Canadians, and the people of the Republic, have long known and loved the magnificent panoramas of the mountains from the Kicking Horse Pass to the Southern Pacific. But now the newest of Canadian transcontinentals has opened up fresh visions of delight to the people of the North American continent. Trails are being cut and camps established, and tourists will ere long be wending their ways in vacation times to the unsurveyed regions in the New Rockies, the centre of attraction in which, for the present at least, is the towering majesty of Mount Robson, to the north of the Fraser River, in British Columbia.

The mightiness of Robson intrudes upon the reveries of the transcontinental traveller for several miles before



A ROUGH MAP OF MOUNT ROBSON DISTRICT
Showing locations and altitudes of some of the highest peaks

the westbound train halts at Mount Robson station, the meeting-place of the railway and the trail. There could hardly be a nobler setting for the view. Far below, a silvery streak against the green, the Fraser cuts its way out towards the Pacific. Across the valley, imposing mountains come into the picture, with here and there snow-clad peaks glistening in the sun. Dominating all, the massive proportions of Robson rise, while the glories of the crest are fleetingly revealed through the restless, filmy clouds of a peaceful mid-summer day.

The trail is not long, neither is it toilsome, and the worry and care of a work-a-day world are utterly forgotten as the natural beauties of the surroundings are surveyed, step by step, along the eighteen-mile approach. It is a delightful avenue to one of the greatest of the natural showpieces in the world of mountains. The harmonious combinations of river and rivulet, sky and rugged rock, the green of the forest, and the sheen of waterfalls almost innumerable, prepare the mind for the colossal spectacle from Berg Lake.

Within a few hundred yards of Mount Robson station the trail is carried over the Fraser River by a bridge built during railway construction

days, and which spans the stream close to the point where it is joined by the Grand Forks. The glacial waters of this river spring from the eternal snows on the shoulders of Robson, and the trail follows the stream inland. First, Lake Kinney is reached. That upland sheet perpetuates the name of the Reverend Kinney, who battled successfully to the peak of Robson. And then "The Valley of a Thousand Falls" is entered. To the right, half a mile distant, the rugged base of Mount Robson bounds the full five miles of the "Valley". To the left, at about an equal distance removed, is an almost unbroken cliff, rising sheer to a great height. From off the upper "bench" at the valley edge of this precipice, at frequent intervals, waterfalls tumble into the valley. The eye may trace their outlines against the rock background until the green of the forest growth at the base hides them from sight, but the waters spread out again in countless rivulets over the gravelly floor of the "Valley". When the rays of a summer sun play upon the spray the effect is entrancing in its beauty. The air is filled with the melodious hum of the miniature torrents, while over it all, growing in volume as the route nears "The Flying Trestle", rises the



MOUNT ROBSON. FROM THE SHORE OF BERG LAKE

Tumbling Glacier is in the centre of the picture

tumult from the "Emperor" and "White Falls", where the waters of the Grand Forks, in successive leaps, drop from the heights to the bottom lands.

The "Flying Trestle," constructed by the park authorities to enable the visitor to win out of the "Valley", is really a sharply-inclined way to the higher tableland. At its upper portal the higher cascades of Emperor and White Falls come into the picture.

A backward glance takes in the vista of the "Valley of the Thousand Falls" and reveals Mount Whitehorn, of an altitude of 11,000 feet, and proud in its possession of a gleaming white mantle. The falls are accorded scarcely more than a passing glance; then comes Berg Lake, and the camping-place in the shadow of the mountain.

The view from the lake is sublime, for Robson rises almost sheer from the edge of the water. The roar of

falling icebergs from off "Tumbling Glacier" reverberates along the valleys, and the eye travels up and up to the glistening peak crowned with snow and ice, more than thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is the end of the trail.

From Mount Robson station, on

ice to take him over the prominent features, and he may return to the depot the day following. If, however, as is more probable, he desires to cultivate the mighty glaciers—Tumbling Mist and Main—the fountain-head of waters that eventually find their way to the Pacific and to



THE "FLYING TRESTDLE", ON THE TRAIL TO ROBSON

the Canadian Northern, it is but four and one half miles to the base of Robson, and the trail skirts the mountain for the remaining fourteen miles. With present arrangements, the departure may be timed from the station during the morning, or even as late as noon, and camp on Berg Lake may be made on the same day. Guides and horses, and the necessary equipment, are available at Mount Robson station, so that no vexatious details need annoy the tourist and prevent full appreciation of the natural beauties flanking the trail. If he be in a great hurry, a day at Robson will suf-

fice to take him over the prominent features, and he may return to the depot the day following. If, however, as is more probable, he desires to cultivate the mighty glaciers—Tumbling Mist and Main—the fountain-head of waters that eventually find their way to the Pacific and to

the Arctic oceans—the mountain and its environment, two weeks, or months, or more, would pass swiftly away. The camp on Berg Lake is ideally located as a base from which to cover the best of the Mount Robson scenery. Around it are ranged in a circle Mounts Ptarmigan (10,000 feet), Lynx (8,500 feet), Resplendent (11,000 feet), Robson (13,067 feet), Whitehorn (11,000 feet), and Mumm (9,800 feet), and it is a tramp of but half an hour to the three-mile-long main glacier on Robson. From base to crest the view of each mountain is clear, and no hills or valleys intervene



GIANT TREES ON THE TRAIL TO ROBSON

to render difficult a close inspection.

So easy is the ascent of Mount Resplendent that a mountaineer of reasonable experience may calculate on making the climb easily and returning to camp the same day. Mounts Ptarmigan, Lynx and Mumm are equally pleasant fields to investigate. The latter is a favourite collecting

ground for hunters of fossils, but others will essay the climb to the peak, if only for the magnificent view down over the Alberta side of the boundary. Mount Robson has been climbed by a few people, and for those whose ambition is fired by obstacles, the peak exercises a marvellous attraction. "Curley" Phillips, who ac-



EMPEROR FALLS, UP NEAR THE PEAK OF MOUNT ROBSON



MOUNT WHITEHORN, ON THE TRAIL TO ROBSON



MOUNT MUMM, ON THE TRAIL TO ROBSON

accompanied Mr. Kinney to the summit, and the Brewsters, are available at the camp, and the information they have to give should be of inestimable value to the climber on conquest bent.

The base of Mount Robson covers thirty-six square miles, and that, with surrounding areas, has been set aside by the Government as a mountain park. In years to come, the wisdom of this action will be completely manifest. Already, although rail transportation facilities have been available for but a short time, travellers are experiencing the delights of the trail journey from the railway, and at no time during the summer months will the tourist suffer from lack of sympathetic company. Not many mountain peaks of commanding importance remain for the blasé tourist to delight in, and Mount Robson Park, because of the great natural beauties

it offers to the sightseer, will undoubtedly occupy a place in mountain climbing equal to anything of the kind in the world.

The newest line, through the Yellowhead Pass, went into transcontinental operation only last November, but the executive are already considering with a great deal of care the various plans which have been advanced with the object of making easy the way of the tourist. So are the Provincial Governments in Canada which are concerned in the development. The railway is working on the plans for the chalets which are to be erected to accommodate the travelling public. Concerning these nothing has been announced beyond the statement that they will be in keeping with the importance of a coast-to-coast line and with the surroundings of their location.

INSTINCT

By Professor Herbert L. Stewart

"INSTINCT" is a word which is upon everyone's lips. But how many of those who use it most could say just what they mean by it? And how many could assign to it such a sense as will bear a moment's criticism, a sense, that is, which will be definite, unambiguous, really serviceable for clear thinking?

For example, one person might say that instinct is that endowment of the lower animals which takes the place of reason in man. It is a sort of divinely given sagacity which so guides a creature, unable to reflect or calculate, that it does the right thing at the right time. This view is often illustrated by the performance of the bees in collecting honey and storing it for the winter months, by the architecture of the bird as it chooses a site for its nest, lines it warmly, and hides it skilfully, or by the forethought of the dog as he buries his bone and comes to scratch for it next day. But a critic full of ideas about animal *intelligence* will at once object. He will say that the bee, the bird, and the dog are not acting upon mere instinct, that they reason about these things, and that they differ not in kind but only in degree from the most advanced of the human species. A socialistic friend of the writer held strongly to the opinion that ants surpass mankind in their political arrangements, that they set long ago

the model which we have been so slow to imitate in the co-operative store. Thus not merely the sluggard but the individualistic legislator might have been bidden to "go to the ant, consider her ways and be wise". But if you ask such a critic whether he believes, then, that there is no such thing as instinct at all, whether he regards the word as merely a name for more or less crude and uncertain reasoning, he will reply that some actions done by animals are instinctive, that it is hard to draw the line, that one might perhaps distinguish upper from baser animals, that, for example, dogs, horses and monkeys give unmistakable proof of reasoning, but that no very cogent claim could be made out for cows, mules, or hens. This sounds arbitrary and indefinite. After all it hardly tells us more than that instinct is a poor sort of thing, good enough to explain our neighbour's stupid pet, but inadequate to our own clever one.

Other persons, with a surer insight, abandon altogether the attempt to make instincts peculiar to beasts, and declare that human beings have them too. But when they try to say what it is that we do instinctively, and with what sort of action instinctive action is to be contrasted, embarrassment often shows itself. We hear of instinctive dislikes and instinctive dreads, of an instinct of contradiction and an

instinct of acquiescence, of a political instinct and a religious instinct, of a singular quality withheld from the other sex and enshrined by novelists as "a woman's instinct", of the instincts of a criminal and the instincts of a gentleman.

When the editor of a party journal sees no good way of refuting a speech that has been made on the other side, he remarks that he has no space to go into it in detail, but that the healthy-minded citizen instinctively feels it to be wrong. A financier will at times speak of his instinctive assurance that a certain company is going to prosper; the publicists say that men of British or American blood have an instinctive passion for self-government; and some theologians have claimed that belief in a divine being is instinctive to the human race.

All this is very bewildering. One and the same thing is made to explain a creed that we cherish, a feeling by which we are affected, an impulse that we obey. And the various uses of the word seem to have nothing in common except a certain negative characteristic; where we find ourselves believing that which we cannot theoretically justify, or being swayed by likes and dislikes which have no objective ground, or aiming at a project whose value we cannot demonstrate, we fall back on this invaluable word—we say that we are influenced not by reason but by instinct.

Can we not be a little more precise upon this subject? Can we not define this undoubted impulse positively rather than negatively? Perhaps nothing that psychologists have done in recent years constitutes such decided progress as that which they have done here. Now, as George Eliot has reminded us, the knowledge of the "plain man" is the rock out of which all other knowledge has been hewn. Let us begin with him. Amid all his confusions, when the plain man speaks of instinct he has in mind two features: (1) an action or tendency which is not the result of deliberate reason-

ing, (2) one which, although not the result of deliberate reasoning, is on the whole, whether in animal or in man, safe and healthy. It will be best to approach the matter from the side of the external act, and work backwards to the mental process which that act implies. We may thus detect a separate class of movement to which these two features belong, and may examine this class for any other features which specially characterize it.

(a) The first type of movement is the simplest. It is that purely physical adjustment which we make without external stimulus, as when the young infant stretches out its arm, or "crows", or when we draw air into the lungs. No consciousness of acting is required, and there is certainly no purpose in view. Nature has so equipped us that every living thing behaves in certain determinate ways, as blindly as the tides ebb and flow. This sort of movement we share with the whole animal world, right down to those lowest forms of life in which there is not even the beginning of a nervous system.

(b) The second kind of action is called "reflex". If a burning coal is brought into contact with my finger, I snatch my finger away. If I stumble in walking, I throw out my hands. If a certain delicate membrane in the nose is excited, I sneeze. Each of these movements is prompted by a stimulus from outside; herein they differ from the first class. And although they serve useful purposes, they are not carried out because such utility is foreseen. Sneezing is a relief, but the reason why you sneeze is just that you can't help it. It is not planned; it is an immediate and an inevitable response to stimulus.

(c) The third class consists of "automatic" movements. Though we may execute these, after a time, unconsciously, yet at first we had to be very attentive indeed to what we were doing; it is only through prolonged practice that such attention can be

dispensed with. As one learns to play a piano, one must at first search painfully for each successive note, just as the child in learning to read spells out the words letter by letter; but a time comes when the eye takes in a word or a whole line at a glance, when the fingers somehow get the right positions without effort. So long as you have to think of each turn and bend you are but a sorry performer. An old stanza puts this well:

The centipede was hungry quite
Until she found, for food,
Said, "Fray, which leg comes after
which?"
It wrought his mind to such a pitch
He lay distracted in the ditch,
Wondering how to run.

(d) The fourth class, to which one had to refer incidentally in speaking of the third, may be soon dismissed. It is the class of purposive movements, where we set an aim before us, and deliberately contrive how we are going to reach it. This is, of all our actions, the most clearly understood; indeed, the danger is that we may assimilate quite different sorts of movement to this familiar type.

Now is this enumeration complete—the spontaneous act, the reflex act, the automatic act, the reasoned act? Are there any more? So far we have not named instinct at all. But take another case and try whether you can include it under any of these. A young horse is driven along a country road, where a piece of white paper is projecting from the hedge. His ears turn forward, he gazes intently, a shiver passes over him, and he bolts to the opposite side. This is not spontaneous, for it requires a very special stimulation; it is not reflex, for the co-operation of intense consciousness must be there. It is not automatic, for, on the contrary, a little practice will remove all disposition to bolt; it is not reasoned—no one supposes that the horse has argued with himself about the dangerous quality of white paper. For this sort of action the term "instinctive" is conveniently reserved.

The theory of the matter has been best formulated by Mr. William McDougall, Wilde Reader in Psychology at the University of Oxford. It amounts to this, that both in the animal world and in the human world there are certain dispositions, preorganized at birth, dispositions such that in the presence of a particular class of objects attention is fixed, specific emotion is aroused, definite action is prompted. Most of the objects amongst which we move every day awaken no great interest, stir no strong passion, suggest no special behaviour. They can hardly be said to belong to our experience at all; for our "experience", as William James said, is not all that happens to us; it is that part of the happenings which we *agree to attend to*. But there are some which make strong appeal to every aspect of our consciousness, to our knowing, to our feeling, to our willing. Mr. McDougall has got so far as to draw up a list of these primary instincts; such a list must, of course, be at first tentative; but the point of view may be illustrated by considering a few of them in turn.

Take, for example, *pugnacity*, to which the annexed emotion is *anger*. Why does the kitten, in presence of a dog, demonstrate in just the same way as a grown cat? She does this long before experience could have taught her that the two species are mutually hostile. By saying that cat and dog are "natural enemies" we mean no more than this, that the dog and cat belong each to that special class towards which the other has pugnacious instinct. Neither will behave in the same fashion towards a horse or a cow. Plainly the thing which makes the kitten raise her back and spit must be some congenital endowment. The old writers used a perfectly absurd phrase about it; they spoke of the "instinct of self-preservation". And this phrase ran riot; they used it to explain such diverse acts as the kitten's bridling up when a dog comes into the room, the horse's tendency to

swim for the shore when he is thrown overboard, the undignified twist which we all give to our bodies when we step upon a sheet of ice, the fight each one makes to get to the exit in a burning theatre, or the effort which some people put forth to collect their own debts in full before an insolvent firm compounds with its creditors. This is lumping together actions profoundly different in origin. The truth is that "instinct of self-preservation" has no existence; there is *deliberate* self-preservation, and there are instinctive acts which *subserve* self-preservation; but to sum them all together on the basis of their result is to look at them from the outside, not from the inside, to import into them, not that which passes in the agent's mind, but that which the external observer can see that the agent has effected.

"Imagine," said William James. "a kitten three weeks old reflecting about self-preservation!"

Our reason for falling into this fallacy is twofold. In the first place we tend to conceive the life of every creature that we observe in terms of our own. We see something done by a dog which, *if it were done by ourselves*, would, we think, spring from a certain mental process. We forthwith attribute that process to the dog. This is the root of nine-tenths of the nonsense that is talked about "animal intelligence". Again, we have an inveterate disposition to explain all that we do ourselves in terms of reasoning, of calculation, of foresight. Aristotle said that man is by nature rational, and this account of ourselves has so flattered our vanity that we want to think of everything we do as the outcome of our reason. But if one considers even pugnacity among human beings, is it not plain that we have in some degree an impulse to fight, not for any result that fighting can achieve, but just "for its own dear sake"? The writer of this article is an Irishman, and he expects the scoffing comment that he must have in

mind his own compatriots. He replies that the origin of this reproach is simple, for Irishmen fight so conspicuously well that it looks like native genius rather than acquired proficiency. But, in all seriousness, there is a fighting instinct, which has been made use of in many ways; especially in times of peace it has been diverted to the channel of emulation; you get here the competitive element in sport, in business, in study; you get the rivalry without which, it has been well said, three-fourths of the world's work would not be done. And is not every war, good bad, and indifferent, popular for a time with the nation that is waging it? How often has a war sprung from no impulse more farsighted than that of the cockney who says, "'Ere's a stranger; let's 'eave a 'alf brick at 'im!"

Or take *acquisitiveness*, concretely the impulse towards money-making. A thoroughly rational thing, one might say at first sight; you want money as a means to an end. What about the avaricious person, the miser who accumulates far beyond any use to which his accumulations could be put? To use his wealth is the very last thing he would consider doing. So far is it from being true that avarice is a perverted form of thrift that we might better call thrift a slowly effected rationalizing of primitive acquisitiveness. Among the instincts there is one which impels us to accumulate and store, not with any object, but just to have things. Look at the young dog that carries away a bone and buries it out of sight. His master calls this dog-reason, dog-forethought; the animal, he says, is laying up against the needs of to-morrow, just as an economical workman puts his savings in the bank. But watch what the young dog collects; it is not only eatables; he carries to his den boots and brushes, pieces of matting, penholders, books, cord. Is he providing a canine furniture and a canine toilet? It may be unfairness to the animal world which makes the

writer feel so, but he cannot get it out of his mind that the dog takes brushes not because he means to brush himself, and cord not because he wants to tie either himself or his parcels, but because he has an ultimate tendency to collect just for the sake of collecting.

One may here put in a kindly word for the "kleptomaniac". If this instinct to acquire for acquiring's sake is primitive, then its excess may explain not only the miser, but the person with an uncontrollable impulse to annex all that he or she can lay hands on. It is not fair to say that the poor person who steals is called a thief, while the rich person who does the same is called a kleptomaniac. The latter will often "steal" from himself, remove his own property, and hide it where he cannot find it. It is a genuine nervous disorder, just the exaggeration of an instinct which is present in some degree in all of us. Mr. McDougall's list contains eight or nine other instincts whose recognition lets us into some veritable human secrets. There is the *gregariousness* which not only makes birds fly in swarms, or buffaloes run in herds, but which also swells a great city to more and more unmanageable dimensions, brings a crowd of thirty thousand persons to a baseball match (though not one per cent. would go alone to see the players), makes us all choose for our walk the most unpleasantly crowded street, and congregates doctors in one part of the town. There is the *curiosity* through which a kitten pries into every nook of a new room, and through which Newton directed his telescope upon the fixed stars. If human pride is up in arms at such a suggestion, protesting that science aims at subduing nature to man's needs, it is enough to point to the sort of research with which our scientific magazines are filled. "Thank God," said the Cambridge physicist, "I have discovered something that is true, and that can never be turned to any practical purpose". Indeed, the

superior order of scientist is rather offended if you assume that he has a material advantage in sight; he works upon that which has 'only theoretical value'.

Thus the distinction between instinct and reason by which the former has been confined to animals, wholly breaks down. Man has all the instincts of the animal world; possibly he has some instincts of his own as well. The question now arises "How far is it good for us to be so constituted? In what way are our instincts serviceable, and in what way are they dangerous?"

It is clear that reason and instinct may be made to co-operate. It is the latter which largely decides our ends, it is the former which supplies us with the means. The impulse of gregariousness makes men form communities even as it makes the buffalo run in herds; intelligence invents constitutions and societies of ever-increasing complexity, by which this desire to be with one another, to share one another's joys and sorrows, may be more and more fully satisfied. The impulse of pugnacity makes of man a warrior, even as it makes the lion the terror of the forest; intelligence serves this impulse by constructing for the savage tribe more and more effective tomahawks, or by equipping a modern nation with siege guns and submarines. The impulse of curiosity sets the scientist exploring the recesses of Nature, just as it leads the hyena to sniff round and round an unfamiliar object in its path; intelligence provides telescopes of longer and longer range, laboratories better and better furnished, state subsidies of greater and greater amount. Thus to a great extent in the activities of life, while reason provides the technical apparatus, it is our instincts that drive the machine; reason distributes, *canalises*—to use a word coined by Professor Bergson—that motive power which instinct creates.

Plainly there is a danger here. Our instincts may not submit to be thus

regulated, thus canalized; the stream which when directed in the proper way will drive the mill-wheel may at times overflow its banks; just in proportion to the strength of the current is its potency for mischief if it gets out of control. Instinct in this respect resembles habit. We speak of habit as second nature; we get so accustomed to acting in certain ways that we cannot without determined effort act otherwise. And there is immense advantage in this. For what we do habitually we do easily; we need only apply to it a low degree of attention; our energies are thus economized, for we can transfer to unfamiliar tasks that mental concentration which practice has rendered unnecessary in the familiar. But the drawback of habit is that we readily become its creatures; we get into grooves and ruts. Just in proportion as we have made ourselves efficient in one mode of work we may become incapacitated for making any improvement upon that mode. You can't teach an old dog new tricks; he must do the old tricks in the old way, and if you are bent upon having new tricks done you must get a new dog. Similarly and for similar reasons, it is of enormous advantage to us that we possess instincts, for on the whole they act in the right direction, and they enable us to meet emergencies for which slow moving reason would be too late. But we have no guarantee that an instinct will stop acting just where it should. The difference between primitive and civilized life appears especially in the degree to which rational control has been established over such instinctive promptings. If we had not an instinct of curiosity we should never have explored our mysterious world; but curiosity in an extreme degree has reported itself in the corpses of many daring travellers on the Alps, and it is not long since it left its tragic tokens at the South Pole. Gregariousness makes the bees live together in hives and serve their common inter-

ests; it also makes families which might have been healthy in rural life crowd into the contagion of a city slum.

But, while these dangers have to be guarded against, it is a more pleasing task to reflect upon how much our instincts have done to help us. Take two examples, at first sight unfavourable to the view we are maintaining. What else but acquisitiveness made possible the transition from the primitive nomadic state of wandering tribes to the settled tenure of land, and the formation of stable communities? What else changed the predatory savage who would burn his bed in the morning, without a thought for the coming night, into the citizen of an industrial order, no longer depending upon the spoils of a raid, but on the gathered and protected store which his own enterprise had won from the fertility of the soil? In the absence of this instinct, how fearful must have been the waste of nature's resources; where everyone lived simply from day to day, little effort would have been made to make the most out of the means of production, and to economize the treasury of the earth. Or consider that other instinct, a very curious but a quite genuine one, the "instinct of self-display". You see it in the prancing horse, the strutting bantam, the grinning monkey. Like vain children these animals insist on calling attention to themselves; they show satisfaction when they are watched.

It is surely, then, a merciful arrangement by which we, no less than the animals, have these "blind" tendencies, impulses that on the whole guide us well, make us notice the things which are important to our interests, make us feel pleased or displeased with what is good or bad, make us act in ways that work for life long before we know the reason why. They are among the weapons with which we fight our battle with circumstance, and they are not the least serviceable in our armoury.

COLOURED THINKING

By Professor D. Fraser Harris

TO the student of the mind almost nothing is surprising as regards either the modes of its working or the extraordinary character of its productions. Amongst the more recondite of its workings are coupled or dual sensations. The invariable linking together of two different varieties of sensation is known to the learned as synæsthesia. We have instances of this sort of thing when a sound, an odour, or a taste immediately calls up a colour. These coloured sensations are not by any means so extremely rare as might be imagined. Thus certain persons when they hear a particular tone on the organ or on the violin, or listen to human voices, seem to hear the notes coloured—red or blue or violet, as the case may be. The actual sound heard invariably arouses a mental picturing, a peculiar but quite unmistakable sensation of red, or blue, or violet. Vowel sounds are particularly liable to call up colour-sensations; a certain French gentleman, for instance, always heard the sound of the vowel *i* as green, *i.e.*, he saw green when the sound (not the thought) of the vowel *i* was present to his mind. Associations between sounds and colours seem commoner among the French than among people of any other nation, to these they have given the expression "*L'audition colorée*".

But coloured hearing is not at all unknown to Britons, although the more reticent and less introspective British do not say so much about it. The modern French poet J. A. Rimbaud has a poem entirely devoted to the colour associations of the vowels. Two excellent instances of coloured sensations are described in his "Problems of Life and Mind" by the late Mr. George Henry Lewes, well known as the first husband of "George Eliot". Two brothers of the name of Nussbaumer experienced invariable associations between sounds and colours. Voices and certain definite musical notes aroused particular colours, and conversely certain colours always called up the same sounds. Blue, yellow, brown and violet were the colours seen; black, white, red, green were never experienced. Several more recent cases are reported by Professor Albertoni of Bologna. In those the hearing of *do* (C) was always associated with blue, *mi* (E) with yellow, *sol* (G) with red.

The same writer reports the still more extraordinary case of two persons who, being read-blind, were unable to appreciate or correctly name the note G. This is the converse of synæsthesia, the absence of an auditory perception in consequence of the absence of the perception of a particular colour (red). Red-blindness

is called Daltonism, because Dalton, the pioneer English chemist, was the first person to describe (1794) the inability to distinguish red from its complementary green. Hence this very rare condition, which was discovered by Albertoni, has been named auditory Daltonism (Daltonismus auditivus).

A few years ago Monsieur Peillaube, editor of *The Revue Philosophique*, reported on four persons who had well-marked coloured hearing for vowel sounds and organ notes. He called attention to cases among musicians of definite associations between not only certain notes and the sounds of musical instruments and colours, but also between whole pieces of music and colours. Gounod, for instance, endeavouring to express the difference between the French and the Italian tongues and giving his preference for the former, used the language of colours: "*Elle est moins riche de coloris, soit, mais elle est plus variée et plus finé de teintes.*"

So much for chromatic sensation. Let us now notice the psychologically more curious condition still, namely, coloured thinking proper. It is a matter of sober fact that there is a small minority of people perfectly healthy, in body and mind who cannot think of (visualise) anything without its being present to them in some sort of colour or other. They think in colours. Chromatic mentation this might be called. Coloured concepts or psychochromes are what are present in these persons' minds. It was the anthropologist Mr. Francis Galton, F.R.S., in his "Inquiries into Human Faculty and its Development," who first studied this condition in any way exhaustively. He divided people who exteriorized their thoughts into "poor visuals" and "strong visuals," and he called these persons "seers" who tend to project their thoughts outwards and to picture "things" (concepts, ideas) vividly to themselves. The mental picture so exteriorized may or may not be col-

oured: our present study is of "seers" who have coloured concepts, who are coloured thinkers. Thus, four persons within the writer's knowledge conceive of "Monday" as yellow, gray, blue, and green respectively. This is true coloured thinking. Some persons who think in colours refrain from confessing the fact under the impression that it is something to be ashamed of, since it is possibly a childish survival. Now, in all probability, if an adequate study could be made of so-called childish survivals, a very great deal of interest and instruction for empirical psychology would arise.

It must not be imagined that those who are coloured thinkers are constantly plagued with vivid day-dreams of coloured phantasmagoria. Coloured thinking merely means that many, it may be all, of their mental images are normally coloured in some way or other.

One man of science known to the writer always thinks "one hundred" as dark brown; to him "a hundred" could not be pink or white; the very idea of the word "hundred" is to him essentially and unalterably a dark brown one. Similarly, to this person each hour of the day and night has a colour of its own. The hours p.m. are as follows: One o'clock, brown; two, yellow; three, white; four, black; five, brown; six, white; seven, magenta, red; eight, black; nine, yellow; ten, black; eleven, green; and twelve, yellow. To this "seer" 1 p.m. is unthinkable as white, or 3 p.m. black. To certain coloured thinkers all words, as regards colour, are either light or dark. Thus Cairo and Constantinople are light, Rome and London dark.

As one might expect, those words which themselves name colours, or which name an object of a definite colour, are in thought always appropriately coloured. Naturally the word white is white, black black, brown brown, and so on.

But such a word, e.g., as "crocus" is white to a particular coloured

thinker. But crocuses are yellow as well as white, yet this "seer" always thinks of the word *crocus* as white, for it is the word and not the image of the flower that is visualized, and any given word has always the same chromatic association.

It is not surprising that some of this curious subject should have found its way into modern fiction. In the psychologically interesting novel "In Subjection," by the gifted writer Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, there is more than a passing allusion to the psychochromes of the heroine, *Isabel Seaton*. We are told that the vowels a, e, i, o, and u have in her mind the colours green, blue, white, orange, and purple respectively. Even w and y are not left out in the uncoloured cold, for w is red and y yellow. "Ever since she can remember," the days of the week have been associated in *Isabel Seaton's* mind with colours. Thus, Monday is green; Tuesday, pink; Wednesday, blue; Thursday, brown; Friday, purple; Saturday, yellow; and Sunday, white. Furthermore to this percipient the odd numbers have cold colours (gray, black, blue and green), while the even numbers have warm colours (red, yellow, brown, pink, purple and orange). Nor is this all, for in her thoughts persons well known to this authoress are invariably associated with certain colours which have nothing at all to do with the colours most often worn by those people. *Isabel Seaton* has, then, coloured concepts, but she also has coloured sensations, for in her case a soprano voice calls up the ideas of pale blue, green, yellow or white; contraltos pink, red or violet; tenors various shades of brown; basses black, dark green or navy blue.

Perhaps the earliest allusion in literature to this sort of thing is the case of the blind man described by John Locke, to whom the notion of scarlet was "like the sound of a trumpet". Here the notion of a colour called up a sound, or rather the sound took the place of a colour. The

dreams of the congenitally blind fall into this category; they dream in terms of sound or smell or touch or the muscular sense instead of the visual.

As to the colours seen in coloured thinking, both those in the spectrum and those that are non-spectral occur. The latter include white, black, gray in all its varieties, scarlet, cream, brown, crimson, pink and purple. The present writer has examined the psychochromes of two men, one woman, and one child, with the result that the relative order of frequency of occurrence of the colours begins with white and follows with brown, black, yellow, green, blue, red, pink, cream, orange, purple.

We may now ask the question, What manner of persons are they who think in colours? The reply is a most consoling one, for has not Galton said that coloured thinkers "are rather above than below the intellectual average". What percentage of the total population are coloured thinkers we have yet insufficient data to determine.

In concluding we might inquire into the characteristic features of coloured thinking as made out by the one or two who have studied this obscure department of empirical psychology. In the first place, these associations have been formed at a very early age. Mr. Galton's correspondents wrote: "Ever since childhood I have always seen. . . . As far back as I can remember I have always seen," and so forth. In one case, associations between colours and hours of the day were fully formed before the percipient was five years old; in another case colours and days of the week were associated before seven years of age.

The second point which may be said to be a distinguishing feature of coloured thoughts is their well-marked individuality, their unsharedness, to coin a word. For instance, the vowel is yellow to one person, black to a second, brown to a third, blue to

a fourth, green to a fifth, and, finally, "French gray" to a sixth.

One seer always thinks of Thursday as white, another of it as black, a third as brown. There is nothing like any agreement between different coloured thinkers as to the colours they attach to the same word or "thing". Here, if anywhere in matters mental, we have an "infinite variety".

The third characteristic is the extreme definiteness in the minds of seers as to the precise tint, shade, or tone of colour visualized. It might be thought that colours linked to things so intangible as concepts would be vague, hazy, difficult of verbal description; but as a matter of fact, it is exactly the reverse. The coloured thinker is not content with saying that Sunday is yellow; he must call it a "pale canary-yellow". He says September is steel-gray, not merely gray. He distinguishes between dull white, gray white, silvery white, and so on. A French seer thinks the vowel e gray-blue; another thinks s lemon-yellow, and not any other tint. The degree of chromatic precision which is given by coloured thinkers to the descriptions of their visualizings is as surprising as anything else in this mysterious subject.

Although so definite and even in some cases vivid, those coloured visualizings never become hallucinations; the reason for this being, to put it very briefly, that they are thoughts and not subjective sensations. They are rare mental occurrences but not abnormal; they belong to the physiology, not the pathology of mind.

The fourth distinguishing feature is that the tendency to coloured thinking is hereditary—"very hereditary" Mr. Galton puts it. On this point all who have studied this condition are agreed. The ability to think in colours is not produced by education, by any external or environmental influences. Coloured thinkers on looking backward can nearly always find that a parent or more remote ancestor also

possessed the faculty. But even when they cannot prove the hereditary source of the ability, they have no doubt in their own minds that the ability or propensity was innate; and not due to any outside influence whatever. "Nature, not nurture," to use Galton's phrase, has been the cause at work here.

The last feature of these coloured concepts is their unchangingness through life. It is the universal confession that the particular colours attached to certain thoughts appear to the percipient at the present time exactly as they have always appeared to him: they have undergone no change during a lifetime. It may be otherwise full of changes. As Galton expresses it, "They are very little altered by the accidents of education". Just as apparently their origination is not due to the influence of the environment so the environment exercises no modifying influence over them as life proceeds; in other words, they are unrelated to the environment.

It may finally be asked if we have any explanation to give of the causal conditions of coloured thinking; why colours at all, and why particular colours, have come to be associated with thoughts in the minds of only a few persons. The reply to this is that we have not. The very arbitrariness of the association defies theoretical explanation. It has been suggested that some coloured picture book in early life may have been the agency at work in giving chromatic character to certain words and objects. This will account for the origin of only a very few coloured concepts. In a very few cases some environmental agency does seem to have been operative, as in one case known to the writer in which the notion of February is white. Here the earliest February remembered was a snowy one; now as snow is white, February ever afterwards came to be associated with whiteness. But this kind of origin is found to have been

the case in extremely few persons who are coloured thinkers. No common origin of external source can make one person think of August as white, another brown, another crimson. If August is white to one person because it is the month of white harvest, then it ought to be white to all persons capable of receiving impressions as to harvest colours at all. But to the vast majority of people it is the supremest nonsense to talk of August as having any colour, and to the few who think it coloured it has not by any means the same colour.

It might be thought that the colours attached to the individual letters of a word would, when mixed together, yield the colour attached to the concept of the entire word. Only in a few accidental cases is this so. In the majority of words the colour of the entire word has no relationship to the colours of the component letters. Thus the word Tuesday is white for a certain coloured thinker for whom t is blue-black; u, gray; e, brown; s, yellow; d, brown; a, white; and y, yellow—colours which when mixed together could not possibly yield white. Nor do the physiological theories of colour-vision throw any light on the matter, although they have been ex-

haustively examined with this end in view. To enter even on an outline of these hypotheses would lead us too far into biological technicalities.

The consensus of opinion seems to be that the tendency to coloured thinking is an innate mental capacity analogous to the artistic, the musical, the mathematical, or other inherited forms of genius or disposition. The different kinds of genius are notoriously not conferred by training or education; if not inherited they cannot be acquired. Precisely the same may be said of coloured thinking. Chromatic conception is not an activity of the ordinary mind; neither is genius. It is not in the ordinary type of mind, but in the slightly aberrant, that the more recondite problems of mental physiology present themselves to receive that adequate study which can alone lead to a satisfactory explanation of their causal antecedents. Coloured thinking is as much a phenomenon of nature as is the rising of the sun or the falling of the tide, and we doubt not that in due time science will be able to explain the mental with as much precision and conviction as she now interprets the physical, for all the cosmos, microcosm and macrocosm in her parish.



ANOTHER PATRIOT GENERAL

By the Honourable William Renwick Riddell

IN *The Canadian Magazine* of November, 1914, appeared an account of Thomas Jefferson Sutherland, a General in the "Patriot" army of 1838. The following article deals with his comrade Edward Alexander Theller, who hated and despised him and was hated and despised by him in equal measure.

Theller was born in Colerain, County Kerry, Ireland, January 13th, 1804, of a good family; he received a good education and distinguished himself as a linguist; even as a youth he became proficient in French and Spanish, an accomplishment that was to stand him in good stead in later life. At a rather early age he came to the United States, but retained to the end his love for his native land and (what he considered a necessary corollary) his hatred for England and all things English.

When the time came for him to elect his allegiance, he became an American citizen, formally forswearing all allegiance to the King in whose dominions he had been born. About 1824 he came to Montreal, where he studied medicine. A fellow student was Dr. Chénier, who was to become a prominent leader in the Rebellion in Lower Canada and to die in battle at the Church at St. Eustache. Some say that Theller was for a time a member of a free love community in New York State.

Theller practised medicine for a

time in Montreal and also carried on a drug store in partnership with Dr. Willson, after whose death he married his widow, Ann Pratt, a lady of some means, daughter of an English gentleman. He seems to have been convinced of his success as a medical man, especially in healing cholera.

His residence in Lower Canada increased rather than diminished his hatred of Britain; and in 1832 he removed from under the flag, settling in Detroit, which had been visited by an epidemic of cholera. Both in that year and in 1834, in another epidemic of cholera, he did good service as a physician.

A man of much energy, he prospered financially and in a few years he was the owner of a wholesale grocery store and also of a drug store; he was as well a physician in active practice in partnership successively with Dr. Lewis F. Starkey and Dr. Fay. He became one of the most prominent supporters in Detroit of the "Patriot" cause; and when an invasion of Upper Canada was planned in the winter of 1837-38 he was chosen as Brigadier-General to command the first Brigade of French and Irish troops to be raised in Canada. The "Sympathizers" were firmly convinced that it only required a force of invaders to appear, to cause the Canadians to rise *en masse* against the supposed tyranny of Britain. Theller, indeed, continued to believe that

excepting the Orangemen, "the vile Orange faction", and the Family Compact there were very few loyal Canadians. He writes: "Nor did I meet during all my stay in Canada with but two Roman Catholic Irishmen who were loyal or wished well to the British Government". He seems never to have heard of the Irish Roman Catholics of Peterborough, who marched from that place to Toronto in the depth of winter to offer their services to the Governor.

Theller was determined not to violate the laws of the United States by taking any part in levying a force or joining one in the United States. Taking advice from the United States District Attorney, he considered that joining out of the United States, an expedition which had come from there, even though it might have been previously and unlawfully set on foot within the jurisdiction of the United States, was perfectly legal and did not violate the American statutes. Accordingly, upon the day agreed upon for a rising opposite Detroit, he crossed over to Canada in a ferry boat and landed at Windsor.

The "rising" did not rise, and after a wordy encounter with the redoubtable Colonel Prince, Theller returned to Detroit. This was not the first that these two met nor was it to be the last time. Theller had previously been the cause of Prince being arrested in Detroit for a debt alleged to be owing to an Irish servant for wages; and the men were bitter enemies. Prince he describes as follows: "Dark and mysterious, cruel and vindictive, plausible but to deceive, he spared neither money, nor time, nor art to crush the spirit of reform and blight the hopes of the friends of Canadian independence". Prince in turn describes Theller as a "d——d piratical scoundrel".

An invasion was then planned from Gibraltar, about twenty miles below Detroit, and Theller made his way thither, still determined not to join the force or do anything except be-

yond the legal jurisdiction of the United States; so far, however, as his "advice was of service it was freely tendered and accepted"; this he calls being "nicely scrupulous about the law", but many a man has been hanged for less.

He crossed over from Gibraltar in a small boat into British waters and took command of the stolen schooner *Ann*. The following day, January 9th, 1838, when discharging the cannon with which the *Ann* was armed, he received a blow on the head from the recoiling gun that felled him to the deck and down the hatch-way into the hold. Before he could recover himself, the *Ann* had been captured by the gallant Canadian militia. Stunned and senseless, Theller was dragged out by the victors, and upon partial recovery he found himself and his comrades under the charge of Lieutenant Baby. He was taken to the hospital, and when enjoying a refreshing and invigorating sleep was awakened by a kick on the ribs from his ancient enemy Colonel Prince, who ordered him to be tied and taken to Fort Malden.

Next day, tied two and two and thrown into the bottom of a wagon, Theller and his captive comrades were sent off to Toronto, accompanied by a strong guard of soldiers and a dozen of the St. Thomas volunteer cavalry riding alongside and going ahead as scouts. The officer in charge of the escort was found to be an old acquaintance of Theller's, Dr. Breakenridge, who had studied his profession in Detroit in the office of Dr. Fay, Theller's former partner. But Breakenridge was "the son of an old revolutionary Tory" and "was well worthy of his sire"; and "this most ungrateful wretch", although Theller had "for months saved him from literally starving", treated the prisoners even worse than his instructions from Prince warranted.

After a tedious journey of five days they reached London, an "apparently flourishing village . . . on the

River Thames". Ten days in the London gaol passed before an order came for Theller and some others to be taken to Toronto. On this journey the prisoners were not tied.

The cavalcade passed through Brantford and Hamilton, and at length arrived at Toronto. The last words Theller heard before passing through the prison doors came from a "decent-looking man": "Bad luck to your impudent face, you bloody Yankee! I hope I may never see you come out of that place until the morning you are to be hung".

On March 24th, 1838, he was presented with a copy of an indictment for treason and on April 6th was called to trial. Mr. Hagerman, the Attorney General, and Mr. Sherwood prosecuted, and the sole defence was that Theller was not a British subject but an American citizen. The Crown admitted that he was a naturalized American citizen, but claimed that "once a subject always a subject" and that he was still a British subject. The facts were proved, and the jury speedily gave their verdict: "If the prisoner is a British subject, he is guilty of Treason". Theller and some American writers preposterously contended that this was a verdict of acquittal; but by the law of England (then and until 1870) and by the law of Upper Canada, the prisoner was a British subject; and he was rightly convicted. Mr. J. E. Small, one of the leaders of the Bar and some time Treasurer of the Law Society, assisted Theller in his defence and remained his staunch friend. Theller describes Hagerman—"Handsome Kit"—as "a large man with an unmeaning, bloated countenance; his nose had been broken but whether in a midnight brawl or not I cannot say, but it gave a hideous and disgusting look to his face"; Sherwood was a "sprout of revolutionary Toryism"; Chief Justice Robinson guilty of "strange perversion", and the jury "all a packed jury of tories"; the law "unjust, tyrannical and barbarous".

On April 10th he was called up for sentence; the sentence was, of course, that he should be drawn to the place of execution on a hurdle and hanged a fortnight thence, and that his body should be given to the surgeons for dissection.

The execution of Lount and Matthews he saw; he arranged with Dr. King "an alderman and an Irishman too" for his burial in the doctor's "own family burial-place in the Catholic burying-ground". Thinking his petition to the Governor would be futile, he prepared for death. Sir George Arthur, however, determined to reserve his case for her Majesty's pleasure by reason of the great legal questions involved. Theller, it is true, and those who accept his statements as gospel, say that his reprieve was due to a fear that the Irish troops would mutiny if he an Irishman were executed while the sentence of General Sutherland an American was commuted—*credat Judaeus Appella*.

On St. George's Day, Theller's faithful wife left behind at Detroit, came to Toronto from Lewiston by the American steamer *Oneida* and made her way to the gaol, while friends who were to present a new petition to Sir George Arthur were hastening to Government House. They soon brought the good news that those whom the prisoner calls "the tyrant and his minions of the perjured wool-sack and the Council" respited him from immediate death. It was currently reported that at the first petition the Council was equally divided, two for reprieve and two opposed, including "a bloodthirsty old Scotsman, Allen or Billy Allen as he was called, . . . who was decidedly for hanging and quartering and could not be persuaded to yield a jot . . . one of the Council, the Honourable Mr. Draper (Solicitor-General) being absent on the London circuit". However that may be, the second petition was successful.

Shortly afterwards he was visited in prison by the Honourable Aaron

Vail, who had been commissioned by the American Government to look into the situation of the American prisoners, but he could afford no relief.

An outbreak of smallpox induced the Government on the representation of "Dr. Widmore (i.e. Widmer) a good, kind-hearted man" to weed out the prison, and on May 15th some fifty-five prisoners were released after entering into recognizances to keep the peace for three years. Some returned to their Canadian homes, but "most of them preferred to leave the country, property and all and go into the United States". Next day orders came to remove Theller and others, twenty-five in all, to Fort Henry, Kingston. Escorted by a guard of negro volunteers, the unfortunates, chained two and two, were taken by Sheriff Jarvis to the Steamer *Commodore Barry* and huddled in the after part of the boat, closely penned in and still in chains.

A plot to take possession of the steamer and run her into Sackett's Harbour came to nothing, owing, Theller says, to Sutherland's cowardice. After remaining in Fort Henry overnight, Theller and the other nine American prisoners "were again placed under our sable escort and marched . . . to a boat," to be taken through the Rideau Canal to Lower Canada. Changing boats at Bytown (Ottawa), they made their way down the River to "Granville" (Grenville); then marched across about fifteen miles to Carillon and embarked on another boat, which took them to Lachine. At Carillon a negro soldier who had "been a slave in Kentucky, from whence he had run away" was drowned, and all Dr. Theller's efforts at resuscitation proved fruitless.

From Lachine they went by barge to Montreal and were incarcerated in the new gaol. Theller gives an interesting account of the conduct of the crowd who watched their March from the River to St. Paul's Street and from there to New Market and thence

to the gaol: "The most abusive epithets against ourselves and country were made use of; such as d——d Yankees, sympathizers, pumpkin-eaters, wooden nutmegs".

The fare in Montreal gaol was an admirable contrast to that at Toronto: "Roast and boiled, fish and flesh, fricassees, ragouts, patés, innumerable, and even the *coup d'appetit* in the shape of good rum was not wanting. Brandy, gin and wine of all sorts and qualities were set on; and we poor hungry, half-starved wretches thought it must be queer fare to have in prison". It was no wonder that they thought "old Kidd, the jailer in Toronto, would stare could he but see such a table . . . or Molineaux, his deputy, the old skunk". But this food was not the regular gaol fare; it was a present from the political prisoners, "lawyers, notaries, priests, seigneurs and other wealthy landed proprietors". These prisoners also sent what they could spare of their clothing, such as shirts, drawers, stockings, shoes, which were much appreciated by the half-clad Americans.

The stay in Montreal was short; the prisoners were taken by boat to Quebec. They were put in the hold of the vessel, as the owners, John Torrance & Company had given orders that the cabins were not to be polluted by the presence of any Yankee brigand. Touching at Three Rivers, a copy of Lord Durham's Proclamation was procured. Theller did not think anything would come of it in the existing miserable state of Canada. At Quebec they were lodged in the Citadel. An order came to send Theller to England, but in October he managed to effect his escape with several others. After lying concealed in Quebec for a short time, friends took him, along with Colonel Dodge, across the River and finally across the line.

They then went to Augusta, Maine, sailed thence by the Steamer *Vanderbilt* for Boston and thence to New York, where they met William Lyon

Mackenzie and several Patriots who had just arrived from exile in Bermuda.

Theller attended and addressed meetings with Mackenzie in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Baltimore in favour of the Canadian rebels, but the news from Canada was discouraging, and sick at heart he took his way homeward by the great western route, the national road. Crossing the State of Ohio to Cleveland, he took the stage for home, travelling day and night to prevent the utter folly of a proposed invasion of Western Canada from Detroit. He arrived in Detroit December 4th, 1838, too late to check the invasion which had already begun and which resulted so disastrously for many of the invaders.

On the second day after his arrival he was arrested to answer to an indictment which some of his friends, during his imprisonment in Canada and with a hope of procuring his extradition, had caused to be found against him for breach of the neutrality laws of the United States. In the following term, June, 1839, he was acquitted; perhaps the fact that the presiding Judge was Ross Wilkins, who had taken quite as active a part in the Patriot movement as Theller himself, may have had something to do with this result.

During the summer of 1839 Theller started a daily paper, *The Spirit of '76 or Theller's Daily Republican Advocate*, which he published for about two years; it had also a weekly edition.

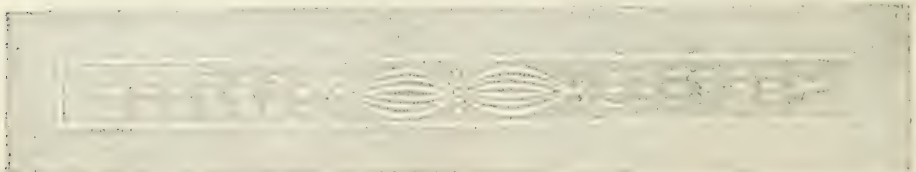
In 1841 he published a book in two volumes, "Canada in 1837-38", which contains a history of the rebellion and

especially his own part therein. It contains a good deal of "fine-writing," much gasconading, much evidence of hatred of Britain, but little of value historically or otherwise. Unlike Sutherland's production, this work is quite common.

The cholera was raging in Buffalo in that year, 1841, and thither Dr. Theller went and resumed the practice of medicine. In 1849, hearing that there was in Panama an epidemic of yellow fever, he made his way to that city. He was met there in 1857 by Mr. Kingsford, who in his "History of Canada" gives an account of the meeting. He was at the time keeping the Cocoa Grove Hotel in the suburbs, a most beautiful spot.

He went from Panama to San Francisco, where he started and edited *The Public Ledger* and afterwards *The Evening Argus*. He died at Hornitos, Mariposa County, California, May 30th, 1859, in his 56th year. One of his sons who was in the United States Army was killed by the Nez Percés in 1877; the other two both lived in San Francisco; his only daughter married F. X. Cicott of Detroit and died in 1865 while her husband was Sheriff of the County, leaving a number of children.

Theller was "plump, full-figured, black-haired, with blue eyes, straight well-formed nose and high forehead, and about five feet six inches in height"; believed himself to be like Napoleon both in person and in genius, with a magnetic tongue, "an Irish enthusiast for anything opposed to Great Britain, a native born Fenian". So say those who knew him; but withal he was a kindly soul, with an open heart and hand for the unfortunate.





THE BOAT-LANDING

From the Painting by
Franklin Brownell, a Canadian Painter
Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

CANSO AND HAZEL HILL

By W. Lacey Amy

IT was not the most favourable conditions under which to make the acquaintance of any town—a tumbling boat of ninety small tons beneath me, seemingly ill-fitted to cope with the swell and roar of the stormy waters of the straits; a drizzling mist that developed into a heavy rain and blotted out everything but the crude, blank, staring things of nature; the waning light of a day that had started before 4 a.m., and had, in the fourteen hours afterwards, included a forty-two-mile coach drive, a two hours' wait at an uninteresting station, and five hours of train and boat. Naples might languish under such a burden. Certainly Canso did.

A low gray loom through the misty rain, and then a bare gray tumble of rocky coast, surf-lined, and nothing more at first. A tall white steeple, bayoneting the sky, crept round a point, high-placed on a bare hill-top. Lower down a lighthouse came dully over the rocks and pushed its feeble gleam into the drab fog. Farther westward a lonely mast shot up above an island, tilted a little, telling the victory of wind and wave that had driven it upon the shore. Through a narrow passage between the sullen out-lying islands we slowly drifted, and within the harbour made two right-angle turns before reaching the wharf. Canso was in no hurry to disembark us.

From the water it was a very long town, and very narrow, as if each house begrudged another a place beside the water that gave them their living. In architecture they did not struggle with one another—drab, plain and unpretentious, content that they were part of Canso, the cod-fishing centre of "the Eastern". Only here and there a larger structure told of public affairs independent of Canso and its cod—a school, a church or two, the post-office. And down beside the water the one big industry of the town, placing Canso outside the list of mere fishing villages, the warehouses of a government-fed institution, with a cold-storage plant, which carries "fresh" fish across the continent. The rest was but a mass of drab, with indefinite lines of windows and flat roofs, through the fog. But there was no drabness down the "tid-dle," the narrow harbour wherein lie the life and commerce of Canso. There row after row of fishing-boats tied up to the wharves faded into the distance as an indistinct blur of upright points.

But fog and rain did not dull Canso's nightly entertainment. The wharf was crowded. The *R. G. Cann* was Canso's little touch of outside world, its daily dissipation, its purveyor of mails and visitors and floating bits of gossip denied the mails. Every morning, in the early light, the



A SCENE ON THE WHARVES AT CANSO

boat draws out for Mulgrave, thirty-five miles away to the north, to pick up connection with the outside. Fishermen lounged about the wharf in yellow slickers fresh from the sea, and the townspeople wore waterproofs—or stood calmly in the rain. Umbrellas are for places where water does not enter so seriously into the life of the citizens. To a gentle, white-bearded man I delivered my baggage and wandered up the pavementless streets to the hotel.

At the best of times Canso is not pretty. The builders of it cared for nothing but the fish; their descendants are worthy of followers of the same idea. To make Canso beautiful would be to translate it to another region, and to deprive it thereby of the things that count for much more than beauty. Rock is everywhere, cropping out through the thin soil in all sorts of inconvenient places. Streets stumble and clatter over rock that will

never wear out—that will never permit waterworks or sewers. A telegraph company was inaugurating its service by incessant blasting of rock to give foothold to the poles. It is a town without water or light or sewerage—lights were about to be installed—and yet a town of a couple of thousand people, whose forefathers had lived on these rocks a half century before an invisible line was cut through North America. Old rusted lamp-posts still stand awry about the corners, the remains of a lighting system this generation does not know. Streets wander without regard, but to the path of least resistance. Shops are splattered in disconnected locations without favouritism to any street. There is no business centre, no residential suburb, no slum. It is all Canso, a unit that looks anxiously out to sea to catch the first glimpse of the returning fishing-boats.

But whatever its location may de-



UNLOADING A TRAWLER AT CANSO

prive it of is made up for by its honourable, steadfast history. For almost two centuries there has been a Canso—away back in 1720 they locate its natal day—and it has been a life of struggle and danger and sorrow. The French kicked it about persistently within the first century of its career, and during the war of 1812-1814 the United States found it an easy mark on which to vent their spleen. It never seemed worth protecting, and the British left it to filibustering foreigners.

It is different now. Canada's first move in recognition of possible war was to despatch a detachment of regulars from Halifax to those rocky shores. And within three days of the declaration of war a large boatload of militia and guns drew warily into the tortuous channel and unloaded its bristling freight to back up the regulars already there. For Canso stands high with the authorities to-day.

Through its two cable stations Canada touches hands with Europe. Through Canso runs the thrill of big transactions, of world-stirring news. Canso has entered the council of nations. Two miles westward a model town tells of conditions manufactured to overcome local inconveniences. Hazel Hill, with its eighty telegraphers and their families and the other requirements of what is said to be the largest receiving cable station in the world, is definitely placed to be the antithesis of Canso—uniform architecture of some ambition, scenic surroundings suitable to residence, green grass and trees, entertainment, and everything to make the life of the operators pleasant. Hazel Hill is Canso modernized—without the qualifications that brought Canso into being long before cables were even dreams.

Its age brings to Canso more than memories. Even to-day it is content.

Hundreds of its people have never been outside its limits—old men and women whose ancestors ran to cover many a time at sight of a French frigate or an American privateer. Hazel Hill is foreign travel to some of them. They are content to die without hearing the rumble of a train. Into the career of a woman of sixty has come one big event—a visit to a neighbouring fishing village, five miles along the coast, in honour of the opening of a new church; and she talks about it yet. One of the top-notch families first sailed into Canso harbour a little more than a hundred years ago, while on the way to Labrador. It stopped there. To-day a descendant is the local squire and landed proprietor, owner of the largest wharf and largest store, a man who condescends to receive the visitor who is sufficiently recommended.

Communication with the outside world is uncertain, with the unreliability of water connection. At times the straits are full of ice, or a southeaster rages up the Atlantic. Then the only way out is by a long, dreary

route up the shores of Chedabucto Bay, a terrible trail in winter, where strong men numb in the heavy gales and ruthless, unimpeded snow.

There is a reckless tang in the life of the cod-fisherman that makes Canso the centre of stories of daring evasion of the law. Nowhere east of Halifax is there license to sell liquor—but the French island of Miquelon is only a few days away on the coast of Newfoundland. It is not too far for the venturesome fisherman, and the excitement of liquor-running repays the risk. They tell of the skipper who long made profit of his daring runs across the south coast of Cape Breton. But the authorities interfered. They awaited his return one day, and laid heavy, gleeful hands on him as he entered the harbour—only to find an empty hold. They were still cursing as his brother sailed in a couple of hours later with deep-sunk hull—filled with the load transferred ten miles out at sea. And many times thereafter it was transferred before official wits got working.

They narrate with many a laugh the adventures of an illicit distiller



ALONG THE "TIDDLE" AT CANSO



THE COD FLAKES AT CANSO

whose plant on a neighbouring island was surrounded one night by revenue officers. The moonshiner managed to escape by a flying leap through the window. The officers, sure of their quarry, took their time loading the outfit into the man's own boat, and then set out to beat the island. But their prey escaped through their lines to the laden boat and calmly pulled away with both boats, leaving them marooned and helpless, watching him from the shore.

It is along the wharves you hear these stories. For there you find the life of Canso. The village itself is but a sleeping-place for this living that throbs along the water's edge. There they work and play and live their social life. I passed among them for days, with the freedom a stranger nowhere else feels. They are eager to talk, to answer questions, to offer trips to the fishing-grounds. They also wanted to be photographed. One easy group of three, lounging on the

deck of an isolated boat, sprang below at the first sight of the camera, to return in a minute with—hats, one a very pale pearl, and another a stiff black. And yet, uninteresting as they now were, they had to be taken. A fisherman sculled me across the tiddle that I might take his boat, the largest in the harbour, in full swordfishing attire, one member of the crew in the cross-trees, one in the "chair," another with the float ready to cast. Still another skipper begged me to wait until he had daubed a few bare places with fresh paint. On that Saturday afternoon they were industriously shining up, for their affection for their boats is undying.

Up against the Corporation wharf lay an ugly gray steamer, an English trawler, its 134,000 pounds of haddock running over in heaps on the deck, a dirty, slimy mass hauled up perhaps a week before from the ocean bed by huge nets and rushed at the limit of time to the cold-storage plant to be



A STREET IN CANSO

Showing the rock upon which the town is built

turned into the market as fresh fish. The fishermen eyed it askance, the stale fish an eyesore in their sight. And they told me angrily how that load of three thousand dollars, caught any time within the week, brought the catchers a higher rate than did their daily-trawled fish, given straight from the sea into the hands of the merchants. The clumsy English trawlermen, working to the point of exhaustion under the goal of a percentage and swift-moving machinery, sent basket after basket ashore all day long, and left at the end for another sweeping of the depths away up through the straits in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Now and then a schooner or a "ves-sel" drifted into harbour, and along the wharves the fishermen stopped work to guess the business and name of the newcomer. One was an American swordfishing boat, and a deputation left immediately to learn the luck, and the whereabouts of the swordfish. But most of the lazy boats that blundered in, and wheeled about anchor in mid-harbour to the flapping of sails and the creaking of anchor chains,

were Lunenburg fishermen, doomed by shortage of bait to await a new supply. Some of them lay there a week, a dead loss to the owners, and still no herring to sell them.

Out on the tiddle in boats, and along the wharves, boys frolicked and fought and raced. Three little fellows, scarce able to toddle, launched a big dory undisturbed, to give chase to a toy sailboat carried into the tiddle by the wind. From a snubbing-post a current of naked youngsters plunged into the dirty water, some stopping before each dive to cross their foreheads with hurried hand. A tottering old fellow tried to explain to me the characteristics of a "pinkie" that lay near, an old boat that had just been brought from "the Western"; and a younger fisherman dared to maintain that it was a shallop. I left them arguing the relative merits of the sharp stern and the blunt, each adhering stubbornly to the things of his age. And all about was the overpowering odour of fish.

It was the life of Canso down there, Canso concentrated, packed into the narrow border of a narrow harbour.

At night it rained: rainy nights are not unusual in Canso. The rain falls with a persistence that defies defiance from the inexperienced. Through the open windows of my room I could hear but the murmur of a few muffled voices from the street. From somewhere downstairs a metallic piano—the first I had heard for weeks—drummed out the good old tunes that have stirred the throng for many a year. The window-blind flapped drearily in the wind, and a boat whistled suddenly from the harbour

and pulled to rest beside some dark, deserted wharf. And after the piano became silent and the voices had long since ceased, I sat by the window and listened to Canso's own heartbeat—a foghorn from a distant lighthouse, thickened by the blank gray fog, and dreary bell-buoy that gloomily wafted its warning on the varying wind, always low, always menacing; and over it all that dull boom of dashing surf on the islands outside. Canso was asleep at last to its own lullaby.

THE RECRUIT

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

HIS mother bids him go without a tear;
His sweetheart walks beside him, proudly gay,
"No coward have I loved," her clear eyes say—
The band is playing and the people cheer.

Yet in his heart he thinks, "I am afraid!
I am afraid of Fear—how can I tell
If in the ordeal 'twill go ill or well?
How can man tell how bravely man is made?"

Steady he waits, obeying brisk command,
Head up, chin firm, and every muscle steeled,
Thinking, "I shot a rabbit in a field
And sickened at its blood upon my hand."

The sky is blue and little winds blow free,
He catches up his comrades' marching song;
Their bayonets glitter as they sweep along—
("How ghastly a red bayonet must be!")

How the folk stare! His comrade on the right
Whispers a joke—is gay and debonair,
Sure of himself and quite at odds with care;
But does he, too, turn restlessly at night?

From each familiar scene his inner eye
Turns to far fields by Titans rent and torn;
For in that struggle must his soul be born,
To look upon itself and live—or die!

ME AND MATILDA

By Jennie Zelda Karlan

MATILDA, who is my sister and *was* my housekeeper, had insinuated all along that matrimony should always be the chief end of a curate. Her insinuation, I thought, was confined to curates, for she was forty-five herself and still a spinster. Not that she had never had an offer. More than once had she experienced real romance, so she assured me, and she seemed never to forget it. But one day, as I casually observed the rector wearing a pair of wrist-bands she had knitted, I wondered why she had shifted from socks for soldiers. So I began then to put two and two together, and to conclude that I was not after all the sole object of her attentions. However, I hadn't yet thought that I might have been, all along, an obstacle to her own prospects, that a small measure of charity at home might have sent her forth in a new frock and added the necessary hair to the turning of the scale. Nevertheless, whenever she dropped a stitch and looked at me over the rims, I knew what to expect, just the same as I knew on that wet morning when she opened the conversation with much gravity, saying:

"People wonder at it, Hiram."

In a frivolous mood she would have called me Hire.

Perhaps it would have been con-

siderate of me to tell her that their wonder would soon be at an end, but even I myself scarcely realized that during the service of the previous morning the sight of a sweet face, of Margaret Moore sitting in a pew, had caused me to break in the chant and slight the pronouns in the prayer. As a matter of fact, I was unconsciously coming into the belief that for me, after all, matrimony was the solid rock. So I suffered Matilda to continue, as the needles clicked faster and faster.

"They say you're a little behind the times, Hiram," she said. "Now, to my notion, a bachelor curate cannot feel his dignity. Think how nice it would be, for instance, at a social gathering or a funeral, to say: 'My wife is of the same opinion as I'; 'this is my wife, Mr. Justice Fairbanks'; 'Allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Hawkins'; 'My wife always coaches me in my sermons'; then, turning to her, 'don't you, Margaret?'"

Margaret! Ye Church at Ephesus! Had she read my thoughts? I almost gasped the name before her lips had completed it. I rose and stood before the window. A carriage stopped in front of the house. Man and curate that I was, I saw bewitching ankles, above which dainty frills and laces were cautiously held, pick their way across the wet pavement. I raised

my eyes and saw Margaret Moore ascending my very door-step.

Matilda received her.

A few minutes later I was told that the young lady wished to see me—alone.

I admitted her to the library.

She appeared to be slightly nervous; but in that she had my entire sympathy. When she began to speak she blushed freely. I must confess that my own cheeks burned.

"I want you to help me," she began.

I grew in importance immediately.

"Yes, I want you to help me; I want you to make me happy. I have a ——"

She hesitated and blushed. I thought, even more deeply than before.

"He's a soldier now, you know," she went on, taking out her knitting.

"I don't see him much since he enlisted," she continued, "but he's confided in me. You see, he wants to get married right away, and there's a difficulty."

"But *you're* willing enough?" I asked, hoping that she was not.

She glanced round the room, and drew her chair closer to mine.

"It's not that," she half whispered.

"Your parents object?" I ventured.

She drew her chair still closer.

"We haven't told them yet."

"Yet he has proposed marriage?" I said.

"Yes, but he may not be accepted."

"Do you think it's fair to keep him in doubt?"

"But there's a difficulty."

"Is it pecuniary or position?" I asked, with a sense of real embarrassment.

She leaned over so that my ear was level with her lips. Then she whispered in a tone full of contempt:

"His colonel objects."

Then she knitted with much spirit and waited for me to reply.

"What regiment is he in?" I asked.

I was told the very one for which I am acting as chaplain.

I straightened up and looked down into her great pleading eyes, which seemed so beautiful that I nearly forgot myself.

"It's rather serious," I at length ventured.

She agreed that it was.

"But I don't see how I can assist you."

She took a letter from her pocket.

"You see, you ——"

She hesitated, looked around the room again, drew her chair still closer to mine. Again I stooped till my ear was level with her lips. Honestly, it was too near; I shouldn't have allowed it, being still only a curate, not a bishop. I should have summoned Matilda.

"Could you not speak to the colonel?" she pleaded, looking up at me in a most bewitching manner. Then she added, with a pout, "You being the chaplain."

All the time, I was hoping the colonel would never relent, but I stammered out something to the effect that I would see what I could do.

"It would make us both so happy!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together, "oh, so happy!"

"I'll speak to the colonel," I said.

"I must confess that my enthusiasm was not unbounded. How could I, who was head and ears in love with Margaret myself, intercede successfully in behalf of another? But I suppose that is one of the trials that we chosen ones must undergo."

Having gained my consent to intercede, Margaret began to ask questions about myself, about my work; and then she took my breath away by suddenly demanding why I had not married earlier in life.

"Am I so old and hopeless?" I asked, with at least a pretence at despair.

"She blushed and looked even more charming than ever."

"Oh, by no means," she replied, and then I fancied I saw something in her look.

I am not the first man who has fancied he has seen something in a woman's look.

Margaret lingered for a few minutes, scanning the titles of the books, and then she left promising to return in a day or two to hear what success I might have.

I saw the colonel that very afternoon. He dared to say that the matter could be arranged, making my heart fall. And when Margaret came back, the very next day, I told her what the colonel had said. She threw her knitting to one side, clasped my hands in hers and held them for a long while.

"I'm so glad," she said, in a low, contented tone, "so glad!"

"And what is to be *my* reward?" I asked, merely for the sake of saying something.

"You shall be invited to the wedding."

"But may I not have at least the honour of marrying you?"

"*Me!*" she exclaimed.

"I wish it were *you*," I stammered. "But I mean the honour of performing the ceremony."

"But I'm not to be married," she said, laughing up at me and increasing slightly the rich colour of her cheek.

"Then who in heaven's name is?" I demanded.

"Why, Jack, of course."

"What Jack?"

"My brother."

"Not Lieutenant Moore?"

"Certainly."

"Why, he was present when I spoke

to the colonel."

"Whatever did you say?"

"I merely said it was someone you were interested in. Oh, well, it's all right, I suppose."

"Perfectly all right."

There was a long pause.

"Then *you* are free," I said, taking her hand.

"I always have been," she replied.

"Then you've been free long enough," and I took the desperate chance of drawing her closer to me.

Just then there was a rap on the door.

"It's Matilda," I whispered. "What had we better do?"

"Don't you think it would be a good way to announce it?" she said archly.

"Capital," I replied. Then to Matilda I shouted, "Come in!"

Matilda opened the door. She stood for a moment transfixed, and then suddenly her knitting fell to the floor.

"Hiram!" she exclaimed.

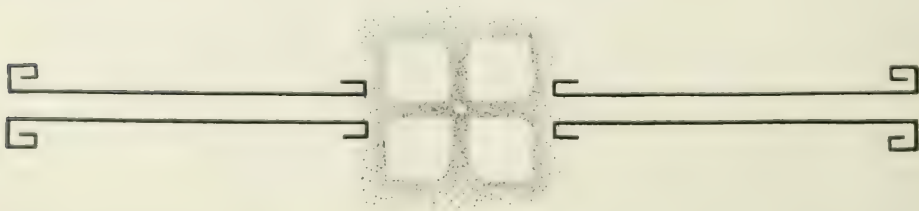
In a more frivolous mood she would have called me Hire.

"Yes, Matilda?" I replied, still holding Margaret in my arms.

"What does this mean?" she demanded.

"It means," I said, "that in order to prevent a scandal in this house, you must bestow upon us your blessing."

All I need add is that she bestowed it, and that when I left the room five minutes later she and Margaret were knitting as if the whole army depended on their efforts.



RUHLEBEN,

A CIVILIAN PRISON IN GERMANY

By E. J. Flint

IN July, 1914, I went to Winnipeg for the purpose of meeting my husband on his return from a trip to Europe. I received word, however, that he was "unfortunately detained another two weeks", but would sail from Trieste at the end of the month; that there was some talk of war, but he "guessed it would amount to nothing". After that I heard nothing more for almost two months. I was frantic, as the papers were full of the war and the ruthlessness and vindictiveness of the Austrian and German soldiery.

About the end of September a brief note came from my husband stamped with United States stamps and postmarked Washington, D.C., and across it was the inscription "Received in the Diplomatic Pouch from Germany". In this letter my husband wrote:

"I am well. Don't worry about me, as everyone is courteous and I have nothing to complain of but my lack of liberty. I am free to stay at the hotel, visit cafés and theatres, and walk about the parks so long as I report twice daily at stated hours."

At Christmas some returned American tourists (detained till then owing to the unsettled condition in Europe) brought news at first hand which was substantially the same.

In February I received several let-

ters from Germans written to me personally and kindly on behalf of my husband to say he had been arrested, as had all men of fighting age of British birth, that for a week he had been in the gaol at the city of Chemnitz, on the Austrian border, that there he had been sent under guard to Leipzig jail and thence to Berlin. Then I heard from another German whom I knew at the university that I should not worry about my husband's internment in a Berlin prison as they were "the finest in Europe—clean, airy, comfortable", and that the inmates were treated with great leniency and kindness; and furthermore, that it was through the thoughtfulness of the German military authorities that these civilians had been interned for the winter months in these comfortable prisons instead of being housed in tents outside the city. The letter follows:

"You should indeed be grateful to the German Government that, in this time of stress and anxiety over this wicked attack by England, she should take such thought for the comfort and health of her enemies. You will see the justice, too, of your husband's internment when you think that no Britisher was interned in Germany till all our German subjects were interned in England and Canada. We have not interned women, while you are allowing delicate, refined German women to die uncared for, but by rough guards, in your Canadian and South African prisons."

I soon found that this was not true, and I marvelled that educated people in Germany should believe without proof what was printed in their papers.

My husband spoke in the one card I received from him direct from the first prison that he had written several times and that he was still well. More than that he was not allowed to say.

On March 15th he was transferred to the Ruhleben camp, and from then on his condition has steadily improved. We have taken up the matter of his exchange with everyone we thought or hoped could effect it, but to no avail. The unaltering answer always is that so long as he is well and of military age he cannot be exchanged.

From my husband's letters and other sources I have formed some idea of the camp. The property used to be a race-course, with accompanying buildings. Underneath the grandstand, where there used to be a restaurant, they have now a post-office, and one can find there also a cobbler, barber, dentist. In one corner a man may be playing a cornet, while in another corner another man may be practising on a violin. In the centre a group is frequently seen trying out a scene in the next play to be enacted.

The stables are used as dormitories. A box-stall that used to accommodate one horse is regarded by the German officials as sufficient for six men.

Again my husband writes:

"On arriving from Berlin I found the place a sea of mud. I immediately purchased from the canteen a pair of boots with wooden soles an inch thick. They are not uncomfortable with two pairs of socks, and they keep my feet dry. They cost me one dollar. The canteens are fairly well supplied and the prices not exorbitant, considering all. But the amount we are allowed to spend each day is limited, so that no one can 'speculate in necessities', I suppose. I have been allotted to the 'tea house,' a large bungalow much like our own home, with its red roof, pillars and large verandahs. On the whole the in-

mates are a fairly decent crowd, and there is in the camp plenty of fine musical, athletic and chess talent. So that on the whole, I think, I shall rather enjoy it for awhile. We are permitted to receive all letters, I believe, and may write two letters and four post-cards a month, all of which go and come without postage through some treaty of exchange. We are allowed the use of the race-track for games, and have organized soccer and cricket and chess and card clubs.

"Some of the concerts are really very fine and the plays put on by the men are as well done as I ever saw them. The senior officials are courteous and obliging. Our 'duties' are light, but are required at odd hours. We clean house from four to eight a.m. in the dark, and then loaf the daylight away. The greatest danger is of mental and physical stagnation under these conditions of foodstuffs. Fortunately all parcels so far are allowed into the camp, and societies have been organized in London to aid in the sending of food and clothing and comforts to the prisoners, both civil and military. The diet, as given to me, consists of the following items: At 8 a.m., one large cup of coffee, made from an essence extracted from nuts and grains, with no milk or sugar; at 9.30 a.m., 225 grains of prison bread (about a three-inch cube of dark sodden brown bread in which rye, flax and potatoes have been added to the ordinary brown flour); at noon, one ladleful (two ordinary soup-plates) of vegetable soup, made from potatoes, turnips and carrots, and flavoured with the meat left from the soldiers' dinner of the day before; at 5.30 p.m., two cups of tea or cocoa, without sugar or milk. Butter, milk, sugar, and eggs are forgotten luxuries. Twice a week each man could have a piece one and one-half inches long of either sausage or maps (boneless rolled smoked fish). Anything more than this allowance must be bought at the canteen. Those prisoners who had money, or could get it sent to them, bought from the canteens, eggs, till the supply gave out, sausage, milk, tea, sugar. For those who had not money, the British Government makes an allowance of \$1.25 a week, which is to be repaid.

It was not until the fall that I had further news of the Ruhleben camp, and then word came from three sources. The first was Ambassador Gerard's reports, which stated that after ten months' co-operation between the German guards and constables (unarmed) elected from among the prisoners, it was decided to try out a system of self-government within

the camps. A captain was elected for each barrack, and a captain chosen for the camp, to whom the barrack captains were to report and hand over each night signed slips accounting for all their men. German soldiers were, of course, stationed outside the high camp fence, which is surmounted with barbed wire.

Since this civil administration has been in effect no serious misdemeanours and no escapes have been reported. The petty officials, who annoyed their prisoners by frequent mean advantage, were done away with, and the food, though still poor and insufficient, became more palatable. A prisoner who has been exchanged gave me a list of provisions supplied, saying quietly, "You see how scanty our diet was and how necessary it is for Canada and our friends to send added supplies through the American Ambassador.

Early in 1916 my husband wrote me that he had been outside the enclosure once during the year he had been there, when he, with thirty others, had been allowed to pull the milk wagon into town.

"During the year our condition has materially improved. A fine library of 4,000 volumes has been installed, each man contributing. A good picture-show, where first-class films are shown, was built, also a Young Men's Christian Association. It is a pity there were so many restrictions put on the use of the association at first, for it was sorely needed, and would have been such a boon to us all. Shower baths have been put in, in the bath-house, and every man is required to take a weekly bath. Splendid schools have been started, where the illiterate are forced to attend, and this is supplemented by a fine course of lectures by some of the clever men here (several of them are Rhodes scholarship men) and outsiders (Germans and Americans). I myself am taking courses in telegraphy and electricity and law to help pass the time and because it is interesting to me. However, the lack of privacy makes it hard to concentrate.

"As to clothes, you would be amused if you could see some of the men here. I remember not long ago when at a concert a well-known violinist, who was caught here en tour at the outbreak of the war, took part, serenely oblivious of his short running trunks, soiled shirt and bare legs.

My own clothes were hanging together with string and safety pins till your parcel of clothing came. Sir Robert Borden, in behalf of the Canadian Government, has sent in my care twenty-seven parcels containing socks, flannels, shirts and sweaters, all of good quality. The men were very glad indeed to get them. Several of the Montreal and western churches have sent Christmas parcels of good things to eat in which were extra socks and shirts. In fact, just before Christmas, I am told, more than 1,000 parcels a day were received here. By this generosity everyone received Christmas cheer. I have been able to rig up wet cell batteries in our box (you know I left the 'tea-house' long ago and am much more comfortable now), so we are not now in the dark from 8 p.m. to 8 a.m., and we have been allowed to get our trunks from various parts of the country where we had been first arrested. The police station isn't nearly so much in use these days of self-government, and the negroes and boys are put by themselves in separate barracks under strict supervision. At first it was all one jumble, each with his straw-filled sack mattress two feet from the next man, irrespective of age, colour, or character. Now we are allowed, within limits, to choose our environment and companions, to have garden plots, if we so desire, to wash our clothes, or hire someone here to do them in the 'wash-house'. We have a camp newspaper. We have fairly good hospitals for the sick men. But at best it is a long, tiresome wait. Each day is like the next, so that literally, but not in truth, the meaning of *Ruhleben* (live restfully) comes into one's mind."

It is to Ambassador Gerard, Captain Powell and Baron Taube and Count Schwerein that much of this improvement is due. Ambassador Gerard would, if he could, have released many of the weaker ones. There are men on crutches in the camp, and others who do not speak English, being sons of Englishmen who have lived for many years in Germany, have married German women, but who have never become naturalized citizens and others not forced into military training.

This *Ruhleben* camp is surely a monument to British honour. No such prison has ever been established, and it is no wonder the Germans point with pride to it, failing to see that it is the outcome of the type of prisoners and not of German efficiency.

THE CENSOR IN GERMANY

By Professor F. V. Reithdorf

THE population of Germany is not allowed to tell or even to hear or read the truth, therefore the average German is unable to understand the situation of the Fatherland or to comprehend the distress of the nation as a whole. The observations of the average German are restricted to a very small area. In that area he may see heart-rending poverty and feel the relentless oppression of the authorities. But generally he will conclude that his and his neighbour's is an exceptionally unhappy lot, that elsewhere in Germany there is happiness and content. He reads his newspapers, and every one of them—no matter if Conservative or Radical, if Liberal or Centrist—contains nearly the same picture of prosperity and happiness and enthusiasm for the war and loyalty to the Kaiser and the other reigning princes. It is a deceptive picture. How is it that it is painted every day by the press of all parties?

The stenographic minutes of the Reichstag of January 18th, 1916, give an explanation. On that occasion a number of deputies who are able to gather bits of information and put them together in a mosaic picture took the Government to account for the high-handed act of the censors.

The following excerpts from their speeches are taken from the *Fraenke Tages Post*, of Nuremberg, Bavaria. (The newspapers of Bavaria

enjoy exemption from censorship, excepting military newspapers):

"The symbol under which we are meeting," said the Social Democratic deputy, Dittmann, "is the muzzle. The muzzle put on the Reichstag. Here is the proof: [The speaker showed a report of the proceedings of the Reichstag contained in the 'Volksblatt fuer Holle']. In such a way are the speeches made by us mutilated by the censor. The white spaces you see contained the words by which Mr. Simon [another member of the Reichstag] criticized the Imperial grain board last Thursday. The people may not learn what has been said in the Reichstag. Such an outrage is unconstitutional because the constitution of the Empire explicitly allows the publication of correct reports on the Reichstag meetings.

"In the districts of many army commands the people are not allowed to manifest Social Democratic opinions or utter Social Democratic demands. The newspapers of our party in many places are censored before they are published. Every day our editors must make guerilla warfare against the censor for every word. It is said that there exists only a military censorship; but, in fact, it is a political censorship. Every part of public life, politics, business, arts, science, literature, every-day life of the citizens, whatever exists has been submitted to the censor, who acts like a bull in a china shop. Even the Conservatives [the party of the Junkers] complain about the censorship.

"The National German Metal Workers' Union has been enjoined to state the fact that manufacturers tried to cut down the wages and to make worse the other conditions of labour. And this order has been especially approved by the Prussian war department.

"Newspapers have been forced to re-

print articles of the "Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung" [semi-official organ], and even of the "Tägliche Rundschau" [Reventlow's jingo paper]. The meanness and malice of this performance becomes evident by the fact that the press at the same time is forbidden to state the source of the articles which it is forced to publish. This is the most monstrous violence done to conscience; this is political immorality of the highest degree. The censorship tries to deceive friend and enemy and to create the impression that it does not exist. At the same time there are army corps districts in which every advertisement is censored before the newspaper may be issued. In the district of the Seventh Army Corps every line is stricken out that hints at the existence of the censorship.

"Even freedom of speech is curtailed. The speakers must beforehand submit the manuscripts of their speeches. One member of the Reichstag has not been allowed to make a report on the August session of this body [In Germany it is the custom that members of Parliament give their constituents an account of the stewardship after every session]. Deputy Audrick, representing the third district of Brunswick, has been forbidden to mention in any way that he had been forced to submit the manuscript of his speech to the censor and has been threatened with punishment. The military governor of Strassburg did not even permit the Landtag [Legislature] to meet until he was assured that it would not talk politics.

"The Deputies Fischbaeck [Radical], Stresemann [Liberal], Mertin [Moderate Conservative], Heine [Social Democrat], and Waldstein [Radical], criticized the censorship more or less sharply. Heine, who, besides Scheidemann and David, leads the majority of the Social Democratic Reichstag, members who continue to vote for the war credits, stated that a man has been arrested at the beginning of the war, and is still kept in prison, although he is unable to learn why he is held."

Mr. Dittman said that the editor of the *Volksblatt fuer Halle* was told by the local censor that the Prussian war office had ordered part of Mr. Simon's speech stricken out, and it continued: "So you have striking proof that the rulers of the country trample down the constitution".

Here Deputy Dittman was censored by Vice-President Dove of the Reichstag because he used too harsh words. But Mr. Dittman kept on exposing the official system of perverting the

truth. He compared the promises of liberty and equal rights, made to the people by the Emperor and the Chancellor at the beginning of the War, to the existing conditions; he reminded his hearers of the solemn assurances by the highest military command of the "workers," that the declaration of the martial law would be repealed as soon as the mobilization of the army was completed. Mr. Dittman said: "But the martial law continues to be in effect—after the completion of the mobilization". The executive power still rests with the military commandants, who usurp more and more powers. Instead of by law and order, we are arbitrarily ruled by dictators of unlimited powers. These conditions are not caused by a series of blunders, but by the whole of the existing system."

Being a Socialist, Deputy Dittman protested primarily against the oppression of the Social Democratic party and their newspapers. He said:

"Ministerial Director Sewald, representing the Imperial Government, kept silent to these accusations. By his silence he pleaded guilty. Every German Reichstag deputy who intends to make accusations against the government, informs the government beforehand, and thereby enables it to get all the information necessary to refute it."

In spite of this Mr. Sewald was unable to deny the statements of Mr. Dittman and the other speakers.

There is only one part of Germany—Bavaria—where the true report of parliamentary proceedings may be published. But in Bavaria there are only a few financially strong newspapers who have their special Reichstag correspondents in Berlin, the rest of the newspapers are served by the semi-official Wolff News Agency, which does not mention anything not approved by the authorities.

The Bavarian newspapers which are willing to print correct reports of the Reichstag proceedings or other events have many difficulties to overcome. They cannot get true news by wire or mail. Every telegram is cen-

sored, every letter must be open when it is mailed. If the contents of a letter are deemed obnoxious, the censor is not always content to delete the letter wholly or partly, but sometimes he causes the writer to be prosecuted.

The Landgericht (Supreme Court) at Breslau did pioneer work when nearly thirty years ago it sentenced the late Deputy Liebknecht (the father of Dr. Liebknecht) to three months in prison for *lèse majesté*, not because the accused had offended the Kaiser, but on account of the *dolus eventualitis*, i.e., because Liebknecht should have known that some of his hearers would believe he intended to offend the Kaiser, if they misunderstood him. Half a score of years ago Mr. Marckwald was sentenced to two years in prison because he had published in *The Keonigsberger Volkszeitung* an article on the Prussian Queen Louise, who was dead nearly eighty years. The article did not contain anything that had not been written before by historians of standing, even by such as Treitschke.

Marckwald was found guilty because according to the opinion of the court the dignity of the reigning Kaiser Wilhelm was hurt by the truth about his great-grandmother, and because a man opposed to the Hoberzollerns had certainly the intention to defraud the Kaiser.

Now, on such grounds every utterance disagreeable to the government can be punished, even during peace; and the judges have the means to do it. The Deputy Westernzen of Wurtemberg and several other men and women who caused the distribution of a pamphlet demanding an early peace were indicted for high treason. If they want to, the authorities are able to inflict the death penalty on such "high traitors". As far back as in the 80's of the last century the German law courts created by a perverse interpretation of the law the *Ambulante Gerichtsstand* for newspapers and other printed matter; and

accordingly the editor of a newspaper or the author or publisher of any other printed matter can be indicted and tried for the contents of the newspaper by every court in the district of which the publication has been distributed.

But German officialdom is not content with suppressing the truth. It creates falsehoods and causes them to be circulated. Only one instance out of many cases!—*The Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, recognized organ of the German government, of January 8th, 1916, contains the following: "According to the letter published in *The Neue Zuercher Zeitung*, the parcels containing fats which were sent through the Swiss post-office in Germany during the holidays (Christmas week) have not been delivered as addressed, but have been sent to the central office at Berlin. This measure, which apparently is a social one, because the Government does not allow that certain classes of people 'swim in fat' while others starve and have nothing to eat but potatoes and bread, has been denounced by the Zurich paper *Volksrecht*."

This article was an incautious one. The *Volksrecht* is a Swiss newspaper and not subjected to the German censorship, and therefore was able to nail down the lie by the following sentences:

"That is the limit. Of all this stuff there was not one word printed in our paper, as all our readers can testify. Why such false tricks? May the 'Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung' make use of them because it is protected by the censor from an answer in Germany?"

In this special instance, the matter is of very little importance. *The Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* wanted a pretext to praise the great care taken by the German Government of the interests of the poor masses. To get the pretext it lied. Now, if they lie even regarding such small matters, will Germany allow the truth to be told where her serious interests are at stake?

FUTURIST POLITICS

By Main Johnson

AN IMPRESSION OF THE POLITICAL CONVENTIONS AT CHICAGO

SYNOPSIS IN VERS LIBRE

Pompeian vases, eight feet tall.
Alice Roosevelt Longworth.
Blacksmith at the forge.
Live elephants on the march.
Rain.
Rain.
Rain.
Eating.
Drinking.
Swish of automobiles.
Preparedness.
Lincoln.
Bellboys calling futilely.
Swirl of Lake Michigan.
Senator Borah's braided locks.
Policemen omnipresent.
Straw hats swooping through the air.
His mother came from Georgia.
Hyphens.
Umbrellas inside out.
Perpetual scribbling.
Utter noise of humans.

IF here are still any theorists who claim that *vers libre* and futurist painting are exotic and artificial forms of art, with no real necessity or reason behind them, they should have been in Chicago during the month of June, at the conventions of the Republican, Progressive and Woman's Parties. There they would have met a subject whose treatment by conventionally artistic methods would be hopeless. Only a complicated, emotional, impressionistic style would serve at all to describe the scene.

The only possible painting which

would truthfully and adequately describe that week in Chicago would be quite as confused and just as incomprehensible as any of the futurist paintings in their most involved stage, like Wyndham Lewis's "Portrait of an Englishwoman," or Henry Wadsworth's "Cape of Good Hope," a mere hodge-podge of lines, curves and angles.

The only possible writing which would honestly describe the convention period would be a jostling list, a mixture of Homer's "Catalogue of Ships," Whitman's "Salut du Monde," and a selection from the Imagists.

In spite of the difficulties, however, let us take the dangerous course of trying to give an impression of American political phenomena, not only in *vers libre*, as we have already done at the beginning, but, more difficult still, in ordinary prose as well.

St. Louis had a convention also, but it was only a one-ring circus compared to the show at Chicago, which had three main rings, and a score of smaller circles, all in fermenting action at one and the same time. St. Louis, compared with Chicago, was as simple and as peaceful as Ancient Greece compared with modern America.

Although the avowed purpose of all the conventions was politics, the significance of the events far transcend-

ed merely political considerations. Chicago at that time was the gathering-ground of the American nation, and if ever one could see a great race of one hundred million people in miniature at one time and in one place, one could see it then in Chicago.

It was not only accredited delegates who attended. Nor was it simply men who were there. The Woman's Party, formed in Chicago at their convention, attracted women from all parts of the country; there was also a group of women delegates at both the Progressive and Republican conventions, and thousands of other women, who had no real part in the proceedings, accompanied their husbands for the holiday trip.

It was not only politicians who were there. Artists and men of letters congregated in the city: some actually to paint or describe the scenes; others merely to feel themselves swirled about in the maelstrom, and to gain fresh impressions from events of such colour and virility. Winston Churchill was there, and Irwin Cobb, Edgar Lee Masters, Samuel Blythe, and Alfred Krembourg; Helen Keller and Inez Mulholland Boissevan and Rita Childe Dorr. Society people crowded in—the Belmonts and the Roosevelts and the Longworths, the Rockefellers, the Morgans, the Potter Palmers, the McCormicks and the Clarks.

There were other types almost unknown in Canada—the sort of people whom we see on the stage here, and laugh at as mere caricatures, but who we found out in Chicago were real folks—old men, for instance, with beards almost down to their waists, with queer ancient straw hats, bulging green umbrellas, and variegated carpet bags. There were negroes from the South, smart New Yorkers, cowboys from the plains and verdant Californians. The conventions, in short, were gigantic national picnics.

Canada hasn't any such picnic—a lack to be regretted. There are certain features in American politics

which we justly dislike, but at least they provide, every four years, a meeting-ground for a very large number of their citizens, and, in that way, strengthen the national unity. Our Canadian people have practically no opportunity to get acquainted in such an informal and friendly manner. The assemblies and conferences of our churches, as, for example, the Presbyterian Assembly, which met in Winnipeg in June, are probably our nearest counterparts to the American conventions.

Physical confusion is the outstanding fact in American politics, as exemplified by the conventions, and emphasized on this occasion by a four days' deluge of rain, sweeping in from Lake Michigan, and accompanied by a Saskatchewan-like wind. There is mental confusion too, but the thinking is much clearer, and the arguments much more logical than one could believe possible in such a hot-bed of excitement and topsy-turvydom. This is another difference between American and Canadian politics. Here, alas, we have our full share of mental confusion and loose thinking, but we are almost entirely devoid of the physical confusion. Our crowds are not as large; they do not gather together in one place so much, and when they do come they are not so demonstrative as they are in the States.

As a sample of supreme confusion, take a peep into the Congress, Blackstone and Auditorium Hotels in Chicago during the conventions. The barbariously luxurious Congress, strewn with monster Pompeian vases, like those from which musical-comedy goddesses always emerge, was the headquarters of the Republicans; the artistic and refined Blackstone was the centre of the Woman's Party, and the usually dignified Auditorium Hotel was the home of the crusading Progressives. The corridors in all three of these hotels were filled from morning until long after midnight by surging, swaying crowds. The Congress

Hotel, in particular, was unadulterated chaos. Not only were there the restless, moving throngs of men and women, but there were also innumerable congestion points, where self-appointed tribunes were detailing their views of what ought to be done, and lashing the crowds, that ebbed and flowed about them, into a fury of altercation.

In the conventions themselves, the confusion was less dominant, held in check as it was, and merged into a marvellous system of business efficiency, administered by a chairman wielding a mighty hammer, like Vulcan the Blacksmith god. True, there were hours of babel and mere screeching noise, enlivened still more by parades of men and elephants, but even the confusion was systematic. It illustrated one of the strange contradictions of American life—a combination of blatant hystericism and unsurpassed efficiency.

Another unfathomable mystery, fixed on one's attention more than ever, is this—are American politics democratic or not? In form, they certainly were democratic in Chicago. The policies of the parties were submitted to a general vote of the delegates drawn from every state of the union, and the decision rested with them. The platforms, especially in the Progressive Convention coming from the Committees on Resolutions, were read in open sessions, clause by clause. Any delegate was at liberty to move an amendment, and a number of important planks were actually modified as the result of debates precipitated by individual members.

To this extent the conventions were democratic, and there was essential democracy also, in the mere fact that so many people were present from every section of the country in one enormous family party. Even if for any unseen reason, the will of delegates was thwarted by some intangible influence, each man was free at least to take the rostrum in the Congress Hotel, air his views on public affairs,

and feel himself a decisive factor in the government of his country. And yet, behind it all, there were sinister rumours of cliques of powerful oligarchs pulling strings and making puppets dance. All the ogres who are listed in the sensational press as The Bosses, were on hand, meeting together secretly, so the vivid accounts said, in private rooms connecting with each other, framing programs mercilessly for platforms and candidates.

Either the American system is a real and vital democracy, as surface indications would show, or it is an oligarchy like that of the Roman Empire, where the forms of democracy were maintained, and the people believed they were exercising the powers of republican citizens.

It is the prevalent custom in Canada to take it for granted that our system of government is more genuinely democratic than the American. We cannot go into that question here, but, as far as form is concerned, the American plan of choosing leaders and policies is more democratic than the average method in Canada. It must be remembered, however, that American politics are not always what they seem.

While we are talking about contradictions, how can we reconcile the traditional American reputation for hardness in business and their lack of romanticism, and, on the other hand, this burning emotionalism as exhibited in their politics? Every time an Italian literary man comes to New York, he writes an article in *Vanity Fair*, lauding American women, but pitying them for having to endure such cold and undemonstrative men-folk. And yet, on this side of the line, one of our chief indictments against our neighbours is that they are too demonstrative and flamboyantly emotional. Who is right? Does it not all go to show that the Americans, inevitably enough when you come to think of it, are so complex a people that it is quite impossible, when discussing them, to dogmatize?

As for emotionalism, let us present a definite instance. One morning, at the Progressive convention, when a critical period had been reached in the discussion of policy, and when the delegates were interrupting and clamouring for the immediate nomination of Roosevelt, the whole scheme of things, platform and nomination alike, was delayed for the enactment of a homely drama. The delegation from the State of Maine were seated out in front; those from Georgia, together with the representatives of some other states, were seated on the vast, grand opera stage, behind the chairman. Their position was not quite as good as that of the delegations in front. The leader of the section from Maine, a substantial-looking man, resembling a typical doctor from an Ontario town, arose on a question of privilege, and, on behalf of his colleagues, offered to change places with the men and women from Georgia, because "Roosevelt's mother was born in Georgia". It was like the hurling of a bomb! Pandemonium reigned. Men threw away their straw hats, and hurled them in the air, until the Auditorium was transformed into fireworks of shooting hats. This turmoil was followed by a passionate speech of acceptance by one of the Georgian dele-

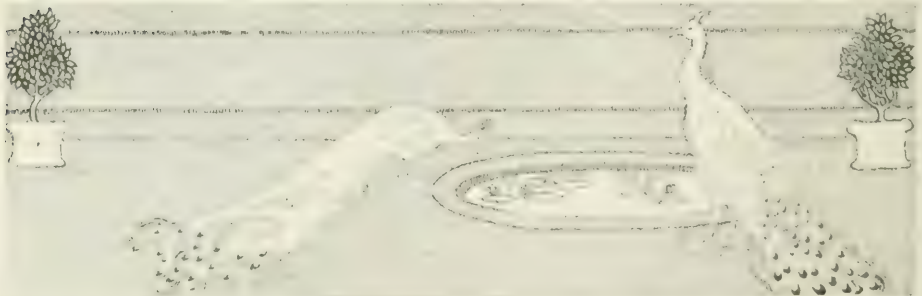
gates, and then by a triumphal march of the Maine men to the platform, and the Southerners to the front.

Half an hour taken from the problems of Americanism, its relation to its own people and to the warring nations of the world, "because his mother was born in Georgia"!

Although such an exhibition would appear ludicrous to Canadians, it was all very solemn and impressive to the Americans. Throughout the proceedings, there was a unanimous and constantly expressed feeling of portentous times and history-making events. At the moment when a report came to the Progressive convention that the Republicans were about to begin balloting, Raymond Robbins, the miner-blacksmith-evangelist-chairman of the Progressives, after wielding his hammer with ten mighty strokes, declared in deep-chested tones, "We are now at the most important moment of the last four years, perhaps of the last four centuries!"

No one laughed!

And there was no tendency to laughter, for, in spite of all the extravagances of speech, the spirit of the convention was earnest and serious, and positively inspiring. It was simply another of those innumerable examples of confusing contradictions in American politics.



OUR NATIONAL HEROES



BRIGADIER-GENERAL M. S. MERCER

WHEN the story of Canada's participation in the great war comes to be chronicled with clearness and authority few names will be written higher on the Canadian scroll of fame than that of Malcolm S. Mercer, commander of the third Canadian division, who is supposed to be wounded and a prisoner in Germany. He is declared by Canadian and British military experts to be the ablest Canadian leader that the war has thus far produced, and his rapid promotion from a battalion commander to the position of brigadier-general was entirely the result of the British headquarters' appreciation of his heroic conduct and splendid leadership during the desperate struggle at Ypres, when the Canadians alone "saved the day".

It was Colonel Mercer and his men who broke the apex of the German flying wedge on its terrific drive toward Calais one year ago. When the Prussians, advancing behind a cloud of poisonous gas, had swept over the French lines, and only the citizen soldiery of Canada barred their path to Calais, Mercer's gallant regiment bore the full brunt of the waves of gray infantry which again and again were hurled against them. His coolness

and heroism under such trying conditions won high commendation from superior officers, and he was shortly afterwards rewarded with a C.B. and promotion to a brigade commander. Later on he was again recognized by being put in command of the Third Division in the field.

General Mercer is a soldier who has risen from the ranks. He enlisted as a private in the militia, and rose step by step to be lieutenant, captain, adjutant, major, and colonel. Rifle shooting became one of his hobbies, and he constantly urged the necessity of musketry efficiency in the militia. He went to Bisley on the Canadian team in 1892 and again in 1912.

Valcartier was the grave-yard of many a reputation in the Canadian militia. More than one officer who had made a name for himself in the "piping days of peace", speedily lost it under the acid test of the nearest thing to actual conditions of war. Not so with Mercer.

When the Germans made their powerful attack about three weeks ago on the "bloody angle" at Hooge, General Mercer was right up in the front trenches with his men. The last seen of him was when he fell wounded with his face to the foe.

OUR NATIONAL HEROES



LIEUT.-COLONEL F. O. FARQUHAR

KILLED IN ACTION

CANADIANS recall vividly the day on which the news came that the Princess "Pats" had been almost entirely wiped out. The regiment was not only one of the first to go abroad from Canada, but it was also one of the most popular. Colonel Farquhar was its commander, and in that capacity, leading his men into the very thick of the most terrible of the many German onslaughts, he was "killed in action". Although not a Canadian by birth, his name will be honoured and revered in every part of the Dominion.

History will record him as the commander of the first Canadian military unit to battle on the continent of Europe. When the war broke out he was military secretary to his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, a position which he filled with great tact, ability and distinction. As an officer in that finest of British regiments, the famous Coldstream Guards, and every inch a soldier, Colonel Farquhar immediately felt the call of the blood, asked permission to go to the front, was offered and accepted the command of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, and soon had organized and recruited the

most celebrated Canadian regiment of the war.

The Princess "Pats" was the first overseas regiment to face the Germans in France. It took its place in the trenches alongside a regiment of the British Guards, in the twilight hours of 1914. The subsequent experiences are a part of contemporary military history. Probably no unit in the British forces suffered so heavily or behaved with greater gallantry. In the fighting around Hill 60 and St. Eloi the battalion was attacked by every death-dealing device known to the devilish ingenuity of the Huns, but it held its ground until almost annihilated. Colonel Farquhar became the idol of his men.

"He is fairly worshipped by us all, and I do not know how the battalion could get along without him," wrote Major Hamilton Gault to friends in Montreal. "His coolness and courage are an inspiration."

The time soon came when the splendid soldier who had led his men into some of the finest exploits of the war met the end. While in the trenches with his men in April a German shell burst near him, resulting in his almost instant death.

OUR NATIONAL HEROES



LIEUT.-COLONEL GEORGE H. BAKER, M.P.

KILLED IN ACTION

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL G. H. BAKER is the first member of a Canadian Parliament to sacrifice his life for the Empire. He fell mortally wounded while fighting at the head of his battalion, the 5th Mounted Rifles, at Hoge on June 3rd, and died the following day. "Harry" Baker, as he was affectionately called by members of the House of Commons, left a promising political career to go to France and Flanders. He was one of a bright group of young men who entered Parliament as supporters of Sir Robert Borden in 1911. His family had long been prominent in Canadian parliamentary history. William Baker, his grandfather, represented Missisquoi county in the Parliament of Lower Canada from 1834 to 1837, and was sitting member when the rebellion led to the disuse of a parliament for the Province. His father, the late George Barnard Baker, K.C., of Sweetsburg, represented Missisquoi in the House of Commons from 1870 to 1872, from 1878 to 1887, and again from 1891 to 1896. He also was prominent in Quebec local politics, being Solicitor-General in the De Boucherville Cabinet from 1876 to 1878.

Colonel Baker was educated at Bishop's College School, Berthier Grammar School, and McGill University. He practised law in the city of Montreal. He took an active interest in the Dominion militia, and at the outbreak of the war was Major of "A" Squadron, 13th Scottish Light Dragoons. Early in 1915 General Hughes commissioned Colonel Baker to raise the 5th Battalion of Mounted Rifles.

When the Germans hurled the full weight of their superior numbers against the Hoge salient, the 5th Mounted Rifles met the brunt of the heaviest fighting, losing no less than twenty-two of their officers in the first attack. The men fought with the utmost gallantry and only yielded ground after more than half their number had been either killed or wounded and the German artillery had made their trenches absolutely untenable. Colonel Baker fell wounded while leading a counter-attack against the foe at the head of his men. He was carried back behind the lines and died the next day. The news of his death was heard with genuine sorrow in parliamentary circles. Being only thirty-nine years old, Colonel Baker had a brilliant outlook,

OUR NATIONAL HEROES



BRIGADIER-GENERAL VICTOR WILLIAMS

BRIGADIER-GENERAL VICTOR WILLIAMS, who was wounded and captured by the Germans in the first battle of the Hooe salient, is an outstanding Canadian figure in the war. In addition to having been several times mentioned in despatches for gallantry and leadership, he has the distinction of being the first Canadian officer to have been actively engaged in fighting against the Germans. Early in the war he was attached to the headquarters staff of Sir John French. For the purpose of making observations he spent three days and three nights in the front line trenches with a British regiment. On one of these days, General Williams, who is a crack rifle shot, picked off three German soldiers, himself luckily escaping injury, though exposed to the enemy's fire. The following day a shrapnel shell exploded within a few yards of General Williams and he was severely wounded in the arm.

Brigadier-General Williams comes of a military family which has been prominent in Canada since 1812. His father, Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur T. H. Williams, M.P., to whom a monument stands in Port Hope, Ontario, was in command of the Midland Regiment during the Northwest Rebellion,

and died while on active service. General Williams was born at Port Hope, and was educated at Trinity College School and at the Royal Military College, Kingston. For a number of years he was an inspector of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, being attached to the Mounted Infantry Corps at Winnipeg. In 1893 he was transferred to Toronto with the rank of captain in the Royal Canadian Dragoons, where he remained until 1905, when he went to Ottawa as A.D.C. to the Governor-General. At the coronation in 1911 he had an important post in the Canadian forces and later became Adjutant-General to the Canadian militia. When the war began he was appointed camp commandant at Valcartier.

General Williams served with great distinction in the South African war, winning the Queen's Medal with five clasps and being mentioned in despatches several times.

"Where's Major Williams?" asked a staff officer who galloped up during the fight at Diamond Hill in the memorable year of 1900.

"You'll find him up in front advance guard somewhere; he's always getting into the way of the first bullets," was the prompt reply of a junior officer.

CURRENT EVENTS

By Lindsay Crawford.

THE greatest battle in the world's history enters upon its fourth month. In point of time it is exceeded by several sieges famous in military annals. The battle of Verdun is siege warfare on an unprecedented scale. No greater test of human endurance has ever been applied to fighting men. By their unflinching stand against the seventeen-inch howitzer, which hurls shells weighing three-quarters of a ton, down to the machine-gun and rifle, the French defenders of Verdun have won the admiration of the world. They have stood against all the concentrated weight of men and metal, supplemented by liquid fire and gas, that the German Crown Prince has brought to bear along this highly strategic position. The appalling sacrifice of human life no longer shocks the world. Battalions and divisions disappear, the mounds of death where brave heroes sleep grow apace, but so long as men can be got to face the terrors of that awful carnage the Crown Prince will battle on to retrieve his tarnished reputation and save the Hohenzollern dynasty. The capitals of the belligerent nations are filled with the wrecks of the surviving veterans, France alone maintaining fifty thousand invalided soldiers who have undergone amputation. But the spirit of the Allies beats high for they now know that Germany has tested her war machine at its highest pitch of

efficiency—and failed. Like the struggles of two giant wrestlers, the opposing armies at Verdun sway backward and forward, as the ebb and flow of battle brings temporary gain or loss of territory. But Verdun stands like an impregnable rock with the tri-colour of the gallant Gallic Republic floating proudly from its battered citadel. Verdun in this fight is no longer the fortress city, but the twenty-five miles of trenches and field-works, with its hidden and mobile batteries and thousands of stout hearts that guard the frontiers of civilization in Europe. The Germans may take Verdun city, a heap of battered ruins, if they pay the price, but Verdun, as a strategic defence, is no longer a fixed fortified position, but a mobile line of field-works. The French are holding their ground for two reasons. The sentimental value of the occupation of Verdun city would be utilized to the full by the Kaiser in restoring the drooping hopes of his despairing subjects at home who are languishing under the iron grip of privation and want. Another and more important reason for holding on to the approaches to the ruined fortress is the fact that in order to obtain this barren victory and rehabilitate his fallen fortunes by exaggerating its importance the Crown Prince will continue with frenzied recklessness his Verdun debauch and spill with reckless hand the blood of

German manhood. One thing the Crown Prince has achieved by his suicidal persistence: Verdun will be known in military history as one of the decisive battles of this war.

Six thousand casualties in a week of fierce fighting in the salient at Hooze is Canada's latest contribution to the cause of civilization. From Toronto alone fifty officers have made the supreme sacrifice. There is mourning throughout the land, but no murmur of impatience, no sign of weakening, but rather a tenser emotion, an awakening spirit of resolve to pay the utmost price in blood and treasure for victory complete and satisfying. It passes comprehension how men could live through the inferno which the Canadian troops were forced to endure as the enemy rained upon them a concentrated fire that prevented either advance or retirement. Brigadiers-General Mercer and Williams, on a tour of inspection on the front lines, were caught in the cyclone of explosives that preceded the German infantry attack. On the enemy came, some smoking cigarettes, confident that the bombardment had finished the task, but ugly gaps and gaping wounds told of the alertness of the Canadians. A fierce fight at close quarters, in which bomb and bayonet were brought into play, ended in a victory for the Canadians, who were fighting in detached groups, one of the bloodiest encounters in which they have yet taken part. Tempered by the sorrow which the long list of casualties has brought to so many Canadian homes is a feeling of elation and national pride that the land of the maple leaf has added to its laurels as the defender of the road to Calais. The stand at Ypres of the British troops ranks with the defence of Verdun in the strategic importance of position. Like Verdun, it is a place of ruined streets and vanished homes, with a vast underworld of impregnable defences. As one of the poets has written:

Hushed are your streets, and the rattle
Of lorries and wagons and limbers

And low, dull tread of battalions,
Moving stubbornly, cheerful,
Back of invisible fighters
Muddily bedded in Flanders.

Wide to inscrutable heaven
Lie in their ruin all equal,
Houses and hovels abandoned,
Windowless yawnings and pillars,
Chasms and doorways and gables,
Tottering spectres of brickwork
Strewn through the naked chambers—
Never a home for the seeking,
Not through the whole of the city,
Save for the spirit-fled body.

Russia is on the rebound with a vengeance. Like a bolt from the blue Brusiloff, the Russian commander, unleashed his impatient army, and like a veritable tornado his artillery and infantry blasted a way through the Austrians, capturing over a hundred thousand in a week's drive in the opening days of June. This is the most significant advance of the present year. If Brusiloff can keep the enemy moving one of two things must happen. Germany will be forced to weaken her western line or run the risk of another Russian invasion of Eastern Germany. The latter is unthinkable, as nothing in this war so unnerves the German soldiers in the western trenches, as well as those at home, as the dreaded imminence of a Cossack drive through German territory. It is stated that Kitchener recently revised his estimate of the duration of the war and intimated in conversation—perhaps at the secret conclave at Westminster before his fateful departure for Russia—that the war would not last three years. He may have had in mind at the time the ample preparedness of Russia for her great summer campaign. Be this as it may the Russian advance, if kept up, may prove to be the end of German resistance. Rather than face a Russian invasion the Kaiser and his people will throw up their hands. Germany cannot stand the economic and moral strain of another panic along the eastern border. Whether Russia—with the fate of Poland and the Baltic Provinces before her—will spare Germany the terrors of invas-

ion may be well be doubted. The Russian in this war is a crusader, filled with the burning hate of the avenging zealot. This to him is a religious war and not even the Czar may be able to stay the avenging sword when it is crimsoned with the lust of victory. Over four million refugees from the Caucasus, the Baltic Provinces and Poland are now in the interior of Russia awaiting an opportunity to return to their ruined cities and farms. The tale of their sufferings as they fled last year before the guns of Hindenburg has sunk deep into the stolid minds of the tender-hearted Russian peasant. Woe betide Germany if the arrogance of her rulers forces a fight to a finish with the hordes of Russia pressing in through the eastern gateway. If Brusiloff succeeds this summer in driving a wedge through to the German border the end of the war may come with dramatic suddenness. The voice of Russia's army is heard through her poets, one of whom, Viatkin, writes:

And in our mighty ranks we now are moving onward,
Beneath a hail of shells, yet full of courage high,
That o'er your quiet fields, O future generations!
No more may war's mad laughter ring out below the sky.

Trenches, and bursting mines, and weapons blown to fragments,
Huge fires, and mounds of dead who perished in the strife—
All this that as your heritage, dear future generations,
You may enjoy in happiness, a bright and peaceful life.

Kitchener is dead. The iron brain of the British war machine has gone out with the strong man, the man of destiny, who gave to his country and the Empire the weapons of military efficiency. He was an unlovable type and led a somewhat detached life. Most of his years of strenuous manhood were lived outside the main currents of European influences. Of iron will and inflexible temper he was born to rule. As the temper of the British democracy would not bear the tight

reins of autocratic statesmanship he was fated to win success in those spheres of action peculiarly susceptible to the tightening grip of resolute government. In every crisis of his life he seemed to be the one man raised up to undertake the task entrusted to him. He belongs to that formative period in the life of the Empire when wars with native races were paving the way to more settled conditions on the outer confines of the British possessions. In the conquest of the Sudan and the reform of administration in Egypt Kitchener brought to bear the essential qualities of British rule in Oriental countries. He would have been an anachronism and a danger in any British Ministry. As a military leader and Pro-Consul his peculiar gifts found a congenial field for experiment in military and civil policies that were in complete harmony with the spirit of the times in the relations of Britain to the Near East. When war broke out and military law overshadowed civil law in the British Isles the place of Kitchener as War Minister in a War Cabinet gave him the opportunity once more to apply to the service of his country at home his wonderful organizing powers and dominant force of character that had won him success and fame in the handling of native problems in Oriental countries. The military atmosphere that pervaded civil life in the United Kingdom with the coming of war was congenial to a man of Kitchener's experience and temperament. He has not been fated, like the Iron Duke, to live to see the day when as a British Minister in days of peace he won the opprobrium of the people of London. Kitchener's great task was finished with the raising of Kitchener's army of five million volunteers. He represented more than any other living man British efficiency in time of war. His name will be linked imperishably with this greatest of all wars, as the man who converted Britain into an armed camp, forged for her the weapons of victory, and in-

spired her people with a healthy contempt for the German brand of efficiency. Of English parentage his only connection with Ireland was the happy circumstance of his entry into the world on Irish soil, close to the spot where Sir Roger Casement was arrested. His going was in keeping with his strenuous life. A man of action and iron resolution he passed out while as yet his eyes were undimmed and his natural strength unabated.

For a brilliant pen-picture of the man and his work in the Soudan there is nothing to compare with Steevens's "With Kitchener to Khartoum". It has been stated that Kitchener was ruthless in his sacrifice of men. Two stories are told that puts a different complexion on his relations with his troops. An Englishwoman who knew Kitchener writes in *The New York Times*;

"My husband told me a little story which shows Kitchener at his best as an officer. On one occasion when he was with Kitchener a report was received telling of a wonderfully plucky act of one of Kitchener's young staff officers. The officer did not lose his life, something that nobody was ever able to understand. This young officer was pointed straight for the V.C., in the opinion of his brother officers.

"The next day Kitchener sent for him.

" 'Captain,' Kitchener said to him, 'I have sent for you to correct an erroneous impression you have evidently formed.

This affair is not one of the crusades. It is instead very grim business. His Majesty's Government is not paying you to get killed in any spectacular manner, just when, after an expensive staff training, you may be useful. It is your duty to live as long as possible. There is, of course, never any question as to a British officer's personal courage. At the present time your head and service are of use to the army. As a corpse you would be quite useless. Don't forget. Good day, sir.' And that ended it.

"Just one more little story of my friend. In 1898, just at the end of the Omdurman campaign, I was in Cairo waiting for the return of my husband, who was with Kitchener at Khartoum. Our first baby was then a few weeks old. Finally Kitchener returned and with him came my husband. He came to see me, and I, of course, showed him the baby boy. Kitchener looked at the baby, but he said nothing about him being the finest, the smartest, or the healthiest baby, or any of that sort of stuff. He stood there for several minutes without saying a word. Then he spoke:

" 'Yonnie,' he said, and it was the first time since I was a little girl that he called me by that name, 'I suppose you have been reading in the papers that I am turned out to be an empire builder and all that kind of thing?'

"I replied that I had been reading a lot of stories to that effect.

" 'Well, if I am,' he replied, I had to destroy and cause suffering to thousands in order to build. As a matter of fact, it is such as you that are the empire builders, and your way is the noblest way.' And he pointed his finger at the baby. We named the boy Horatio after the chief and he lived to be a handsome, strapping lad and then was taken away from us."



THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE RAMBLES OF A CANADIAN NATURALIST

By S. T. Wood. With six coloured illustrations by Robert Holmes. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

IN the delightful style so familiar to readers of the nature editorials in the Saturday editions of *The Toronto Globe*, the author, S. T. Wood, takes us along pleasant by-paths and unfamiliar dells and shows us the wonders of nature in language so simple and free from technical jargon that the youngest may read and understand.

How few dwellers in the city of Toronto realize what treasures lie around in unfrequented woods, or along the shores of the lake! The mysteries of life in its manifold forms are an open book to those who take the trouble to observe the animals, birds and flowers that timidly occupy the quiet retreats far from the maddening crowd.

To read Mr. Wood's book is to enjoy the things he has seen, to feel the pleasure of a new discoverer as one treads an unbeaten track in company with a congenial guide. As he remarks:

"There is something universally contagious in the awakening of Nature. The piping call of a robin or even the silent opening of a bud, awakens the insistent thrill of fellowship in the mystery of life. . . . There is a restful sense of companionship in a delightfully lazy river. It shows no trace of that troublesome disquieting energy which betokens an object in view. . . . Its art is not marred by a purpose."

The beautiful illustrations of birds, flowers and moths are by Robert

Holmes, the well-known Toronto artist, and greatly enhance the value of the volume, which is rich in decorative headings.

No more profitable time for young or old could be spent than in the company of "Sam" Wood. There is no greater authority on wild life in Canada. He strikes a human note that lifts the reader above the sordid grind of city life as he paints with hympathetic hand the variegated beauties of nature.

✱

THE SHEPHERD OF THE NORTH

By RICHARD AUMERLE MAHER. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

A PLEASANT, entirely conventional little story is this tale of the good Bishop, who was known as "The Shepherd of the North". The scene is laid in the northern part of the State of New York, among the people of the hills. When it opens, the Bishop is on his way over rough, snow-covered roads to French Village, where he is to hold a confirmation service. An accident brings him to the hut where Tom Lansing lives with his daughter, Ruth, just as the man is dying. Her father leaves Ruth in the Bishop's care, and presently "The Shepherd of the North" meets Jeffrey Whiting, Ruth's lover and nearest neighbour. A fight with the railroad company, which dominates the State, knows that iron ore has been found in the hills, wishes to get the land for little or nothing, and when deception fails drives the people from their

homes and farms by ordering its agents to start a forest fire which makes desolate the whole country-side, is an important factor in the plot. So trouble, suffering and death are visited upon the little community before the love story of Ruth and Jeffrey comes to a happy ending with his conversion to Catholicism, a result quickly following Ruth's acquaintance with the Bishop. There is a rather dramatic scene in the Court House when Jeffrey is tried for murder and realizes that "Ruth Lansing had lied away his life at the word of her Church", which was not then his. The description of the forest fire, although much too long, is occasionally vivid, and the Bishop's character is nicely drawn, in spite of the fact that in order to make his intervention uniformly successful the long arm of coincidence is strained to the breaking point.

*

FEAR GOD

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT. New York: George H. Doran Company.

"**F**EAR God and Take Your Own Part" is the full title of this call of a former American President to the people of the United States to prepare themselves for whatever may be in store for them. The purpose and nature of the book are well set forth in the author's first chapter:

Fear God; and take your own part! Fear God, in the true sense of the word, means love God, respect God, honour God; and all this can only be done by loving our neighbour, treating him justly and mercifully, and in all ways endeavouring to protect him from injustice and cruelty; thus obeying, as far as our human frailty will permit, the great and immutable law of righteousness.

We fear God when we do justice to and demand justice for the men within our own borders. We are false to the teachings of righteousness if we do not do such justice and demand such justice. We must do it to the weak, and we must do it to the strong. We do not fear God if we show mean envy and hatred of those who are better off than we are; and still

less do we fear God if we show a base arrogance towards and selfish lack of consideration for those who are less well off. We must apply the same standard of conduct alike to man and to woman, to rich man and to poor, to employer and employee. We must organize our social and industrial life so as to secure a reasonable equality of opportunity for all men to show the stuff that is in them, and a reasonable division among those engaged in industrial work of the reward for that industrial work, a division which shall take into account all the qualities that contribute to the necessary success. We must demand honesty, justice, mercy, truthfulness, in our dealings with one another within our own borders. Outside of our own borders we must treat other nations as we would wish to be treated in return, judging each in any given crisis as we ourselves ought to be judged—that is, by our conduct in that crisis. If they do ill, we show that we fear God when we sternly bear testimony against them and oppose them in any way and to whatever extent the needs require.

If they do well, we must not wrong them ourselves. Finally, if we are really devoted to a lofty ideal we must in so far as our strength permits aid them if they are wronged by others. When we sit idly by while Belgium is being overwhelmed, and rolling up our eyes, prattle with unctuous self-righteousness about "the duty of neutrality," we show that we do not really fear God; on the contrary, we show an odious fear of the devil, and a mean readiness to serve him.

*

JEFFREY AMHERST, A BIOGRAPHY

By LAWRENCE SHAW MAYO. London: Longmans, Green and Company.

NO regular biography of Jeffrey Lord Amherst, the "Conqueror of Canada", has so far existed, though the story of his campaigns in North America has been treated by more than one master hand, while the recent opening of many archives alike in the Old World and the New has thrown a flood of new light upon it. In the present volume Mr. Lawrence Shaw Mayo, an American writer, has applied himself to the study of these copious materials with industry, discretion, and judgment, and has produced a biography which, though a little lacking in intimacy of personal

characterization, and written in no very distinguished style, is nevertheless a painstaking and attractive record of a very remarkable career. Jeffrey Amherst came of a good family long settled at Riverhead, in Kent, in the near neighbourhood of Westerham, the birthplace of his famous comrade and junior contemporary, James Wolfe. He owed his entry into the army to the patronage of his father's neighbour at Knole, the Duke of Dorset, whom he had served as page in his youth. His rise in it he owed to the early recognition of his rare military qualities by General, afterwards Lord, Ligonier, the brilliant Huguenot soldier who ultimately became a Field-Marshal and Commander-in-Chief of the British army. In 1758 Pitt selected Amherst to command the expedition destined to wrest Canada from France. Amherst only held the rank of colonial at the time, but was given the rank of major-general in America.

Most persons if asked off-hand who was the conqueror of Canada would answer without hesitation, "Wolfe". This, however, is an exaggeration. Wolfe was not the conqueror of Canada, though he might have been, and would certainly have contributed largely to the completion and consolidation of his memorable victory on the Heights of Abraham, had he survived his great achievement of the taking of Quebec. Even that, moreover, was not his achievement alone, for he alone might never have taken Quebec without the loyal co-operation and masterly dispositions of Saunders, who commanded the British fleet in the St. Lawrence. No one would belittle Wolfe's achievement. It has in it all those elements of personality, of heroism, and of tragedy which seize and hold the popular imagination. But the conquest of Canada was not alone the work of Wolfe. It was the work also of a man of very different character and temperament—of Jeffrey Amherst, whom the sagacity of Pitt had selected to supersede the

feeble and incompetent Abercrombie, to retrieve the disaster of Ticonderoga, and to carry out his memorable campaign for the overthrow of France in the Western Hemisphere.

THE AMATEUR

By CHARLES G. NORRIS. New York: The George H. Doran Company.

THE beginning author is a person almost as frequently met with in fiction as in real life, but the beginning illustrator as the hero of a novel is comparatively a rarity. And Carey Williams, the central figure of Mr. Norris's book, is a young man who wants to be an illustrator and an illustrator pure and simple, nothing more and nothing less. He had had some small degree of success in the little Western city which was his "home town", and went to New York full of ambition and self-confidence. But just the great city itself, then a rebuff at the hands of the only man from whom he had any sort of right to expect help, the wise counsel of one who had "made good" in the work to which he, Carey, aspired, coupled with the information that there were 25,000 artists in New York city alone, did not exactly tend to cheer him. Moreover, he had a thoroughly well-founded distrust of himself—not of his ability, he was convinced that he had plenty of that, but of his character.

Then follows what is by all odds the most interesting part of the book—Carey's wanderings from one magazine to another, from one publishing house to another, from one advertising agency to another, in search of employment. Sometimes he is treated courteously, sometimes not, and then at last, through a mere blunder, he is offered and gladly takes a job he would have refused with scorn a few weeks earlier. He meets art editors of all kinds, from the highly educated and intelligent specialist to the assistant who does not know a lithograph proof from an original paint-

ing, and whose business is "to see unknown artists as they come in and save his superior that annoyance". Dr. Carey is clever, and there comes a time when he invents "a stunt" which makes the publishing and advertising world clamour of his "pretty girl" heads. He snubs the once supercilious art editor of *Overman's*, and money pours in on him so fast that he does not know what to do with it—that he might use a tiny part of his newly acquired wealth to repay the loan which had first made it possible for him to come to New York never occurs to him—and he does many very foolish things. Of course, there is nothing real or lasting about the kind of success he has won, and he is obliged to swallow a fair-sized and beneficial dose of adversity before he is given happiness and another chance.

*

THOSE ABOUT FRENCH

BY EDWIN HERBERT LEWIS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is in a sense a modern "Arabian Nights". A physician, Dr. Isham Trench, gathers about himself in a slum district of Chicago a number of young medical students, or, rather, they gather about him. There is in the group much variety of character and nationality. The plot involves the murder of the Austrian

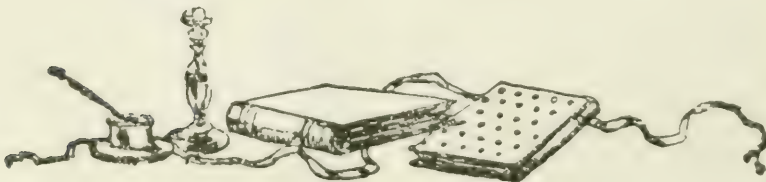
Crown Prince, and consequently the precipitation of the present war. In keeping with this, the scene changes from Chicago to the Near East, where adventures rivalling those of the "Arabian Nights" take place. It is at least an entertaining novel, and to many readers it will be fascinating and full of excitement.

*

VIVIETTE

BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THIS is a very different story from what we have always associated with the work of the author of "The Beloved Vagabond" and "Septimus". For that reason, if for no other, its interest should be all the keener. It is by no means a profound story, merely a summertime novel, to be read at a sitting. The heroine, if such she may be called, is the kind of girl who might be expected to fall madly in love with anyone at any time. She finds herself in love with two brothers, the one a brilliant city lawyer, the other a country squire of only ordinary attainments. There are several tense passages after the brothers discover their common love, but one cannot help feeling all the time as if the whole thing is artificial or, rather, that the characters are not sincere. Nevertheless, it makes entertaining fiction for a warm afternoon.





From the painting by Bertha Des Clayes.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL

At Annapolis Royal, one of the most beautiful spots in Nova Scotia and, indeed, one of the most historical, the visitor sees to-day the old fort, which contains a number of the old stone structures that were used successively by the English and the French. These antiquities include the officers' quarters, a large stone building, with huge fire-places and an immense common cooking-place in the basement; an old powder magazine, which is seen on the left side of the illustration, a dungeon, and a sally port, while the earth works support a number of cannon.



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLVII

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1916

No. 4

CANADA and its NICKEL *By George Wilkie*

HOW IT CAME ABOUT THAT ONE OF OUR BOASTED RESOURCES BECAME A SOURCE OF
GREAT PROFIT TO OUR COMPETITORS, A POWERFUL ARMOUR AND ARMAMENT
FOR OUR ENEMIES, AND NOTHING FOR OURSELVES, IS HERE TOLD
AS A STORY AND AN EXAMPLE.

THE natural resources of Canada have produced much writing, more speaking and some wealth. We have often boasted of them, sometimes allowed others to develop them and occasionally worked some of them ourselves.

Take the case of nickel. Nickel has been the subject of speaker and writer for years. The nickel ore is Canadian, but nickel metal is entirely non-Canadian. The nickel ore is part of the very soil of Canada. It is torn from the Canadian rock, raised to the surface in Canada, for that is inevitable. But the moment it has been detached, the ore is out of the control of Canada and Canadians and is sent

out of her borders, having contributed to Canada the privilege and profit of operating the boarding-house at which the miners live while blasting and raising the ore. Some of the employed are Canadians residing permanently in Canada. Many are foreigners who are imported into Canada by the foreigners who control the industry.

The nickel-mining community is no exception. It is hard to govern. It produces more than its share of disorder and crime. The population it gathers about it is vigorous for good and also for evil. That population we provide for—doubtless at a profit, and we govern and keep it in order—at an expense. A little tax on the

value of the ore at the mine goes to the Province of Ontario. When you have cast up the account of those items the balance, if any, will show the profit or loss to Canada on this natural resource. If we had a manager for our business, if we took an intelligent interest in our own national and Imperial business, someone would inquire whether that account showed a satisfactory dealing with this matter, whether this natural resource, which looked so important and valuable, could not be made to show a little more profit and some other advantages.

If inquiry were made it would be found that Canada is the source of eighty per cent. of the world's nickel, that the only other deposits of importance are in New Caledonia, a French penal settlement on a small island in the Pacific, which produces practically the whole of the remaining twenty per cent. The consumption of nickel is increasing rapidly. The introduction of a small percentage of nickel into steel gives the product qualities which greatly enhance its value, gives it a superiority for certain purposes which make it a necessity to certain users, for the warship, the gun, and the automobile.

Nickel-steel is a necessity. And our nickel deposits which permit us to operate a boarding-camp and supply house and to conduct an excellent police court, enable our foreign competitors to operate gigantic businesses and our enemies to destroy our friends, our fellow British subjects and our fellow Canadians by ships, cannon and projectiles, improved and strengthened by a judicious addition of Canadian nickel.

The nickel deposits of Canada were discovered in the middle eighties, and their extent and value had become known by 1890. Up to that time the modest demands for nickel had been supplied by the mines of New Caledonia. The demands were moderate—nickel had not yet come into its own.

In the later eighties experiments were made with steel containing a small percentage of nickel. These experiments showed that nickel-steel was stronger, tougher and less subject to erosion than carbon steel.

In 1889 the Canadian Copper Company were selling large quantities of nickel in Europe and had an offer from Krupp to take their entire output for three years. S. J. Ritchie, of the Canadian Copper Company (Canadian in little but name), communicated the condition of affairs to B. F. Tracy, Secretary of the Navy for the United States. The Secretary communicated with the Honourable William McKinley, Chairman of Committee of Ways and Means, under date of March 15th, 1890. Tests of armour plates made at Annapolis on September 18th, 1890, showed the superiority of nickel-steel plates. *The Scientific American* of September 27th, 1890, gives an account of the experiments. In the issue of October 4th of that year appears:

"The remarkably short time it took for Congress, after the final results at the recent trials at Annapolis were made known, to make the large appropriation of \$1,000,000 for the purchase of nickel to be used in the manufacture of nickel-steel plates for armouring our war vessels is something phenomenal. The very great superiority of such plates over the English compound plates, such as is used on most of the armoured vessels of the British Government, was so plainly shown at the trials as to admit of no question."

It should be kept in mind that these experiments were made a quarter of a century ago. At that time the Government of Ontario were actually anticipating the nickel situation as we see it to-day. The Attorney-General made a request for a report on "the occurrence of nickel in Ontario and on its value when alloyed with iron and steel". The Honourable Arthur S. Hardy, the Commissioner of Crown Lands for Ontario, made a report to the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council, in which he dwelt on the importance of the nickel deposits in the Province

and referred to several authorities whose experiments had demonstrated the great value of nickel in alloy with other metals. Then Mr. Hardy, in the same report, made this far-seeing suggestion:

"In view, therefore, of the important national uses to which nickel is being applied by foreign Governments, and of the consequent demand for mining locations here, it has occurred to the undersigned that an arrangement might be made under which the Government of the United Kingdom should acquire a substantial, possibly a controlling, interest in the nickel deposits of this Province."

He urged that the proposition be made during the session then being held of the Legislative Assembly, because,

"It will be remembered that pending contemplated changes of the law all locations within the region of the nickel ranges were, five months ago, withdrawn from sale by Order-in-Council, but, unless the Government should be authorized to say that negotiations are pending with the object mentioned, this territory may have to be again thrown open to applications and claims by prospectors and others."

The Honourable Oliver Mowat, the Attorney-General of the Province, took the matter in hand immediately, and on April 6th, 1891, he sent the following letter direct to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Lord Knutsford:

"I beg to enclose to you copy of a report of the Ontario Commissioner of Crown Lands, and of an Order-in-Council adopting the same with reference to our nickel lands. These have been forwarded to the Secretary of State for Canada, but, as time is a great object, I venture to send you these copies direct. Our Legislature is in session just now, and the session is expected to terminate before the end of this month. If it were practicable to give us by cable before the 25th instant at latest some intimation as to whether the proposition suggested and explained in the Commissioner's report is thought worthy of consideration by the Imperial Government, it would enable us before the Legislature is prorogued to provide for further action."

"I send also in a separate cover a memorandum prepared by Mr. Archibald Blue, secretary of a commission appointed

last year by this Government to inquire into and report on the mineral resources of the Province. Certain documents referred to in the memorandum are enclosed therewith."

"Though our communication and accompanying papers have, in usual course, been sent through his Honour the Lieutenant-Governor to the Secretary of State of Canada for transmission by his Excellency the Governor-General, this method may not have been necessary in a matter, which, so far as we are concerned, is commercial and not political, and the mining lands to which reference is made being the exclusive property of the Province, as to which the Dominion Government has nothing whatever to do."

"As I have already explained, time is a great object in the matter."

No doubt the Attorney-General wrote direct to the Secretary of State for the Colonies in order to avoid the delays of the rigidly formal state communication. All the formalities, however, were observed in Downing Street. Lord Knutsford advised the Governor-General of Canada that he had sent the proposal to the Lords' Commissioners of the Admiralty and that he had the honour to transmit, for communication to the Provincial Government a copy of the letter which had been received from their Lordships' department. Here is the text of the letter, which was signed by the Under-Secretary of State:

"I am commanded by my Lords' Commissioners of the Admiralty to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 26th May, transmitting copy of a despatch with its enclosures from the G.-G. of Canada, respecting the nickel deposits in Ontario, and in further reference to my letter of the 4th May, C. P."

"I am to acquaint you for the information of the S. of S. for the Colonies that my Lords have most carefully considered the representation conveyed to them, and, while they much appreciate the courtesy and consideration of the Ontario Government in inviting their attention to the vast resources of the nickel mines of Sudbury, they have arrived at the conclusion that it would be inexpedient to apply to Parliament for powers to acquire the controlling interest suggested in these nickel mines."

"As far as can be ascertained, and judging from the great extent of the area in Canada over which nickel is found, it is

not anticipated that any difficulty will arise in obtaining sufficient for the requirement of H. M. Service through the ordinary channels, and while desirous of thanking the Ontario Government for its friendly forethought and consideration, their Lordships consider that it will be preferable to leave the development of these mines to private enterprises, though my Lords have no doubt that the Government of Ontario will for some long period to come retain under its control some of the land in which these nickel ore deposits are to be found."

Ereunt omnes! The curtain falls upon this act. We may not applaud either plot, author, or actor, but surely he who runs may read and observe where the real statesmanship was exercised.

For a space no further move was made. Then the Ontario Government began to receive proposals from private persons to undertake the smelting and refining of nickel ore in Ontario, but none of the proposals satisfied the Government, and nothing came of them.

Then on November 23rd, 1899, the Director of the Bureau of Mines called the attention of the Commissioner of Crown Lands to the proposal that had been made to the British Admiralty in 1891 and advising the re-opening of negotiations. As a result the following Order-in-Council was approved by the Lieutenant-Governor in 1899:

"Upon consideration of the memorandum of the Director of the Bureau of Mines dated 23rd November, 1899, and upon the recommendation of the Honourable the Commissioner of Crown Lands, the Committee of Council submit for the approval of your Honour the following suggestions respecting copper and nickel mining in the Province of Ontario, namely:

"1. That in the interest of our relations with the Empire it is desirable at an early opportunity to renew the negotiations opened with the British Government in April, 1891, which have for their object the concession of an interest in nickel ores of the ungranted lands of the Crown for Imperial and national uses, on such terms as may be mutually agreed upon.

"2. That having in view a large scope for the employment of capital and labour

in the copper-nickel mines and works, it is desirable to secure the establishment in the Province of refining plants in accordance with the scheme of the charter of the Canadian Copper Company, or otherwise; and, if necessary to the success of this object, to ask that effect be given to the provisions of the Act (Chap. 67 of 60-61 Victoria) for imposing export duties on nickel and copper, subject to such modifications in favour of the United Kingdom and the other colonies of the British Empire as may appear to be in the common interest.

"3. That for safeguarding the public interests in ungranted lands of the Crown it is advisable that all grants of mining lands hereafter issued shall provide in the patent or lease that the copper and nickel ores upon or in such lands shall be treated and refined in the Province so as to produce fine nickel and copper of marketable quality, and that for any violation or evasion of this proviso by the grantee, his heirs, or assigns, such lands shall revert to and be vested in her Majesty, her successors and assigns for the public uses of the Province, freed and discharged of any interest or claim of any other person or persons whatsoever. . . ."

This order-in-council was without practical effect. No arrangement was made between the Governments. None of them appears to have taken any action, and the Ontario Government alone manifested a serious interest in the matter.

Again, in 1904, certain nickel properties were offered to the Admiralty, and at the same time it was pointed out to them that the nickel had become a practical monopoly and there remained but few desirable nickel properties in the market. In a letter of the 6th of May, 1904, the Admiralty once again set out their views upon the matter, which were given in a letter from the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies:

"My Lords took the view that the great extent of the nickel-bearing area in Canada precluded any possibility of difficulty in obtaining sufficient supplies, and that the development of the mines should therefore be left to private enterprises. . . . Arrangements have recently been made through the armour-plate manufacturers for the constant maintenance in this country of large stocks of nickel for a number of years ahead, in the probability that,

even in war time, there would appear to be no insuperable difficulty in obtaining supplies of ore from Canada if necessary. My Lords feel satisfied that the position is sufficiently safeguarded, and that no necessity exists, as far as the Admiralty is concerned, for incurring a large outlay for the acquisition of nickel properties.

"In conclusion, I am to inquire whether, having regard to the possibility of the future acquisition by foreign companies of further nickel-bearing areas in Canada, to which Mr. Kirkwood alludes, any arrangements have been, or could be, made whereby the Dominion Government could retain rights over a considerable extent of ore-bearing areas, or rights of pre-emption over the ore output, so as to secure adequate supplies in case of necessity for Imperial purposes."

In this connection, however, the Admiralty sent to the Dominion authorities inquiries in regard to the powers of the Province in respect of the export of nickel and as to the condition of nickel generally. The inquiry was addressed to Lord Minto, at that time Governor-General of Canada, on the 9th July, 1904, and was sent on by the acting Under-Secretary of State to the administrator of the Government of Ontario on the 22nd of August, 1904. At this time the Provincial affairs were somewhat disorganized, and in February of 1905 the Ross Government went out and the Whitney Government came in. These inquiries of the Admiralty sent on to the Provincial authorities appear not to have received attention until the 4th of January, 1906, although numerous requests had been made by the Dominion authorities for attention. In December, 1905, a memorandum was prepared by the Director of Mines for the guidance of the Honourable Frank Cochrane, at that time Administrator of Lands and Mines. In his report to the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council the Administrator says:

"From his personal knowledge of the nickel fields the undersigned is convinced that the position taken in the memorandum regarding the lack of feasibility of the proposal to retain under control of the Crown any considerable area of known

nickel-bearing lands is justified by the facts of the case; and, indeed, it is, in his opinion, doubtful whether at the time the offer was made in 1891 by the Provincial Government of the day, to enable the Government of Great Britain to acquire 'a special, possibly a controlling, interest' in the nickel deposits of Ontario, was one which was even then within that Government's power to implement.

"The further proposal made by the Lords of the Admiralty that 'rights of pre-emption over the output' of the nickel mines in this country should be retained or acquired by the Dominion Government, so as to insure a sufficiency of supplies for Imperial use in cases of emergency, raises a question of policy which it is not within the province of your Honour's advisors to pronounce upon, since it invites action by the Government of the Dominion of Canada, not by the Government of this Province. The matter is one, which, in the opinion of the undersigned, might with propriety be referred to the Government of Canada.

"Regarding the suggestion made in the covering letter of the late Colonial Secretary, that in any future grants of nickel lands it should be a requirement that companies working them shall be British, and shall not pass under foreign control, the undersigned concurs in the view expressed in the memorandum attached, that it is doubtful whether any substantial result could be expected from its adoption, the fact being that the nickel-bearing lands already granted and leased comprise practically all the known deposits."

Again, in 1907, in a letter dated February 3rd, the Superintendent of Mines of Canada submitted to the Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines inquiries of the Lords' Commissioners of the Admiralty for information on the same matter as had been the subject of the former inquiries. The letter was replied to on the 8th of March, 1907, with brevity amounting almost to curttness, and the letter was treated by the writer, and apparently by the receiver, as finally terminating the communications between the parties in regard to this matter.

No action was taken by the Provincial Government in regard to these serious matters, but the nickel leases were allowed to be dealt with in the same way as other mine leases, until practically all the known nickel properties of known value got into the

hands of private parties, and the best of the mines producing nickel, by the process of amalgamation of certain companies, became centered in the Mond Nickel Company and the International Nickel Company. The Mond Nickel Company is a concern of moderate dimensions and corresponding output. Their mines cannot be as cheaply worked as those of their great competitor, and their ore is not as rich. The International Nickel Company are much the largest producers of nickel.

The International Nickel Company was incorporated in September, 1912, taking over the International Nickel Company and the Colonial Company. The International Nickel Company was itself organized to take over the Canadian Copper Company, the Orford Copper Company, the Anglo-American Iron Company, the Vermilion Mining Company, the American Nickel Works, the Nickel Corporation of Great Britain, and the Société Minière Caledonienne.

The American Nickel Works, including the Orford Company, composed the subsidiary company, the Huronian Company, Limited, which owned and operated the water-power at High Falls, near Nairn, Ontario, and the generating plant for the supplying of power to the Copper Cliff works.

The authorized capital of the International Nickel Company is \$62,000,000, of which \$12,000,000 is six per cent. preferred stock, which was partly issued to the holders of stock in the International Nickel Company, and part remained in the treasury. The total amount outstanding to March 31st, 1913, was as follows: Common stock, \$38,026,437.60; preferred, \$8,904,000. Dividends have been paid regularly on the stock of the International Nickel Company. The common stock, having paid ordinary dividends, paid in July, 1910, an extra dividend of twenty-five per cent.

The profits of the company have

been excellent. The total net income in 1914 was \$6,128,975. The dividends for that year on the preferred stock amounted to \$534,756, and on the common stock to \$3,803,150. In 1915 the net earnings were \$6,713,387; the dividends, \$534,756 (preferred), and \$4,753,938 (common). The surplus for the year 1914 was \$454,759, and for the year 1915, \$309,317. It is a recent report, and probably well founded, that the net income for the year 1916 will exceed \$10,000,000. These amounts of net incomes were standing after allowing for depreciation of plant in 1914 of \$636,915, and for mineral exhaustion for the same year \$687,395, and the like allowance for depreciation in 1915 of \$726,915, and for mineral exhaustion \$389,315.

It will be seen, therefore, what are the profits for the nickel industry. Of those profits, whether they be fifty million dollars or ten dollars per annum, little, if any, reaches Canadian pockets. But this is the least of our losses. Of the tens of thousands of dollars invested in the refining plant of the International Nickel Company not one dollar was spent in Canada, not one dollar went to pay the Canadian working man or the Canadian manufacturer. Of the tens of thousands of dollars they spend annually in salaries, wages and for material for their refining plant not one dollar finds its way to Canada and not one dollar of any of these pay anything towards the revenue of Canada or Ontario; and the Canadian manufacturer who desires to buy nickel steel buys back his own Canadian nickel from a foreigner.

We ought to derive from this great natural resource a cash price for the nickel ore, an opportunity for our miners to mine the ore, an opportunity for our working men to work at and in the refining plants, an opportunity for those engaged in building trades to sell material to the builders of such plant, and an opportunity for the manufacturer of machinery to supply machinery for such plants and

an opportunity for those who have supplies to sell supplies to those who are building plants and operating them. In short, there should be expended in Canada on the refining in Canada of this nickel tens of thousands of dollars, and then when we should have the refined nickel we should be in a position to determine to whom it should be supplied to make sure that none of it reaches customers we do not desire to serve.

If a step further were contemplated or desired we might by means of the control which we would have over the supply of nickel control also the supply of nickel-steel. At the present moment the Dominion Government has legislation to apply an export duty up to 10% on nickel and

nickel contents of nickel ore and matte. If that were put in operation and if the nickel refineries were in Canada our Canadian manufacturers of nickel-steel would have automatically a preference in the world market for steel of approximately ten dollars a ton, which ought to enable them to control the business of manufacturing nickel-steel.

The possession of this great natural resource is a responsibility as well as an advantage. We have not received the advantage; we have not assumed the responsibility. So far as the advantage to Canada at large is concerned we are but little better off for the nickel that is in Canada than we would be if it were in Oklahoma.



WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS?

By H. C. Simpson

Professor of English Literature at Trinity College

THE Baconian theory has now been before the world for more than sixty years, and in spite of the fact that it has not lacked able exponents the world is slow to accept it. For nearly two hundred and fifty years no one doubted that Shakespeare's plays were composed by the actor William Shakespeare of Stratford. But the mid-nineteenth century, like Iago, was nothing if not critical. It was the time of the beginnings of the Higher Criticism, as applied to the Bible and to Homer, and it was impossible that Shakespeare should escape the scalpel. Some doubts were raised in 1848, and in 1856 came Mr. W. H. Smith and Miss Delia Bacon. The Baconian theory is now upon us. Since that time numbers of volumes upon the subject have appeared and fresh ones are continually appearing. It is obvious that in the space at our disposal nothing but a very superficial examination can be made of a theory so widely debated, but still we will do what we can to discuss the question as impartially and fairly as may be.

Those who disbelieve in the authorship of Shakespeare the actor fall into two great sects. The earlier, which still persists, is that of the pure Baconians, like Miss Delia Bacon and Mr. Smith. These believe the author to have been Bacon himself. There is, however, another and more reason-

able class, who, while not convinced as to Bacon's authorship, are yet certain on one point, namely, that the plays were by no means written by the author William Shakespeare. The most effective exponent of this theory, the chief of the believers in the "Great Unknown" X, is Mr. George Greenwood, whose views are fully set forth in a volume of more than five hundred pages, "The Shakespearean Problem Re-stated", published in 1908.

Let us look at some of the arguments with which the Anti-Shakespeareans in general attempt to refute the orthodox belief. It is said in the first place that very little is known of Shakespeare himself. This statement, however, is misleading. It is true that the records of his life are meagre, but they are as full as those of any other Elizabethan dramatist, except perhaps Ben Jonson. "Indeed," it has been well said, "we know little of the biography of any writers of the 16th century, unless their lives affected Church or Politics, and hence found preservation in the records." "But," say the anti-Shakespeareans, "according to you, Shakespeare the actor was the author of the greatest plays the world has ever seen. How is it then, that his contemporaries did not take more notice of him?" This, however, is to look at the 16th century with the eyes of the 20th. The Baconians forget that in Elizabethan

times, people did not chatter about literary and dramatic celebrities as we do to-day, and that consequently, unless they were courtiers, or churchmen, or otherwise distinguished, (unless, for example, like Ben Jonson, they had killed someone in a duel), their private lives were bound to be unknown. What do we know of Shakespeare's illustrious contemporaries and his immediate successors in the art of dramatic poetry. Very little. Shakespeare's plays were not published in collected form during his life, so how could he be studied? Unlike Dr. Johnson he never had a Boswell. How can we expect biographical materials? We have a few stage anecdotes, and recollections of ancient people at Stratford. What more have we of Beaumont, or Fletcher, or Chapman? Not so much! Stratford was no literary place, a fact on which the Anti-Shakespeareans are fond of dwelling. How should it keep up literary traditions? Andrew Lang gives us an interesting modern example of how little impression may be made in his early years by a very great poet even in a place so renowned for culture as Balliol College, Oxford.

"In 1866," says Lang, "I was an undergraduate of a year's standing at Balliol College, Oxford, certainly not an unlettered academy. In that year, the early and the best poems of a considerable Balliol poet were published. He had 'gone down' some eight years before. Being young and green, I eagerly sought for traditions about Mr. Swinburne. One of his contemporaries who took a First in the final classical Schools, told me that 'he was a smug'. Another, that, as Mr. Swinburne and his friend were not cricketers, they proposed that they should combine to pay single subscription to the Cricket Club. A third, a tutor of the highest reputation as a moralist and metaphysician, merely smiled at my early enthusiasm—and told me—nothing! A white-haired College servant said that 'Mr. Swinburne was a very quiet gentleman'.

Why did Shakespeare, conscious as he must have been of his great powers, never collect and publish his plays? The answer is simple. No dramatist did so until the year of Shakespeare's death, when Ben Jonson broke ground in this way, and was much laughed at for his pains. There was no great reading public then as there is to-day. For the illiterate public—and we must remember that most people were illiterate—the acted play stood in the place of the modern novel and the illustrated magazine. Moreover we have to remember the conditions of play-writing at the time. The play was sold outright to a manager like Henslowe, and the author had no further rights in it. The manager could have it altered in any way he pleased, without reference to the author, and was usually averse from publication, as that would give an opportunity to a rival manager to put the play on the boards himself. It is easy then to understand why Shakespeare's plays were not published till seven years after his death. But even if we suppose that Bacon or X was the author of Shakespeare's plays, the theory does not help us at all. The plays were not published in bulk till 1623, and in Mr. Greenwood's own view two of those in the first folio are of different authorship to the rest. Clearly, then, if Bacon or X was responsible for the issue of the first folio, he was quite indifferent as to what was included and what was not. The truth is that dramatic authors seem to have cared very little for a reputation among readers of another age. It is a fact too often forgotten, even by critics, that plays were written, not to be read, but to be acted, and to be acted in the authors' own time, and often by their own companies and in their own theatres.

"But," say the Anti-Shakespeareans again, "there is no proof that Shakespeare the actor is the author of the plays." Here we take direct issue. Indeed, the evidence is overwhelming. Limitations of space for-

bid our producing this, but to any unprejudiced mind the witness of Ben Jonson alone, in his well-known verses addressing the "sweet swan of Avon", should be sufficient to prove the truth of the orthodox position.

With the first of the Anti-Shakespearean arguments, the silence of Shakespeare's contemporaries, we have now dealt; but a word or two must be said as to the alleged significant silence of Philip Henslowe, one of the great theatrical managers of the period. Henslowe controlled the "Fortune", a rival theatre to the "Globe", in which Shakespeare was interested. He died in the same year as Shakespeare, and left behind him a volume of manuscript, the so-called diary, dating from 1591 to 1609. This is really an account book, in which Henslowe records the performance of plays, with their dates, and the sums taken at the performances; and the book also contains notes of money lent on account to several actors and dramatic authors. Mr. Greenwood, following the American Judge Stotsenburg, calls attention to the "remarkable phenomenon" that the name of Shakespeare does not occur in Henslowe's book. The keen scent for mysteries of the Anti-Shakespeareans is truly marvellous! Why does not Henslowe mention Shakespeare's name in his account book? Because he had no dealings with him. This obvious explanation does not seem to occur to the mystery mongers. Why should Shakespeare have dealings with a rival manager when he had a better market in his own company? Note again that the theory that the plays were written by Bacon or another does not help Mr. Greenwood in the least in the solution of his own mystery. If Shakespeare is selling Bacon's or X's plays, he must sell them to someone. Whether Shakespeare wrote his plays or not, we may be sure he got paid for them. Shakespeare was no fool in money matters. Who paid him? Obviously his own company! Why then go to Henslowe?

"The silence of Philip Henslowe," Mr. Greenwood writes, "is a very remarkable phenomenon." "It is," replies Andrew Lang, "a phenomenon precisely as remarkable as the absence of Mr. Greenwood's name from the accounts of a boot-maker with whom he has never had any dealings!"

The various spellings of Shakespeare's name need not detain us. In Warwickshire and at Stratford the name was spelt in scores of ways, and sometimes in different ways within the same document. "His father's name appears in the records of the town in sixteen different forms." (Neilson-Thorndike). Similarly the name of Raleigh is spelt in a number of different ways. The Elizabethans generally were careless in the matter of spelling. Again, it is said, the signature of Shakespeare the actor is not the handwriting of an educated man. There is no force in this argument. Mr. Greenwood says: "It is hardly possible to conceive that the poems and plays were written in William Shakespeare's illegible, illiterate scrawl." Shakespeareans reply that the signatures are neither illegible nor illiterate. As Canon Beeching points out, they show different scripts—the old English and the Italian. "No illiterate person would write two hands," says Beeching, "but playwrights did so habitually to distinguish the text from the stage directions." As for illegibility, most Elizabethans wrote a hand which would today be thought illegible. Even the writing of Bacon is extremely difficult to read. Moreover the signatures to the will, on which our very slight knowledge of Shakespeare's writing is largely based, would probably be written when the author was near death, and the ink too has faded very badly. One of the Toronto newspapers has recently been printing signatures of famous Canadians. It must be confessed that they are but rarely decipherable.

We now come to the vexed question of the author's learning, a question

really settled by Farmer's famous essay of 1767, before the Baconian problem ever arose. According to the Anti-Shakespeareans Shakespeare was an ignorant yokel. Some of them even deny that he could write his name! It is obviously impossible, they say, that this man could have possessed the scholarship and knowledge, especially of Greece and Rome, which the plays manifest. How could he create the witty court ladies and gentlemen of the comedies, or know that in Venice there was a place called the Rialto, or a common ferry called the Tranect? How did he obtain an intimate knowledge of the castle of Elsinore? The Anti-Shakespeareans dwell on the general ignorance pervading the town of Stratford; on the fact that Shakespeare's father, wife, and daughter made their marks in place of signing; on the absence of any proof that the boy was ever at Stratford grammar school.

Now the extreme Baconians obviously go too far. If Shakespeare was a mere ignorant yokel, it would have been impossible for him not only to have written the plays, but even to have passed himself off on his contemporaries as their author. But a further question arises. Is the knowledge shown in the plays so great, is the scholarship so accurate, that we must go to someone like Bacon for the authorship? By no means. Exact scholarship is just what we do not find. Shakespeare pronounces Postumus with the long u, and Andronicus with the short i, mistakes which Bacon certainly would never have made. Nor would Bacon have made Menenius refer to Galen, and Ulysses quote from Plato; nor would he have placed Aristotle before the Trojan war. Shakespeare, like Gallio, cared for none of these things. In "The Winter's Tale" he calls Delphi, Delphos; makes the place an island; and places there the oracle of Apollo. He is obviously confusing the island Delos with Delphi, which was no island, but which was famous for its oracle of

Apollo. Contemporary with this oracle at Delphos, according to Shakespeare, was the artist Giulio Romano who flourished in the 16th century, A.D.! Scott played some queer pranks with history in "Ivanhoe" and "Kenilworth", but nothing to this!

Shakespeare's knowledge and scholarship, in short, are exactly what we should expect from a very intelligent youth who had been educated in such a free grammar school as existed at Stratford; who left school early, and got most of his knowledge of the classics out of translations; though able at need to render a page or so of Latin; and perhaps even, though with more difficulty, of Greek. We know that Shakespeare used translations—a translation of Plutarch, for instance. Bacon would have gone to the original, not to an English translation of a French translation of the original. Moreover, a knowledge of Latin was much more current in the world in Shakespeare's day than now; and all the dramatic writers were steeped in the classics. Whoever wrote the plays of Shakespeare was evidently an omnivorous reader. "No doubt," says Sir Walter Raleigh, in his delightful little book, "Shakespeare ranged up and down the book-stalls of Paul's churchyard, browsing among the innumerable sorts of English books and infinite fardels of printed pamphlets, wherewith, according to a contemporary, 'this country is pestered, all shops stuffed, and every study furnished' . . . Shakespeare was one of those swift and masterly readers who know what they want of a book; they scorn nothing that is dressed in print, but turn over the pages with a quick discernment of all that brings them new information, or jumps with their thought, or tickles their fancy. Such a reader will perhaps have done with a volume in a few minutes, yet what he has taken from it he keeps for years. He is at times wrongly judged by slower wits to be a learned man."

With regard to the knowledge of the court and courtiers shown in the plays, Shakespeare acted at court, and was not unacquainted with members of the nobility. Young men of position in Shakespeare's day seem to have taken an interest in actors, much as in the 18th century they took an interest in prize-fighters. We know that Burbage and Kemps were held in such favour. According to the evidence of Heminge and Condell, the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery were on similarly friendly terms with Shakespeare; and we find him dedicating his poems, "*Venus and Adonis*", and "*Lucrece*" to the Earl of Southampton. Here, again, his reading would help him; especially the plays and novels of Lyly, and Sir Philip Sidney's "*Arcadia*". Moreover, the argument recoils on the Baconians. If it was impossible for Shakespeare to acquire his knowledge of the court, surely it was equally impossible for Bacon to become so familiar with Mrs. Quickly, Doll Tearsheet, Pistol, Bardolph, and the waiters, carters, and other characters in low life who are so plentifully scattered throughout the plays. Bacon was a pretty busy man all his life; and if he managed to acquire all Shakespeare's information of the lower orders of society, as well as to write his plays; (no mere academic performances like those of Browning and Tennyson); he certainly was a genius of a universal kind; so much so that the theory that he wrote Spenser's "*Faery Queene*", and Burton's "*Anatomy of Melancholy*" in addition ceases perhaps to be staggering.

Finally, we have the legal argument. This is the Anti-Shakespeareans' trump card. The plays, they say, show an astonishing knowledge of the law; and indeed they bring forward excellent evidence in favour of the plea. Lord Campbell and Lord Penzance should certainly know good law from bad, if any one does. Is it conceivable, ask the Anti-Shakespeareans, that the Stratford rustic

should have been able to acquire such knowledge? And they immediately look round for Bacon, or someone like Bacon, as the author of the plays. Here, obviously, the ordinary layman is at a disadvantage. He can, however, plead that other able lawyers find legal inaccuracies in some of the plays. Mr. Castle, K.C., for instance, says that in some plays the law is good, in others bad; and thinks that the author must have had legal assistance in the first case and not in the second. Indeed, Mr. Castle thinks that Bacon was hardly lawyer enough to have supplied the necessary knowledge, and suggests as Shakespeare's legal adviser Sir Edward Coke, Bacon's chief enemy! The ordinary layman is breathless, and can say nothing! Reply has however been made that the general literature of the period is full of legal terms, and that those in Shakespeare's plays, though "numerous and usually correct, do not establish any great knowledge of the law. Elizabethan London was full of law students who were among frequent patrons of the theatre. Through acquaintance with these gentlemen, Shakespeare might have readily acquired all the law that he displays. Moreover, he had an opportunity to gain a considerable familiarity with the law through the frequent litigations in which he and his father were concerned." (Neilson-Thorndike). Mr. Greenwood scoffs at this. The legal jargon is too difficult for a layman to master in any such amateur manner, even if he is a genius. "There is nothing so dangerous," writes Lord Campbell, "as for one, not of the craft, to tamper with our freemasonry." Be it so; but the plays show something besides legal knowledge. They show a thorough knowledge of a craft as alien to the legal genius as is a knowledge of law to the playwright, viz.: a knowledge of the technique of play-writing. On this point we cannot have better evidence than that of Sir Henry Irving. "You may be the

mightiest genius that ever breathed," says Sir Henry, "but if you have not studied the art of writing for the stage, you will never write a good acting play. Of this technique there is no more striking example than "Othello". It is a masterpiece of pure exposition, which could have been achieved only by a man who had spent years in the atmosphere of the theatre. The Baconians cannot grasp the elementary fact that the Shakespearean plays were written exclusively for the stage, by a play-wright who was in the very centre and heart of theatrical life, and not by an inspired outsider. The inspired outsider may have an admirable story admirably written, but without any knowledge of the stage, how is he to get his characters on and off? You see the craft of Shakespeare in his exits and his entrances . . . an essay might be written on Shakespeare's exits alone. . . . Apart from the genius of the poet, you have the irresistible evidence that Shakespeare was a great dramatic constructor, who knew the stage as intimately as a watch-maker knows the mechanism of a watch. How could Bacon acquire this experience!" As Mr. Greenwood so often remarks, echo answers—Bacon shows nowhere any interest in the stage. His essay on "Masks and Triumphs", indeed, displays something of a contempt for theatrical matters. Nor, as we have seen, could he ever have had the leisure to cultivate such knowledge.

Moreover, an examination of the evidence shows that Shakespeare the actor was universally taken for the dramatist by his contemporaries. Here, surely, we may adopt the words of Sir Theodore Martin: "We might as soon believe that a man who pretended that he had written "Vanity Fair" or "Esmond" could have escaped detection in the society of Charles Butler, Tennyson, Venables, or James Spedding, as that Shakespeare (the Baconian Shakespeare) could have passed himself off as the author even of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona"

or "Love's Labours' Lost"—we purposely name two of his earliest and weakest plays—or that any of that brilliant circle of Elizabethan poets would have given credit for ten minutes to such a man as the Baconians picture Shakespeare to have been, for the capacity to construct one scene or even to compose ten consecutive lines of the exquisite blank verse which is to be found in those plays."

Obviously, either the orthodox theory is sound, or there was a huge and successful conspiracy, so huge that its success would be almost as great a miracle as that of "Romeo and Juliet" issuing from the pen of the author of the "Essay on Love".

We must not conclude without saying somewhat of the Simon Pure Baconians, and especially of the ingenious writers who prove Bacon's authorship by cryptograms hidden in his works and in the writings of his time. Mr. Ignatius Donnelly (*The Great Cryptogram*, 1887) may be briefly dismissed. Lord Penzance, who is a strong Baconian, says of this book: "The attempt to establish a cipher totally fails. There is not indeed the semblance of a cipher." The absurdity of this imaginary cipher has been frequently exposed. Among the least of its difficulties is the fact that it involves the printers in the conspiracy! Mr. Donnelly comes to the amazing conclusion that Bacon wrote not only the plays of Shakespeare but those of Marlowe as well, and in addition, Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and the essays of Montaigne. This is much as if one should say that Rudyard Kipling was the author of the works of Anatole France! Is it necessary to concern oneself seriously with a theory which leads to such preposterous results as this? Mrs. Gallup's "Bi-Literal Cipher of Francis Bacon" appeared in 1900. Byron says:

" 'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name
in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing
in't."

Mrs. Gallup's work is printed and bound, with a frontispiece of the authoress; so let it pass for a book. But one may doubt if a worse written book has ever been put before the public. We look for evidence of the famous cipher. What does Mrs. Gallup do? She gives the curious reader her results! As for any attempt to prove that her cipher is accurate, the great work is voiceless. She makes no effort of the kind. She gives, however, her results; and what results! Listen to the lady for a moment: "The proofs are overwhelming and irresistible," she writes, "that Bacon was the author of the *delightful lines* attributed to Spenser"; ('delightful lines' is good, as Polonius would say! She means "The Faery Queen" and a few other little trifles!) "the fantanstic conceits of Peele and Greene"; (a goodly number of plays, and other writings besides plays!); "the historical romances of Marlowe; the immortal plays and poems put forth in Shakespeare's name; as well as 'The Anatomy of Melancholy' of Burton." Anyone who has read "The Anatomy of Melancholy" of Burton will appreciate the humour of its being affixed as a tail-piece to this marvellous collection! However, Mrs. Gallup is not content even now. She also claims for Bacon Lyly's "Euphues" and five plays of Ben Jonson's! Further, we learn that Bacon stated in his cipher that he was the legitimate son of Queen Elizabeth, and the rightful heir to the throne of England. After this, the statement that "Romeo and Juliet" is based on the love of Bacon for Marguerite de Valois falls comparatively flat!

A book almost as wild as Mrs. Gallup's is Sir Edward Durning-Lawrence's "Bacon is Shakespeare". Sir Edward Durning-Lawrence is a resolute cryptogrammist. He finds symbolism even in the Droeshout engraving to the first folio. The right arm of the coat is really the back of the left, and this proves somehow that Bacon is Shakespeare! Then "he counts up the letters in Ben Jonson's

verses to the reader describing this portrait, and, finding them to be 287, counting a "w" as two "v's", concludes by adding 287 to 1623 (the date of the first folio) that Bacon intended to reveal himself as the author in the year 1910". "This sort of argument," says the writer from whom these words are quoted, "makes the plain man's head reel. On similar principles anything might prove anything."

Two people less alike than Bacon and Shakespeare, the Shakespeare discoverable in the plays, as well as the Shakespeare of tradition, it would be hard to find. Bacon is a cynical egotist; a man of clear intellect, but without a heart, and totally wanting in poetry. Macaulay says of him: "His faults were—we write it with pain—coldness of heart and meanness of spirit." Bacon has a genius for generalization and classification, but there is nothing whatever in his works which shows Shakespeare's interest in the individual. However little our knowledge of Shakespeare, we may at least be sure that he was not in the slightest degree like Bacon. Read the "Essay on Love" and "Romeo and Juliet" and you have a measure of the great gulf fixed between the two. Moreover, Bacon's acknowledged verses, though not hopelessly bad, show no poetic mind and no genius for the happy word and expression; no sense of the music and colour which make great poetry. Harvey said of him that he wrote of science like a Lord Chancellor. We may say, too, that he wrote verse like a Lord Chancellor; certainly not in the least like Shakespeare. His attitude even to science is unimaginative. This is exactly the opposite fault which we should expect to find in a poet. Surely the language of Professor Tyrell is not a whit too extravagant: "I would rather believe all the fables of the Talmud and Alcoran than that the author of the "Novum Organum" was the author of the plays and poems of Shakespeare. Conceive for a moment

Bacon as the creator of Falstaff, Shallow, Dogberry, the grave-diggers in 'Hamlet', and Launcelot Gobbo! It would be as easy to imagine Mr. Herbert Spencer as the author of 'Pickwick'!"

Why should Bacon have been at such pains to find another father for his plays, supposing he himself was the author of them? Some of the Baconians seem to imagine that it would have damaged his reputation at Court and his chances of political preferment to have been known as so light a thing as a writer of plays. Yet, in truth, it was more likely to have enhanced his reputation than diminished it. The court was much more interested in plays than in science. Every great man had his company of players, and delighted in patronizing players as well as authors. Moreover, even if we were to grant that Bacon would have suffered in being known as a playwright, and that this argument applies even after his disgrace; (which, according to the Baconians, was the very time he chose to employ Heminge, Condell and Ben Jonson to produce his plays under Shakespeare's name); it is hard to believe that an author who was so careful of the preservation of his work should have left so much of it to the doubtful mercy of an obscure cipher, only to be read by an American nearly 300 years after his death! Besides, the argument could not apply to the authorship of the "Anatomy of Melancholy" or Montaigne's Essays! They were not too light to damage his reputation!

Again, why should Shakespeare be chosen as the nominal author? If Shakespeare *was* the ignorant boor of the Baconian imagination, a less suitable man for the purpose could hardly have been found. Ben Jonson, himself, would have served much better. If Shakespeare was a mere pen-name, why choose as a pen-name the name of a living actor? "Shakespeare" might pass, but why *William Shakespeare*?

But the worst is still to come. We are actually asked to believe that Shakespeare, the author of "Richard II.", was identical with Bacon, the prosecutor of Essex. Now, one of the accusations brought against Essex was that, on the eve of his conspiracy in 1601, he had caused to be acted Shakespeare's "Richard II.", with its famous deposition scene; (the play and the company can be identified with certainty). What a dramatic situation! There is hardly anything equal to it in Shakespeare's plays! Bacon, as prosecutor, cites as damning proof against his friend the performance of a play which he had written himself! No wonder William Shakespeare amassed a competence and became the owner of New Place! But who imagines for a moment that such a fraud could be concealed? One can fancy what Elizabeth would have said and done, had she ever made the discovery! No wonder Bacon kept his secret carefully! It is the most marvellous instance on record of the successful covering of a trail. Even Sherlock Holmes himself would have been a fool in the hands of Bacon!

As for Mrs. Pott and Mr. Donnelly, and the supposed verbal resemblances between Shakespeare's plays and Bacon's known writings—an argument on which Lord Penzance lays great stress—the answer is easy. Wherever there is a real parallel, the phrases used are such as are common in Elizabethan writings. Mrs. Pott finds food for the Baconians in the occurrence in both writers of even such simple phrases as "Amen", "Good Night", "Good Morrow", and "O the—"; ("O the Heavens", "O the time", "O the devil", "O the good gods"!). As for "Amen", it has been noted that such argument as this would prove that Bacon was the translator of the Authorized Version of the Bible, and the author of the English Church service and numerous Hymn Books!

We have now reached the end of our task. It is sometimes said that

the question is one which it is useless to argue. "We have the plays," it is said, "why trouble ourselves with the question 'Who wrote them?'"! "What does it matter," asks the old joke, "whether the plays were written by Shakespeare or by another man of the same name?" One may appreciate wit, and yet not agree with the attitude. The Baconians wish to rescue these works from the imputation of having been written by a mere ignorant play actor. They hate William Shakespeare of Stratford with a most deadly hatred. We Shakespeareans, on the other hand, resent the idea that the famous lines on Justice and Mercy in "Measure for Measure" and "The Merchant of Venice" proceeded from the pen of the cold-hearted egot-

ist who prosecuted Peacham and hounded his friend Essex to death; much as we resent the Pan-German idea that Shakespeare, like almost all the famous men of the world, was really a Hun! Indeed, there is just about as much reason in the one view as in the other. We have no wish to speak severely of Bacon. We hold him, indeed, to be a very great thinker and a very great writer. But when it comes to identifying him with Shakespeare, the sweet-souled, the genial, the kindly, the humorous Shakespeare; "the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul"; then, indeed, we find it difficult to restrain our honest indignation.





THE DOGE'S PALACE, VENICE

From the Painting by
J. W. Morrice, a Canadian Painter

Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

FROM GRAND PRÉ to the SEA

By Betty Thornley.
Drawings by Berthe des Clayes

OLD sorrows, lost in peace, give to the common sun-filled day the final beauty—an Indian-summer-misted touch of loveliness. Protective Providence, sketching its isothermal lines across the world, has been kind to Nova Scotia, as the railways have been kind to her, and the harbour commissions. But the visitor who knows his Evangeline brings a charm more potent still.

The green of summer-showered grass would be less soothing, had there been no tripping clogs a-dance for Gabriel—the drifting apple-blossom scent would come less sweet if through its fragrance there were not the memoried tang of beachfires on the fateful night—and all the opal-tinted, red-sanded Fundy tide would bear less magic on its towering crest, had not a gentle poet, dreaming in an alien garden, incarnated the grace, the truth, the grave sweet charm of Acadie and sent it, sorrowing, southward into exile.

You can weep at the Well of Evangeline, though you know that her birthplace was an American brain, not a Canadian farmhouse. For Evangeline is typical of womanhood—loving, giving, waiting, finding. And the willows that lean against the still Acadian sky are sacred to the patient wistfulness of all the unnaméd daughters of her race.

To-day there is no Gallic spice in

Grand Pré speech: The prim white cottages are filled with English faces; the birds that call and cry over the long salt marshes look down on cross-less churches; and the old Acadian *chansons* are heard no more on the Gaspereau. But the well and the willows are forever at the heart of Grand Pré.

In the Clare District to the south, one hundred and fifty thousand of Evangeline's folk dwell in a commonwealth of their own, faithful to the traditions and the speech of their forefathers. Here the "Norman cap and the kirtle" may be seen beside the spinning wheel, and the logical successor of Father Felicien wields a more potent sceptre than King George. Proverbs from Molière star the quaint French of the leisurely people whose thin-stripped farms, each with its chin on the roadside, stretch back into the country-side, divided and subdivided like the branching shoots on the family tree.

Half way down the western side of the peninsula lies Annapolis Royal. Here the well-informed traveller discards his rosary and looks to the hilt of his jewelled rapier, mindful of De Monts and his gallant "*Ordre de Bon Temps*" who feasted and frolicked there three centuries ago, toasting the King of France who had forgotten them and the marauding Indians who shook revengeful tomahawks outside



Drawing by Bertha Des Clayes

"The prim, white cottages are full of English faces

the door. They were a mad company, all but Champlain who lived to found Quebec, plant a garden, marry a wife, and settle statuesquely due east of the Chateau Frontenac. It is only fitting that the finest district for hunting in the southern part of the Province—the Kedgemakoogee and Liverpool Lakes—should lie within wagon reach of Annapolis.

Here the man who gets tired of all the ordinary summer paraphernalia—mermaids, millinery, motor-boats—and what man doesn't?—may find a restless rest whipping the trout-stream or sensing the wonder of the Kedjee Lakes, not the colour-wonder alone, with its gamut stretching from the silver of the beach sand through all possible leaf shades to the dun of the rocks under the blue of a fleckless sky, but the wonder as to how many pounds the rising trout will weigh and how frequently his cousins will repeat his flying silver-scaled leap

that begins in greed and ends in the basket.

In the autumn there are wonderful sun-drenched days sacred to the woodcock, the partridge, the plover and the duck. Nova Scotia is on the main line for the feathered traveller from the mysterious Pole, and there are few reaches in the world where the cock-shooter and his setter, or the duck-hunter in his sink-box can find better sport. Bear River, famous also for its cherries, is the recognized point of departure for cockdom.

Back of the birdlands, in and out around the trout streams, and over the open country of the interior the moose is striding, biggest of American game animals and fond of Nova Scotia to the tips of his antlers. Civilization, in the objectionable sense of the word, is a coastline accessory, and even the most modest-pursed of hunters can obtain a guide and a game license.



Drawing by Bertha Des Clayes

"Each with its chin on the roadside



Drawing by Bertha Des Claves

The old Powder Magazine at Annapolis Royal

Adam, then, is happy in Acadia. So is Eve, left for the nonce on the hotel verandah. So are the little Adams who find it fascinating to paddle and sail on the same Bay—paddle in a puddle, far out on a terracotta beach in the morning, go to lunch while Fundy does its magic rise of forty or fifty feet, and later try a P.M. sail over the spot where the mud squeezed through one's A.M. toes!

Eve Junior is also happy, because she makes pictures. The twins who carry cameras are probably content with their results, but the misted distance and the flare of the red sunshade on the blue water are for the artist's fingers a never-ending, tremblesome delight. To see—to attempt—to all—but achieve! Never mind. Blomidon will tower to-morrow as he sits to-day. The Five Islands doubtless flung a heady challenge to the Micmac painter of milleniums ago. He didn't get them. But he was a

bigger man—a sadder-wiser, happier-memored man—for trying.

All the Fundy side of Nova Scotia has a hazed and melancholy beauty despite the vividness of its sands, the heavenly incense of its orchards, where, as Joseph Howe used to say, a man might ride fifty miles under apple-blossoms. But the eastern side of the Province, forgetting the slow brimming rivers, the gentle, peaceful, stay-at-home constitution of the Fundy dwellers, puts on a more robust loveliness with blue-green hills fit to front Atlantic winds, and gray rock outcroppings that show indeed why the Province should be called New Scotland.

Halifax was settled in 1749 as a war measure. Massachusetts, then a brave little toddler with no foreknowledge of any coming break with her English mother, feared the ravages of the French D'Auville and his fleet. So she petitioned the Lords of Trade and Plantations, who sat in



"Paddle in a puddle in the terra-cotta beach"



"The well and the willows are forever at the heart of Grand Pre"



Drawing by Bertha Des Clayes

"The heavenly incense of its orchards

London town over the sea, and the said Lords decided to plant a sturdy colony to the north, the personnel of the settlers to consist of disbanded soldiers—since at that time England and France had unlocked horns for the nonce. Two thousand five hundred and seventy-six colonists sailed into the "Mighty Haven" one royal June day, and Halifax was born, if not full grown, at least well advanced into knickerbockers.

The manner of this event may be the reason for a certain assurance, a cool belief in its ability to maintain its own which the city has always evidenced—a desire moreover to govern itself and everything else within range, and an aptitude commensurate with its dreams. In everything entered, Halifax will be first, whether

the contest concern the possession of the most commodious harbour, the best-stocked fishmarket, the biggest guns, the bravest sailormen or the prettiest summer-girls.

Halifax has a water-provision of no ordinary sort, backed as it is by Bedford Basin—landlocked, deep and summer-still—with the long inlet of Waegwoltic, or the Northwest Arm, curving around it to the right. Here is the regatta-region, the hotel-haunt, the canoe-country, the paradise of the boy with the banjo and the girl with the first moonlight in her eyes. It's just near enough to town to get there and back for what you can afford any time you like. And just far enough away to lie in the Land of Heart's Desire every Saturday afternoon.

Point Pleasant Park on the "Arm" looks as if it had grown by itself, and had enjoyed doing it. There's a wildness, a native free grace to it that no mere man-architect could have thrown together. But when it was grown, and old, and kindly, then the summer-muslined little Haligonian drifted up into its dim recesses, and made her mark. There are paths just wide enough for friendsome twos; there are wishing wells and fairy springs; there are portly trees so full of carved hearts and initials that their wise old heads are forever nodding to the shore-seeking canoe.

The visitor to Halifax will be sure to want to take the Bedford Drive along the Basin, passing the site of "the Prince's Lodge" where Edward VII. of flawless tact and blissful manners used to avoid the eyes of his faithful guardian. Bedford too is bathing-blessed, and as for boating, whether it's rowing after fifteen years' non-practice, or canoeing with the scarefullest of maiden aunts, or motor-racing with your big 'steen-times-winner power-beauty, the Basin will be found to fill all requirements and leave enough over for the next comer.

SONG

By CARROLL AIKINS

THE way is long
And short the day,
But sweet in song
Thy roundelay.

And though the night
Be dark and drear,
Is there no light
With thee so near?

Shall Death eclipse
Those eyes of thine
And touch thy lips
With bitter wine?

And I that am
So close to thee,
Shall I not span
Eternity?



TICKET OFFICE AND MAIN ENTRANCE TO TORONTO EXHIBITION GROUNDS

THE EXHIBITION

BY H. B. JOSEPH

FAIRS, or exhibitions, historians tell us, can be traced back to the days of Ahasuerus, who "exhibited the riches of his kingdom for an hundred and four-score days". Almost ever since down through the ages, they have played a part in world progress and development. In rude and inland countries in the early stages of society, it was necessary, in the absence of shops and transportation facilities, that something of this character should be established to facilitate trade and barter. But in those days fairs were of a purely trade character, and lacked the educational and inspirational motive which is the life of the modern exhibition.

Originally they were associated with religious festivals, or holidays, or popular political assemblages, and, to some extent, in certain countries they still are. The Romans had such marts in all their provinces. In ancient England no fair could be held except by grant of the Crown. Back in 1314 Philip, of France, found it necessary to complain to Edward II. that "the merchants of England had desisted from frequenting the Beaucaire Fair, much to the great

loss of my subjects". He entreated his fellow monarch, for the sake of international amity and commerce, to persuade the people of his kingdom to return to their former custom.

In the tenth century fairs for the sale of slaves were common in the north of Europe, and were encouraged in England by William the Conqueror. On the American continent they date from early times under Spanish rule. The great bazaars of the East are essentially fairs.

Always we find the amusement end encouraged, much of the charm and popularity of fairs, back to the ancients, being due to the gathering of entertainers, who assembled in numbers to amuse the crowds, who have apparently always, just as they do at present, demanded that the more serious business matters of the day be leavened with a little healthful recreation and relaxation.

In tracing their evolution, one old authority says: "We find a series of legitimate steps, always advancing in the same direction and tending toward the same grand result—the spread of knowledge among the different peoples of the earth, concerning the advancement made by each in

industrial labour, in the arts of design, and in the culture and adaptation of the earth's products to the necessities of mankind."

In the earlier stages of this progress it was necessary to offer inducements to enable the gatherings of large numbers of people from distances wide apart, and therefore the purchase and sale of the goods exhibited were particularly a feature of the occasion. But as the world became richer, transportation freer, and the minds of men more widespreading in the ambitious thirst for knowledge, the necessities for this feature no longer existed, and it was found that visitors would travel vast distances only to see the products of the ingenuity and constructive skill and industry of their fellowmen.

The modern industrial institution where the exhibitive and competitive ideas are uppermost, is a British gift coming into existence with the London Society of Arts in 1753. From the first this society was patronized by royalty, and some nobleman of high rank was invariably elected president. The influence of the organization upon the arts and manufactures of Great Britain, and incidentally of the world, has been enormous. By a judicious system of prizes, native ingenuity and invention, and their application to the arts and manufactures, were encouraged, and some of the most prominent artists and others of past generations could attribute their rise to the encouragement offered by the Society of Arts, which did everything humanly possible through its periodical exhibitions to advance the cause of civilization.

The election of Albert, Prince Consort, in 1845, was made the crowning feature in the career of the organization. The royal mind conceived some very ambitious plans, including the idea of the first World's Fair, a fair, as he explained to his colleagues, "not merely national in its scope and benefits, but comprehensive of the whole world". He suggested the construc-

tion of the famed Crystal Palace, wherein was to be exhibited a "grand collection of various products for the purpose of exhibition, comparison, instruction and encouragement". Queen Victoria opened the building in person, and the project was sustained and endorsed by the Government, Court and aristocracy, and was a pronounced success, financially and otherwise. Dublin Exposition followed. The Paris Exposition was founded on the London plan shortly afterward. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert paid it a visit, the first visit of a British sovereign to Paris since 1422. Since that time world's fairs have been held in various countries and have perhaps been brought to their highest point of development in the United States.

While fairs date back about a century in Canada, Niagara Falls having the credit for the first movement of the kind, they do not appear to have gone beyond the county or township limits until 1846, when the first Provincial Fair was promoted and opened in Toronto. This was about the time that Prince Albert became chairman of the Society of Arts in London; perhaps, indeed, it was to some extent because of that fact. It was conducted for two days on the grounds of the old Government House, at the corner of King and Simcoe Streets. The prizes were valued at \$1,150. The Provincial and Agricultural Association of Upper Canada took charge the next year, and it was decided to make the affair a perambulating institution, alternating between various towns, no one place to have it two successive years.

It returned to Toronto in 1852, and Robertson's "Landmarks" tell us that it "was held in the field which then existed north of Simcoe Street, which at that time, above Queen Street, was known as William Street". After wandering to Ottawa, Hamilton, London, Cobourg, Kingston and Brantford, the event was again held in Toronto in 1858, this time on the



THE BUILDING THAT REPLACES THE OLD CRYSTAL PALACE

grounds to the south of the Queen Street Asylum. Crystal Palace was built that year, and the Fair was opened with considerable pomp by the Governor-General. It remained open for two weeks, a marked innovation on the established order of things.

In 1877 Toronto suggested that the Fair be weaned from its migratory habits and installed permanently there, and a deputation came away from a meeting of the Arts Associa-

tion at London with the belief that their arguments had prevailed. With this thought in mind, they applied for a grant of ordnance land and were given sixty acres on the present site of the Exhibition. Though the work of building the Fair had already been started when the question was submitted to the ratepayers, the following year, it was overwhelmingly defeated.

The Council, however, having al-



THE OLD CRYSTAL PALACE, TORONTO EXHIBITION

ready pledged in good faith the credit of the city to both the Government and the Arts Society, determined to proceed, feeling assured that when the public was enabled to pronounce upon the completed measure they would appreciate the inestimable advantage to Toronto and would undoubtedly endorse it. The delay inseparable from such a complication left only ninety days from the time the authority of Council was obtained until the opening day of the Exhibition. To a body of men less in earnest this would have appeared an insurmountable obstacle to the completion of a task of such magnitude, but, thanks to the persistent energy and untiring efforts of the gentlemen who formed the committee, the whole of the work was completed and the Exhibition opened in the new buildings by the Governor-General, Lord Dufferin, on Tuesday, September 24th, 1878. Crystal Palace had been brought down from King Street in sections, a new storey added, and the roof raised, and this remained in use and was regarded as the most ornate and best exhibition building in Canada, right up to the time the present Manufactures Building was erected a few years ago.

Much to the chagrin of the Toronto committee, the Arts Association decided, the following year, 1879, that the Exhibition must resume its old character as a travelling institution, and as a protest the organization, headed by the late J. J. Withrow, who remained president for twenty years, decided to give Toronto a permanent Exhibition. To the unselfish and patriotic efforts of this body of gentlemen, Toronto to-day owes her position at the very apex of exhibition achievement. Of the original directors, there is still one left on the Canadian National Exhibition Board, Mr. George Booth, of Toronto.

In the thirty-eight years that have since elapsed the Exhibition Association has scored a long series of

phenomenal successes, and in the ages old history of Fairs there is perhaps no more interesting chapter than that dealing with the rise and progress of the Canadian National. It has met with many obstructive elements, but has been pursued to complete fruition with excellence of judgment, fertility of resource, and energy of patriotic determination. It is the culmination in a long series of steps in competitive exhibitions, and is conceded by experts in such matters to be the most ideally balanced institution of its kind the world over.

In the early days it encountered organized opposition even from the governments of the time, large grants being made to other fairs from year to year which were running in opposition to Toronto, while the local institution was compelled to struggle along unassisted except by its own loyal, public-spirited citizens. A threat was even made by a member of the Arts Society of legislation to compel Toronto to discontinue its Fair, but fortunately the matter never went that far.

There were times, too, when it appeared as if the Exhibition would have to cease through lack of funds, and on occasions its officers have personally been compelled to give their notes from time to time to finance its affairs. On one occasion, not many years ago, Colonel W. K. McNaught, C.M.G., gave his own note for \$10,000, in order that the gates might not be closed. Exhibition history is full of such patriotic sacrifices on the part of its officials.

But if the Association has had to meet bitter opposition, so has it received loyal support from the people of Canada, from the people of the Old Land, even from the Throne itself. The late King Edward was one of the staunchest friends the Exhibition ever had, and many times he showed his deep interest in its welfare, personally helping it with exhibits from his Army, from his Navy, and from his household collections.



A CROWD AT THE EXHIBITION, TORONTO, SHOWING ON THE RIGHT THE MANUFACTURES BUILDING

During its career, the Exhibition has entertained some of the most distinguished political and industrial leaders from all parts of the world, and its importance as an Imperial asset has more than once been referred to by men high in the Councils of the Empire. Its influence on Canadian affairs is perhaps not generally realized, though many important national undertakings have had their inception or received their inspiration within the grounds.

Sir Charles Tupper once said that the Toronto Exhibition had had an important influence in binding Canada after Confederation. At the Directors' Luncheon twenty-one years ago he said:

"Indicative of what your efforts have accomplished is the change that has taken place in the views of the people from my own Province, Nova Scotia, where one school of men had been trained to consider you as Canadians, and themselves as Nova Scotians; you as men desperately situated, in 1867 having to grasp out for these other Provinces in order to support and maintain you, and enable you to exist as a self governing country. These men have learned a

signal lesson from this great Canadian Fair. I have had it from the lips of my opponents, who were frank enough to confess what they learned from a visit to Toronto, that one visit to this Fair, after seeing Buffalo and the Fairs of the adjoining States, had convinced them that much of their creed in regard to the value of a Canadian Confederation had been entirely mythical, and absurd, and that here chiefly in their travels through Canada, they had begun to learn what a great people you—and they are including themselves in the number—were after all with such an Exhibition as you have given to this country, for you have given it to the country at large, and to no particular locality, for years past."

Every Governor-General since Lord Dufferin has opened the Exhibition, and some have likewise followed the principle of saying farewell to the people of Canada from a platform at the Canadian National, leaving messages of goodwill likely to enhance that greater solidarity of feeling and larger patriotism which has meant so much to us in Canada. There are many who remember Lord Dufferin's stirring valedictory in 1878. "Love your country," he told us; "believe in

her, honour her; work for her; live for her; die for her." His phrases have rung resonantly down the years.

Turning to the more materialistic side it will be found that the Canadian National Exhibition has been in advance of many important movements that have made for industrial betterment. The farmer comes to learn the new and advanced methods of agriculture, because he knows he will find the very latest word in that respect; the manufacturer is stimulated to greater efforts by the things spread out exemplifying the world's most advanced ideas in the product in which he specializes; and the thought of the Directors and management is applied to securing those things that will best serve to stimulate emulation in all matters that go to make a nation great.

As to the purely cultural side the efforts of the management to promote the arts have been well sustained over the entire career of the Association. The presence here from year to year of the world's greatest bands, whose famed selections may be heard free by visitors, is fully appreciated by musicians and others, especially the man who could not pay the big price that would be demanded were the same organization to appear in the large halls down town. Canadian artists have been greatly encouraged by the stimulus and inspiration afforded by the magnificent exhibitions of masterpieces gathered from all parts of the world annually. And they appreciate the exhibition none the less because it affords Canadian artists and others a chance to dispose of their works to art lovers who flock to the gallery in large numbers during the progress of the Exhibition.

There was a time in the early days when the artists decided to abandon the gallery and it was given over to amusements and band concerts. Later they asked for the old privilege back and since then the Exhibition has gained world-wide renown where-

ever artists congregate. The sales annually of the pictures on view, amount to a considerable sum. One year they reached \$12,000. The Exhibition management decided years ago to appropriate a sum each year for the purchase of paintings to form the nucleus of a public art gallery for the citizens of Toronto, and this custom still obtains. The paintings so purchased are to be seen on the walls of the City Hall and in the old Goldwin Smith home, and they number among them some of the leading works of Canadian artists selected from the Exhibition gallery for their merits as representing the best art of Canada.

The importance of an institution is indeed great that can send so far as Australia and New Zealand for cadets to take part in an Imperial review, that could bring the Queen's jubilee gifts here, pay the enormous cost of bringing the bands of the British Brigade of Guards to play free for two weeks, provide entertainment, attractions and prizes that call for an expenditure each year of approximately a quarter of a million dollars. More than \$25,000 is spent annually in direct advertising in more than 250 newspapers in Canada and the United States, and to such an effect that railway men describe the Canadian National as the greatest creator of traffic in North America.

A conservative merchant has said that Toronto could not afford to abandon its Exhibition even if it showed an annual deficit of \$100,000. It probably attracts 300,000 to 400,000 people to the city each year. What this means in money to the merchants and the citizens generally runs up into the millions. Toronto business men, it is said by bankers, are better able to meet their paper after the Exhibition than at any other time of the year. The visitor coming here for the great national gathering brushes up at the village store before his departure and in this way the whole Province feels the stimulus.

The detail of the Exhibition management is just as great as with any other big national undertaking. To prepare the spectacle and grand stand entertainment takes months of patient effort and planning, and involves a world-wide search for novelties that starts almost as soon as the gates close in September, and never ceases until they open again the following August. It is a year-round job.

From the standpoint of attendance it is a fact that more people visit the Canadian National in one day than many fairs on the continent that are supposed to be among the leaders can boast of in an entire season. In the early days 100,000 was a wonderful figure, even for the three weeks it ran in 1879. In the twelve days it was open to the public a year ago, 864,000 people passed through the gates, which is perhaps a more remarkable showing, when the War is considered, than was the attainment of the million mark in 1913.

Panics are more or less psychological, we are told, so also is prosperity to some extent. Who then can estimate the widespread effect last year's attendance had on national sentiment, or how far it went to restore business confidence throughout Canada? Certain it is that many pessimists looked for a complete failure of the 1915 Exhibition. Immediately following the wonderful turnout of cheerful, prosperous, optimistic visitors at the Canadian National, business perceptibly improved. Who will say there was no relation between the two events?

The Canadian National Exhibition has been fortunate in having the help through its career of the lead-

ing men of the community, men whose devoted service could never be paid for in dollars and cents, but who have taken unlimited time away from their business interests in order to thus serve the public. They give their time freely and ungrudgingly, happy in their connection with an institution that has meant so much in the promotion of Canadian progress and prosperity. Is it any wonder that the Canadian National has prospered after thirty-eight years of such cumulative effort on which has been concentrated the best constructive thought of leaders in agriculture, industry, commerce, and public life, men who have cheerfully obeyed one of the most powerful and beneficent of the human passions to build and promote growth "that the earth may be more fair and fruitful"?

As to the service the Exhibition has rendered since the war broke out, one could hunt the continent from one end to the other and not find a more suitable winter concentration camp for the militia. It has proved the ideal place for thousands of men who would otherwise have been placed in temporary quarters where the rigours of winter might have seriously interfered with their training. As it is, no better trained men have left Canada than those who received a part of their preparation at Exhibition Camp. The existence of such a place solved a perplexing problem for the military authorities, and that the Exhibition has been of service to King and country in such an emergency must alone be sufficient reward to the patriots who instituted the "Fair" and who have since carried it along through good and bad times for nearly forty years.

The Gypsy Boy

BY G. MURRAY ATKIN

FAR away from the city, where there were no trams or motor-cars, or smoking chimneys, the Gypsy Boy lay on the hillside dreaming. All day long he had watched the ships as they sailed up the river, and in his dream he saw himself standing on the deck of the biggest, wrapped in a velvet cloak with silver buckles on his shoes. There were many people with him on the ship; they talked together and moved about, but the Gypsy Boy knew nothing of their interests; he only noticed that as they passed him they bowed as courtiers bow when they pass a man who is born to be a king.

The ship sailed up the river past the purple hills, and the Gypsy Boy was very happy, because he knew that in the evening they would anchor in the harbour of the city. His eyes were open, but he shut them quickly and awoke from his dream.

"I must go to the city," he said softly to himself. "For where there is so much life I shall surely find love, and love is the most wonderful thing in the world."

That evening, when the stars were shining, they saw a little boy asleep beside a dusty road.

When day broke, the boy bathed in the river and went on his way. And as he journeyed he heard the birds singing sweetly overhead. In the evening they sang in long, low notes, and he knew they were singing love songs. On his way he met many strangers. Sometimes they inquired

whither he was going, but when he told them he was on his way to the city they made no comment.

One day he met an old man feeble and bent with age.

"Old man, old man," said the Gypsy Boy, "where do you come from?"

"From the city," said the old man.

"What did you find there?" asked the Gypsy Boy eagerly.

"Suffering," answered the old man.

"I shall find love," said the Gypsy Boy, as he went on his way.

Although the journey was long, he was never lonely. On quiet days, when the wind made no music in the trees and the birds did not call to one another, he whistled through his fingers and sang softly to himself.

Once, when he came to the forest, he was half afraid to go on. At last, when he had grown accustomed to travelling, his journey came to an end, and standing on a high hill he saw the city that had seemed so far away. Then he laughed aloud and ran, so eager was he to be there. But at dusk he had still some distance to go, so he threw himself down and slept until daybreak, when he arose to go the rest of the way. And never had the birds sung with such wild joy as on that day. People were hurrying to and fro, motors passed him quickly and sped on their way. He heard the clanging of bells and saw the tram-cars.

"Surely to-day is a fête day," he said. "I am just in time. It must at least be the crowning of a king."

But when he asked the city boys they made fun of him.

"Why does he wear gold rings in his ears?" asked one.

"Why does he wear a red handkerchief round his neck?" asked another.

"Little boy, little boy," said the old beggar woman, "what makes you look so happy?"

"Life is so wonderful," cried the Gypsy Boy. And then a cloud passed over his face, for he remembered he had not found that which he had come to seek.

But the next day passed, and the next, and the next, and again many more days, and still he caught no glimpse of love; and though he was filled with the joy of life he felt he must have love.

He liked to wander by the green bank of the river and watch the ships. Sometimes a little girl watched him from the upper window of a sailor's house. One day she came down the bank and passed behind him. He did not hear her. She threw a daisy at him and ran away. He paid no attention to her, so she came back. Then he was annoyed and rose at once to go.

"Wait and play with me," she begged.

He shook his head.

"I must look for something I cannot find," he said. And farther up the river he lay on his back to watch the clouds and dream his dream.

Once he saw a beautiful child, and he followed her. Her cheeks were like roses, and her beauty troubled him; but when he lost sight of her the trouble left him, and he knew that it was not love. Then he grew disheartened and returned to the bank of the river to watch the ships. And his little friend came and sat beside him, but she did not ask him to play.

Day after day all through the summer he came to the river. Day after day they sat together and watched the ships.

One day, as he lay on the ground

biting off little blades of grass, Judy broke the silence.

"Gyp."

"Well."

"What will you do when the winter comes?"

"Go on looking."

"What for?"

"Something I care for."

Judy was lost in thought. Gyp had never told her of his quest. The days went by. Far away like the call of a bird was the call of the future. But for the moment the sounds in the Gypsy Boy's heart were still.

And as they grew accustomed to each other the sunbeams played around them and they were happy.

"Life lasts forever," whispered the boy to himself. "I have many days in which to continue my search."

"Only one week more," said Judy, as if in answer to his thoughts, "and then I am going away."

The Gypsy Boy's eyes filled with tears.

"I shall be very lonely," he said softly, "when you are gone."

One week longer they sat and watched the ships pass down the river laden with yellow grain. The fishermen went out with their nets to the sea. Birds circled and wheeled and flew southward. The week passed, and together they watched the crimson setting of the sun. In the harbour the brig had hoisted a brown sail.

"We sail at sundown," said Judy. "So I must say good-bye."

As the sun dropped below the cathedral spire, she raised her face. And he kissed her and held her close. Then—she ran down the bank to her father's boat. But the Gypsy Boy threw himself on the grass and wept as if his heart would break.

"That was love," he cried. "That was love!"

Hour after hour, through the gloom of the dusk, long after night had fallen, he lay, with his head resting on his arm, listening to the sound of the river flowing on to the sea.

A GIFT OF WAR

By A. Gertrude Jackson.

EXHAUSTED, faint from loss of blood and lack of food, Cameron Young staggered along, now up, now down, but never for one moment forgetting that he belonged to a university battalion from Canada. The colours were there inside the khaki, and they demanded much of the men who loved them. A rope around his waist was fastened to the saddle of his captor, who had fallen behind the rear German lines. About them lay the ruins of the little Belgian village which had been caught midway between the British and German forces and had received its baptism of fire.

Amidst the desolation of the deserted, shell-swept little place the German relaxed his vigilance, and rode slowly, his thick shoulders drooping with weariness, while behind him, on foot, reeling and tumbling, came the boy. There was no sign of life, only the whimpering of lonely spring winds searching among the ruins for familiar nooks and corners.

The shadow of the little church fell upon the two men. The steeple had been demolished by a shell, but from one corner still rose the gilded cross to catch the gold of the low sun.

Suddenly, unexpected as a voice from the grave, the sharp crack of a rifle pierced the monotonous droning

of the distant artillery. The horse beneath the German leaped into the air and fell heavily, pinning its rider under it. Behind them, the boy, hurled on his face by the sudden jerk of the rope, lay still, half-stunned by the violence of his fall.

The church door swung open, and from it sprang the lithe figure of a girl, rifle in hand. She snapped out a sharp shrill command in French, while her rifle covered the German. But he lay motionless, half-buried beneath his horse. With a bound she was at his side, and had her rifle butt against his head.

Frantically Young tried to raise himself on one elbow. He tried to cry out to her, but his lips were swollen and parched, and the sound came through them like the faint whistling of a summer wind. He had been in Europe just two months, and he had not yet seen a woman shoot anyone. The horror of it gripped him with cold shuddering.

"Oh, Don't! Don't! his quivering lips framed.

The rifle cracked again, and he fought the deadly faintness that was overcoming him, and struggled up to his knees.

"A life for a life!" he heard her saying harshly. "That's for my brother!"

Then everything faded—the desolate village, the dead German, the white face of the girl bending over him.

He awoke in the little chapel. Through the gaping roof the moonlight streamed, revealing dimly the chaotic condition of the church. Nearby a man was lying on a heap of tapestries, and though his eyes seemed closed, his lips were moving slowly, repeating endlessly the prayers of a life-time. Now and again some half-familiar Latin phrase forced itself into the boy's attention. He was too tired to think, too tired to do anything but accept this strange place as he found it. Like a sleepy child he repeated brokenly the words that reached his ear.

The sound of his own voice roused him. He stirred weakly, and discovered that he was all in bandages, soft white things that breathed out the aroma of antiseptics. He tried to remember— He tried to think— Was this a hospital?

"Hush!" whispered a soft voice imperiously. "You must not make any loud noise. We are hiding here. You never know who is around. How do you feel?"

The boy stared. Then with a shuddering cry he remembered.

"Did you kill him?" he asked faintly.

"Yes. Go to sleep."

He searched her face in the dim light, and found it pale and stern and marked by tears or loss of sleep. It was a very young face, and seemed to the boy's dim fancy reminiscent of the campus and tennis court and home.

"Who tied me up in these rags?" he demanded shakily, trying to smile.

"I did," she answered softly. "You are not seriously wounded, though you have lost a lot of blood. Try to go to sleep if you can."

"Thanks. You made an awfully good job of me."

He fancied that she smiled a little sadly. "I'm a nurse," she said. "I

ought to be able to bandage a few flesh wounds."

"Are—are you English?" he asked her.

"No, I am Belgian."

"B-but you are talking English?"

"I was educated in England," said the girl quietly. "Now you must stop talking. If you want me, call softly, and I will hear you."

"Wait! Oh, wait a minute!" cried Young, now wide awake. "Who is that man over there? Is he wounded, too?"

"It's Father Boilleau, and he was badly hurt when the church was struck. Now not another word."

She straightened out the dark covering that lay over him, and disappeared into the dusky corner of the chapel.

By degrees, through the week that succeeded, he found out much that he wondered about. The girl was Eloise Belloy, and she had graduated from the Malines hospital a year before the war. Her father had been killed in the first part of the war, at Liege, and her brother had been sorely wounded in a skirmish in the streets of the little village. She had come to nurse him there, and then the approaching forces of both Germans and Allies had doomed the little place. Everyone fled in a panic, but there was no time or chance to move her brother, who was dying, and so she had stayed. The priest, finding that she would not go and leave her brother, had stayed also. The brother died, and the same night, before the girl dared to leave the cellar where they had taken shelter, the church was struck and Father Boilleau crushed so badly that they had been forced to remain in the abandoned village.

During the early twilight, the girl crept out to forage among the ruins for food and necessities. And during the day they lived quietly in the little church, listening with sad hearts to the roar of the distant battle. There was no longer any danger from shells,

but the country was infested with spies and scouts, and they dared not light a fire.

"You are endangering your lives by keeping me here," the boy said bitterly one day. "If you were found concealing me here, it wouldn't be slow what the Germans would do to us all. I must leave as soon as I can walk."

"Don't be foolish, my son," said the old priest. "I will never be able to leave here, and who will take care of her? This whole part of the country is now in German hands."

"But with you here no one would bother her," cried out Young. "I am the forbidden person around here. It is not safe for a dog to be seen in my company unless he has me at the end of a halter."

The old man paused, and looked at the boy. "She has not a relative left in all the world to whom she can turn. My days are short—perhaps they are but hours. Who can tell? She has royal blood in her veins, and this is no more than a rat's trap. Surely you will not leave her to shift for herself?"

"No, no," exclaimed the boy eagerly. "I—I thought she—might—be safer—without me!"

"You are a Canadian, and you've fought shoulder to shoulder with us, and for us," said Father Boilleau solemnly. "Don't you think I would trust her in your care rather than to our enemies?"

"I've—I mean I—Mother and Dad are—" floundered the boy. "Darn! What I'm trying to say is that I—I'm—I've got a sister at home like her—and I'm no angel, but I'm—white—and if there's any way out of this hole, I'll get her out."

"I know you will," answered the old man, and Young's heart throbbed against the stained colours under the khaki, for the priest's face was full of trust. "As I said, she has the blood of kings in her veins. Her grandmother was of royal descent, but she married unfortunately and against the royal wish, and was no longer re-

cognized. Her daughter—Miss Belloy's mother—married a merchant of Malines, but she is dead these many years."

The girl entered, and they could say no more on the subject just then. But the boy looked at her with dim eyes; for he thought of his sister, Marion, sheltered and safe in their quiet home in Toronto, and he shuddered as he imagined how he would have felt if he had been the brother who had had to die and leave his sister in such a predicament.

With the passing of the days, he grew stronger, and the old priest grew weaker. Young was obliged to keep very close to shelter for the sake of them all, but with his renewed strength came more hope, more of the buoyant optimism of youth.

"We will escape all right," he asserted confidently to Father Boilleau. "My mother is in London, waiting for me, and even if Miss Belloy had not saved my life as she did, Mother would be only too glad to help her."

"You will have to marry her first," said the priest deliberately, and forcibly. "As a Belgian refugee, she will have to await her turn to cross the channel to England. But as the wife of a Canadian officer, she will be sent at the first opportunity."

"I—I'm only a lieutenant," acknowledged the boy, flushing hotly. The suddenness of the suggestion took away his breath. He was not quite twenty-one years old. His head swam. Life was becoming too complicated for his complete comprehension. He felt vaguely that he had somehow slipped from the present into the middle ages. He wondered if he had really been a rollicking university freshman so short a time ago. But while he tried to think and realize what it all meant, the girl protested passionately and tearfully.

"War and love don't go hand in hand," the old man said grimly. "Love is a result of propinquity, anyway. You ought to know enough—

after what we have seen in Belgium—to know—to think—what will become of you, if you—”

She shivered, and the boy cried out to her.

“You shall not, if you don’t want to,” he exclaimed. “It is—horrid—for you—”

“I stayed in the village for you,” said the old man quietly. “If you cannot do this for me—”

Eloise Belloy flung out her arms despairingly and sobbed. And the boy stood, awkwardly uncertain of what he should do, and twirling a loose button on his coat.

“It’s rotten luck,” he burst out at that. “It’s—I—”

She came to him slowly, with her dark head held high, and her lips quivering. And Young, living in the fairy book world of his childhood, caught both her hands in his own, and bending kissed them lightly.

“Cheer up!” he cried shakily. “I can use my arm again, Miss Belloy, so we will soon be off and out of all this horror.”

Her eyes, dark and tragic, bored into his soul. “We can get—what—you—call divorce—after?”

“Sure thing,” he nodded.

“You—promise?”

“Of course.”

So they were married by the old priest in the little church. Two days afterwards Father Boilleau died: and they set out together, the boy in his ragged khaki, and the girl in the gray uniform of the German. They were young, and life was very sweet, and hope was overflowing their hearts.

“If we fall among Germans, I will be your prisoner,” he said, trying to joke, “and if—I mean when we get to the British lines, you will be mine—till I can tell some of the officers—you are my—wife! Doesn’t it seem like a dream?”

“Don’t!” she said sharply.

“All right,” Young agreed. “Only it makes me think how I used to feel when I was a little tad and read big tales of adventure. I used to wish

that something would happen to me like it did to the heroes in the stories. And now that it is happening, and in the twentieth century, too, I want to keep pinching myself to see if I am asleep.”

She smiled a little at that. “I feel like that, too,” she said softly. “Only I think it is far nicer to read it than to live it.”

The boy looked at her. She was little and dark, and the uniform was ludicrously large for her. But to his boyish eyes she was altogether good to see. A sudden shyness flushed his brown cheek. For he remembered that she had come of royal ancestors.

They travelled by slow and weary stages. They seldom even saw the travelled thoroughfares, for they kept to the wooded valleys, and the fringed banks of the labyrinth of rivers that lay among them. Fortune favoured them, for the German line had been bent back from Lemar to the North, and the allied armies were advancing to meet them. And, at last, after many days, they came one night to a sentry whose challenge rang out in a deep Irish brogue.

“Thank God!” cried Cameron Young, laughing and sobbing as he drew Eloise forward with one arm flung across her little shoulders.

They were sent together to the base hospital, the boy to recuperate, and the girl, at her urgent request, to help nurse. Young would have had her go at once to Ostend, and from there to his mother in London. But she begged to stay, and her help was only too welcome in the overcrowded hospital. Because he realized that no letter could explain as he would have wished, and because he knew that his people, remote from the actual scene of war, could not see things as he did, the boy did not tell them about his marriage. He told them only about her saving his life and all about their escape. And afterwards, when his mother’s reply came, he was glad that he had not told her yet.

“Just think if that had been our

Marion, Ronnie dear," she wrote. "Oh, dear boy, don't you think they will send you back here to get strong? My arms ache for you, little boy of mine. The days here are interminable. I cannot remember when we had no war. Were we very happy, Ronnie? It seems but yesterday that you were running about at my knee, and now you are a soldier, bearing the scars of battle—If love will keep you from harm, dear, surely you will come back to me, for my heart is breaking with it. For your sake every laddie in the uniform is dear to me"

But he gained strength quickly, and they did not send him to England. The second month he went to join his battalion again. He was anxious to go, yet something tugged at his heart at the thought of leaving Eloise.

"I'll miss you—terribly," he said wistfully. "Why won't you go home to mother? I shall feel so worried about you. I—I'm awfully—I mean, we've got to know each other pretty well, haven't we?"

She brushed her handkerchief over her eyes, but not before he saw the tears shining on her lashes.

He took a step nearer, and his heart was very full. But suddenly she stamped one small foot passionately, and dashed away the unwelcome tears.

"War is—h-h-hell!" she sobbed out, and, turning, fled.

He never saw her again. On the very first day in the front trenches, a hand grenade exploded in his face, and took his sight. At the field hospital, after hours of waiting for his turn, the doctors removed what was left of his eyes. They were very merciful; they gave him chloroform and morphine to dull the agony of those terrible days. But he was very young, and all life lay ahead—to be lived, blind. His mind became a treadmill, turning over and over the past, and the future as he now saw it—Ah! The unbearable future! Not to be blind for to-day, or this week, or this year, but

for ever and for ever till the end of all things! He wished that he had found death in the trenches—at first. Then he remembered his mother and his wife! His wife! Through the weeks just passed he had dreamed dreams of taking her home to Toronto when this war was all over. He had thought how he loved her, how he must have her, how he must make her love him! He had seen her with Marion, with the crowd of young people at home; he had seen her in their little home, sitting across the table from him, smiling happily. And now—now she must have her divorce! What woman could love a blind man? He heard the sound of groaning on every side of him. Poor fellows! He tried to be glad that he was not hurt as some of them were. He tried to be brave—He begged a nurse for the colours pinned inside his coat—his university colours. He clutched them tightly, and shut his teeth.

The wounded poured in from the field, and on the third day he was sent back to the base hospital with all those who could be moved. He dreaded meeting Eloise. He was afraid of his own weakness. In between the spasms of agony he kept repeating savagely to himself: "Buck up! You've got to buck up!"

But nature helped him, for he was unconscious long before they arrived, and he awoke hours after he had been laid upon the little cot in the hospital. He could hear someone groaning and calling. He was shocked to find that it was himself. He stopped abruptly. Then he felt his right hand caught tightly between two small hands. He knew everything in that one second.

"Eloise?" he whispered.

She sobbed; tears fell on his hand.

He could not bear that. He groped with his hand, and found her hair. He patted it awkwardly.

"Don't cry!" he said, and it angered him that his voice was thin and shaky. "Why, I'm o.k. Nothing but my blinkers gone."

She caught his hand and kissed it. He wanted to cry out to her that he loved her, that he would not mind anything, no, not even blindness, if she loved him. Then he remembered again his future as he had seen it; he could not tie her down to such a life. In his anguish he snatched his hand away. Then she rose from her knees and stood by the cot.

"We are going to England as soon as you are able to go," she said brokenly.

He groaned.

"Poor mother!" he said. "Write to her, will you, Eloise? Let her down easy, if you can. She's—We're awfully good pals, you know."

Then he remembered that she had said 'we'.

"Are you coming, too?" he asked her.

"Yes."

"Thanks," he said a little bitterly. "I will need a nurse always now, won't I?"

"Don't!" she cried out.

He remembered that was what she had said when he had spoken of her as his wife.

"Cheer up!" he said more quietly. "We will get that divorce when we get to England. I don't want to hold you, Eloise."

In spite of his wish to free her, he longed to hear her say something, anything, to tell him she was not anxious to be free. But she left him without even a word. Then he wondered whether he had said something he had not meant to; he wished that he knew what she was thinking. But they spoke no more about it till they were on the boat crossing the channel. Then, because he was very young, and very brave, and altogether blind, he left her out of his plans for his twisted, broken future, and talked about the divorce as a thing almost accomplished. But she remained silent whenever he spoke of it. Then he would talk feverishly of his mother and Canada; of Varsity, and the 'bunch', and Marion. Eloise

talked so little, and he could tell nothing from her face now, as he had been wont to before he had lost his sight. So he thought she did not care, and he tried to be glad that she did not, for he knew that would make it easy for her.

But he thought almost enviously of the boys who were at rest beneath Belgian or French soil, and he wondered if things would have been very different if he had not been so disabled and disfigured. Perhaps Eloise would never have loved him, anyway. He was glad there were such things as divorces, for what a terrible thing it would be for any girl to be tied to such a thing as he was now. He shuddered at the image he conjured up of his own features, and he was glad that he was bandaged.

He was talking with a young lawyer who had lost a leg, and was going home to Liverpool. He told him of his own marriage to Eloise, but in an impersonal way, as though he were telling the story of someone else.

"I don't think they could get a divorce," said the Englishman thoughtfully. "But of course that would not matter. That marriage without witnesses as it was would not hold in any court."

"Then they would not need a divorce?" questioned Eloise's quiet voice.

The boy started. He had not heard her approach.

"Well, of course, I could not just say that positively," returned the man. "But I rather think not."

"But they would feel bound by it themselves, I should think," she continued calmly.

That worried the boy. Of course she would feel that way. He began to fret about it. His temperature went up in leaps and bounds. His very weakness made him fret about things that at other times would not have cost him a thought.

Eloise charged him with worrying about something, but he managed to laugh. But he did not feel so well

physically, and twice he was startled by suddenly hearing himself saying something over which he had no control. He knew that was not right, and he questioned her.

"Oh, you're just a bit delirious with the pain and weakness," she said evasively. "You've got to stop worrying up your temperature."

But he felt drowsy, and he hardly remembered more than that they reached Folkestone at last. Then it seemed just a moment after that Eloise was trying to rouse him, and telling him that his mother would be with him in a minute. They were in London.

He tried to shake off the heaviness that seemed to have paralyzed him. He heard his mother's voice through the darkness that enveloped him. He knew she was kissing the bandages about his head, and crying.

"Ronnie! Ronnie!" he could hear her calling over and over. He tried to tell her about Eloise. He wondered why she was crying.

"Mother!" he whispered at last. Then he went to sleep.

"Mother!" That had been his last word. It was his first afterwards, too, when the long siege of fever had spent itself. This time it was in the little suite his mother had taken in London, and he reached into the darkness for her and found her. With his weak hands he felt her lips and her eyes.

"Mother!" he cried out to her. "Oh, Mother, I'll never see you any more!"

"But you can hear me and feel me, Ronnie," she whispered brokenly.

"People will shrink from the sight of me," he groaned. "Mother, Mother!"

"Oh, my dear! My dear!" she cried. "If only I could bear it for you, little laddie mine!"

Then like a flash memory flooded his brain with images. Was it all a dream? Eloise? His blindness? He knew it was not.

"Mother!" he pleaded. "Is Eloise—Won't you tell her I want her?"

She did not answer, but her cool fingers lingered on his wrist.

"No, no!" he said almost impatiently. "I'm all right. Mother, where is she?"

"Hush, dear!" said his mother tremulously. "I do not know whom you mean, Ronnie. You are just weak, and you forget what has happened."

"She came home with me!" he cried. "Mother! Mother! Where is she?"

"Dear Heart," she said, "try to keep calm. There was no one but a nurse with you—just the nurse who—"

"It was Eloise!" he interrupted. "Where—?"

"I do not know, Ronnie," replied his mother in a troubled voice. "She went off to help some others of the poor lads who came in on the train."

Then a sharp cry escaped the boy's lips.

"Mother!" he groaned. "Oh, Mother! She is my—wife!"

He dreaded her outcry; he felt unequal to the explanations that he knew must come. But there were depths in his mother that he had never sounded. He could not see her face, and she did not cry out as he had expected. Instead, she put her warm arms across his shoulders, and laid her cheek against his hot hand.

"Why, Ronnie!" she said, and her voice held the music that comes from the strings of a mother's heart. "My poor laddie! My poor little laddie! And I did not even know!"

He tried to control himself, but he was very weak; and big sobs shook his thin frame.

"Tell me, dear," she whispered, and, bit by bit, with her arms still about him, he told her.

"Listen to me, little boy of mine," she said when he was done. "You are still a very sick boy, and you must rest and get strong before we can go home. Now you must try to keep from worrying, because if Miss—Eloise is in London, I'll find her. Don't ask me how, for I do not know

yet, but just trust your mother, Ronnie. But, dear, you must not build too much on it. She may not—"

She hesitated, and he nodded, for he understood.

"Mother!" he said brokenly. "I'd die if you were not here!"

Then they spoke of Eloise no more, for each one thought it worried the other. But his mother went out every day, and often twice a day, and left the nurse in charge of him. He waited and watched for her return feverishly, but as the days dragged by, and October came, he gave up hoping. In spite of that, youth gave him the elasticity that made recuperation possible, and he gained strength steadily. Early in November he was able to walk about the room (with a cane to guide him). He knew they would soon be going home.

Then one day his mother came in at dusk, and his quick ear caught the sound of her swift, light step before she entered. He found his cane, and started for the door to meet her. She was earlier than usual.

The first instant he knew that there was something the matter. He noticed a little flurry of excitement about her; he could hear the soft flutter of her breath. She laughed softly, and flung her arms up about his neck.

"Ronnie," she fluttered. "Ronnie, can you stand—"

Then he knew. He trembled a little, and she made him sit down in the easy chair. She kissed him gently.

"You must keep cool, little boy of mine," she whispered. "Oh, Ronnie! Foolish little son! Didn't you know that you were breaking her heart as well as your own when you insisted on talking divorce all the time? She thought—Why, Ronnie, she actually thought you wanted to get rid of

her! And she thought she would make it easy for you."

"B-but, Mother, she—she seemed—I thought she didn't care!"

His mother pressed his hand. "You are very young, Son," she laughed tremulously. "You surely couldn't expect a woman to act as if she liked you, when you were worrying all the time about how soon you could get a divorce!"

"Where is she?" he cried.

"She has been in the St. Berenice Hospital, nursing. I found her through the Belgian Consul's aid. It has taken a long time—"

"Is she here?"

She ran her fingers through his hair. "You'll be calm, dear?"

She did not wait for any answer, but he heard the soft rustle of her skirts. Then he was alone.

He waited breathlessly. The thundering of his heart deafened him. He thought the door opened softly, but he was not sure. He wanted to curse the blindness that darkened his world.

"Eloise!" he called pleadingly, reaching groping hands toward the door.

She was on her knees beside him the next moment, and he gathered her little sob-shaken figure into his thin arms.

"But—but, Eloise—" he whispered. "I am blind! Think of my eyes, my face! Do you care enough to stand that?"

"I'll be your eyes," she said, laughing and crying at once. "If—only—you'll love me! In all the world I have no one else!"

"We're going home next week!" he cried gaily. "Home! Canada! Do you hear, little Gift of War? Where are we going?"

"Home!" murmured Eloise Young.

MARTHA of DRANVORDE

By Ralph W. Bell

MARTHA BEDUYS, in Belgium, was considered pretty, even handsome. Of that sturdy Flemish build so characteristic of Belgian women, in whom the soil seems to induce *embonpoint*, she was plump to stoutness. She was no mere girl; twenty-seven years had passed over her head when the war broke out, and she saw for the first time English soldiers in the little village that had always been her home. There was a great deal of excitement. As the oldest of seven sisters, Martha was the least excited, but the most calculating.

The little baker's shop behind the dull old church had always been a source of income, but never a means to the attainment of wealth. Martha had the soul of a shop-keeper, a thing which, in her father's eyes, made her the pride of his household.

Old Hans Beduys was a man of some strength of mind. His features were sharp and keen, his small, blue eyes had a glitter in them which seemed to accentuate their closeness to each other, and his hands—lean, knotted, claw-like—betokened his chief desire in life. Born of a German mother and a Belgian father, he had no particular love for the English.

When the first British Tommy entered his shop and asked for bread, old Beduys looked him over, covertly, as a butcher eyes a lamb led to the

slaughter. He was calculating the weight in sous and francs.

That night Beduys laid down the law to his family.

"The girls will all buy new clothes," he said, "for which I shall pay. They will make themselves agreeable to the English mercenaries, but"—with a snap of his blue eyes—"nothing more. The good God has sent us a harvest to reap; I say we shall reap it."

During the six months that followed the little shop behind the church teemed with life. The Beduys girls were glad enough to find men to talk to for the linguistic difficulty was soon overcome—to flirt with mildly, and in front of whom to show off their newly-acquired finery. From morn till dewy eve the shop was crowded, and occasionally an officer or two would dine in the back parlour, kiss Martha if they felt like it, and not worry very much over a few sous change.

In the meantime old Hans waxed financially fat, bought a new Sunday suit, worked the life out of his girls, and prayed nightly that the Canadians would arrive in the vicinity of his particular "Somewhere in Belgium".

In a little while they came.

Blossoming forth like a vine well fertilized at the roots, the little shop became more and more pretentious as the weekly turnover increased. Any day that the receipts fell below a cer-

tain level old Beduys raised such a storm that his bevy of daughters redoubled their efforts.

Martha had become an enthusiastic business woman. Her fair head with its golden curls was bent for many hours in the day over a crude kind of ledger, and she thought in terms of pickles, canned fruits, chocolate, and cigarettes. The spirit of commerce had bitten deep into Martha's soul.

More and more officers held impromptu dinners in the back parlour. Martha knew most of them, but only one interested her. Had he not shown her the system of double entry, and how to balance her accounts? He was a commercial asset.

As for Jefferson, it was a relief to him, after a tour in the trenches, to have an occasional chat with a moderately pretty girl.

One rain-sodden, murky January night, very weary, wet, and muddy, Jefferson dropped in to see, as he would have put it, "the baker's daughters".

Martha happened to be alone, and welcomed "Monsieur Jeff" beamingly.

Perhaps the dim light of the one small lamp, perhaps his utter weariness, induced Jefferson to overlook the coarseness of the girl's skin, her ugly hands, and large feet. Perhaps Martha was looking unusually pretty.

At all events he suddenly decided that she was desirable. Putting his arm around her waist as she brought him his coffee, he drew her, unresisting, onto his knee. Then he kissed her.

Heaven knows what possessed Martha that evening. She not only allowed his kisses, but returned them, stroking his curly hair with a tenderness that surprised herself as much as it surprised him.

Thereafter Martha had two souls. A soul for business, and a soul for Jefferson.

The bleak winter rolled on, and spring came.

About the beginning of April old Beduys received, secretly, a letter

from a relative, in Frankfurt. The contents of the letter were such that the small pupils of the old man's eyes dilated with fear. He hid the document away, and his temper for that day was execrable. That night he slept but little. Beduys lay in bed and pictured the sails of a windmill—HIS windmill—and he thought also of ten thousand francs, and his own safety. He thought of the distance to the mill—a full two kilometres—and of the martial law, which dictated, among other things, that he be in his home after a certain hour at night, and that his mill's sails be set at a certain angle when at rest. Then he thought of Martha. Martha of the commercial mind. Martha the obedient—Yes! That was it, obedient! Hans Beduys rose from his bed softly, without disturbing his heavily-sleeping wife, and read and re-read his brother's letter. One page he kept, and the rest he tore to shreds, and burned, bit by bit, in the candle flame.

* * *

High up on the hill stood the windmill—the Beduys windmill. Far over in the German lines an Intelligence Officer peered at it in the gathering dusk through a night-glass. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the sails of the mill turned, and stopped for a full minute. Slowly, almost imperceptibly they turned again, and stopped again. This happened perhaps twenty times. The German made some notes, and went to the nearest signalling station.

Five minutes later a salvo of great shells trundled, with a noise like distant express-trains, over to the left of the mill.

There were heavy casualties in a newly-arrived battalion bivouacked not half a mile from the baker's shop. The inhabitants of the village awoke, and trembled. "Hurumph-umph!" Again the big shells trundled over the village, and again. There was confusion, and much death and wounding.

In his bed lay Hans Beduys, sweating from head to foot, while his brain hammered out with ever-increasing force: "Ten thousands francs—Ten Thousand Francs."

In the small hours a shadow disengaged itself from the old mill, cautiously. Then it began to run, and resolved itself into a woman. By little paths, by ditches, by side-tracks, Martha reached home. She panted heavily, her face was white and haggard. When she reached her room she flung herself on her bed, and lay there wide-eyed, dumb, horror-stricken, until the dawn broke.

Jefferson's Battalion finished a tour in the trenches on the following night. Jefferson marched back to billet with a resolve in his mind. He had happened to notice the windmill moving the night before, as he stood outside Company headquarters in the trenches. He had heard the shells go over—away back—and had seen the mill move again. The two things connected themselves instantly in his mind. Perhaps he should have reported the matter at once, but Jefferson did not do so. He meant to investigate for himself.

Two days later Jefferson got leave to spend the day in the nearest town. Here turned early in the afternoon, put his revolver in the pocket of his British warm coat, and set out for the windmill. He did not know to whom the mill belonged, nor did that trouble him.

An Artillery Brigade had parked near the village that morning.

Jefferson got inside the mill without difficulty. It was a creaky, rat-haunted old place, and no one lived within half a mile of it. Poking about, he discovered nothing until his eyes happened to fall on a little medallion stuck between two boards on the floor.

Picking it up, Jefferson recognised it as one of those little "miraculous medals" which he had seen strung on a light chain around Martha's neck. He frowned thoughtfully, and put it in his pocket.

He hid himself in a corner and waited. He waited so long that he fell asleep. The opening of the little wooden door of the mill roused him with a start. There was a long pause, and then the sound of footsteps coming up the wooden stairway which led to where Jefferson lay. The window in the mill-face reflected the dying glow of a perfect sunset, and the light in the mill was faint. He could hear the hum of a biplane's engines as it hurried homeward, the day's work done.

A peaked cap poked above the level of the floor, followed by a stout, rubicund face. A Belgian gendarme.

Jefferson fingered his revolver, and waited. The gendarme looked around, grunted, and disappeared down the steps again, closing the door that led into the mill with a bang. Jefferson sat up and rubbed his head.

He did not quite understand.

Perhaps ten minutes had passed when for the third time that night the door below was opened softly, closed as softly, and someone hurried up the steps.

It was Martha. She had a shawl over her head and shoulders, and she was breathing quickly, with parted lips.

Jefferson noiselessly dropped his revolver into his pocket again.

With swift, sure movements, the girl began to set the machinery of the mill in motion. By glancing over to the window, Jefferson could see the sails move slowly—very, very slowly. Martha fumbled for a paper in her bosom, and, drawing it forth, scrutinized it tensely. Then she set the machinery in motion again. She had her back to him. Jefferson rose stealthily, and took a step towards her. A board creaked, and, starting nervously, the girl looked round.

For a moment the two gazed at each other in dead silence.

"Martha," said Jefferson, "Martha!"

There was a mixture of rage and reproach in his voice. Even as he spoke they heard the whine of shells overhead, and then four dull explosions.

"Your work", cried Jefferson thickly, taking a stride forward and seizing the speechless woman by the arm.

Martha looked at him with a kind of dull terror in her eyes, with utter hopelessness, and the man paused a second. He had not known he cared for her so much. Then, in a flash, he pictured the horrors for which this woman was responsible—a mere common spy.

He made to grasp her more firmly, but she twisted herself from his hold on her. Darting to the device which freed the mill-sails, she wrenched at it madly. The sails caught the breeze, and began to circle round, swiftly and more swiftly, until the old wooden building shook with the vibration.

✱

From his observation post a German officer took in the new situation at a glance. A few guttural sounds he muttered, and then turning angrily to an orderly he gave him a curt message. "They shall not use it if we

cannot," he said to himself, shaking his fist in the direction of the whirling sails.

✱

In the little village part of the church and the baker's shop lay in ruins. Martha had sent but a part of her signal, and it had been acted on with characteristic German promptness.

In the windmill on the hill, which shook crazily as the sails tore their way through the air, a man and a woman struggled desperately, the woman with almost superhuman strength.

Suddenly the earth shook, a great explosion rent the air, and the mill on the hill was rent timber from timber, while the fragments hurtled skyward and the great sails doubled up like tin-foil.

"Good shooting," said the German Forward Observation Officer, as he tucked his glass under his arm and went "home" to dinner.

THE VICTORIOUS DEAD

By MINNIE HALLOWELL BOWEN

HOW should we weep, beholding the white light
 Of those young spirits, joyous and unafraid?
 The pathway shines the exultant feet have made
 Beyond the immeasurable darkness of this night!
 So were the strong brows crowned with living gold;
 The imperial ardour won through sacrifice
 Burned like a lambent flame, to grow and rise,
 Glory on glory, as rich dawns unfold.

Their eyes were purified that looked through death:
 They took the cup and thirst was satisfied,
 Eternal vistas opened, life beyond breath!
 In man's extremity, in the last sleep,
 The immortal spirit would not be denied
 Triumphant gloriously! How should we weep?

FROM THE TRENCHES

By Patrick Macgill

Author of "Children of the Dead End" etc

NO. IV.—THE LONE ROAD

THE chalk of Vermelles and the red clay of Givenchy had not yet played havoc with our trousers and tunics; three days and nights had only elapsed since we left Southampton for France, and we were now billeted in a farm-house, a rickety, red-brick construction, islanded in a waste of dung and splashed with muck flung up by passing horses and cumbrous wagons. The farm was some twelve kilometres distant from Neuve Chapelle, where a battle was now in full swing. In the evening I went with my two chums, Bill Teake and Dudley Pryor, to the wine-shop of Jean Lacroix, two miles away from our billet. As we walk across the fields we could see the constellations of star-shells riot in a heaven pierced with electric white and lurid red spears of artillery flame. The tumult of thunder and the crash of conflict smote across the world and we tried not to think too clearly of what was happening out there where men, drunk with the delusion of war, strove to kill one another under the setting of quiet stars.

Has man through all the ages worked towards this? Have the excesses of maddened progress made him again an atavism; a being, full of primordial hate and lust, who takes his brother by the throat to strangle him? We were such atavisms, Pryor, Teake, and myself, striplings with badges on

our hats and weapons of war in our hands, and now on our way to the house of Jean Lacroix.

Jean Lacroix sat beside the long-necked stove stroking his beard, a neat little white beard which stood out perkily from his fat chin. Jean Lacroix was fair, a jelly blob of a man. When he changed his locality he shuffled instead of walking, when he laughed he shivered and shook his fat as if he wanted to fling it off. He was seldom serious, when he was, all those near him laughed. Pryor was speaking to Jean now and I was following the conversation with my ears. French I could understand, but I could not speak it.

"The night before last the Bosches broke through the English trenches out there," Jean was saying, as he pointed a fat thumb towards the locality of the firing line.

"Hundreds of them broke through. They were unable to get back and now they are roving all over the country."

"They haven't been captured?"

"Some of them," said Jean. "Most of them perhaps, but not all. Last night they were about here."

"Did you see them?" asked Pryor.

"Have I seen them?" asked Jean, shivering with laughter. "They can't be seen. They disguise themselves as turnips, as bushes, as English soldiers. . . . Last night two of your countrymen, soldiers, left here at

nine o'clock and got killed outright."

Jean paused.

"Where were they killed?" asked Pryor.

"You are billeted at Y—— Farm, are you not?" inquired the inn-keeper. "You are. Then you came along the road to-night coming here. Did you see a ruined cottage on your right, a little distance back from the road?"

"A mile from here?" said Pryor. "Yes, we saw it."

"That is where it happened," said Jean Lacroix. "The two soldiers were found there this morning with their throats cut, lying on the floor. The Germans . . ."

"The Germans," repeated Pryor.

I went into a back room where an Army Service Corps man was telling a story of marvellous adventure in which he played a notable part during the retreat from Mons. A circle of listeners paid for the man's wine and hung on every word of the narrative. When the tale was told I came back to the man by the stove. He was sitting there all alone, his sunken eyes fixed on the flames. Pryor was not there. Bill Teake had left; both my comrades had gone home without me. The farm was some two miles off.

I looked at my watch and saw that it was nine o'clock.

"Nine o'clock," I said aloud, and something familiar in the words struck me. Two soldiers left the wine shop the night previous at nine o'clock and next morning they were discovered lying in a ruined cottage with their throats cut. None of the men in the inn now were billeted at Y—— Farm. I had to go home alone. I swung my bandolier over my shoulder, lifted my rifle from the table, and went out into the night.

The story which Jean Lacroix had told affected me, I must confess. A stranger to war in a strange land, I was ready to give credence to any tale. What might happen in the darkness? I could not tell. I wished that Pryor and Bill had not gone.

They ought to have looked me up. I was annoyed with them; I was angry.

The road stretched out in front, a dull streak of gray lined with ghostly poplars, and lost itself in the darkness ahead. The night was gloomy and chilly, a low, weird wind crooned in the grass, and a belated night bird shrieked painfully in the sky above me.

The shadows gathered round me silently, one rushed in from the fields and took an almost definite form on the roadway in front. I could not help gazing round from time to time and staring back along the road. What might not be following! I was all alone, apart from my kind, isolated. One hand gripped tightly on my rifle, and the fingers of the other fumbled at my bandolier. I ran my hand over the cartridges, counting aloud. Fifty rounds. But I had none in the magazine of the rifle. I should have five there. But I would not put them in now. It would make too much noise.

My eyes, becoming accustomed to the darkness, could now take stock of the roadway, the grassy verge and the ditch on either side. My imagination conceived ghastly pictures of men lying flat in the shadows staring at the heavens with glazed, unseeing eyes, their throats cut across from ear to ear. What a noise my footsteps created!

The breeze whimpered amidst the poplar leaves, and its sigh was carried ever so far away. Again a shadow crept up from the fields and took shape on the road in front. I advanced towards it quickly and collided with a solid mass, a living form!

"I am sorry," I muttered.

"Good evening," said a voice with a queer, strange note in it. "You are out late."

"I am going back to my billet now," I said, and asked, "Where are you going?"

There was a moment's hesitation before the stranger replied, saying,

"I'm going on to the next village."

I could now see that he was dressed as an English soldier in a khaki uniform, a rifle over his shoulder and a bandolier round his chest. Germans disguise themselves as British soldiers, Jean Lacroix had said.

"What do you belong to?" I asked, stepping off after the momentary halt. The man accompanied me.

"The Army Service Corps," he answered readily enough, but his accent struck me as being strangely unfamiliar; in his low guttural tones there was something foreign.

"Are you billeted here?" he asked, at length.

"I'm billeted at—"

I stopped and asked, "Where are you billeted?"

"Oh, at the next village," said the man. "A number of the A.S.C. are billeted there."

Again a long silence. Our boots crunched angrily on the roadway, and ahead the lights of war lit the horizon.

"They're fighting like hell up there," said the man. "There's a big battle on now. Has your regiment been called up?"

As he spoke he pulled his rifle forward across his chest and fumbled with the bolt. I stared at him fascinated, my nerves strained to an acute pitch.

"What are you doing with your rifle?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing," he answered, and slung it over his shoulder again.

Had he a round in the breech? I wondered. I had not a cartridge in the magazine. What a fool I had been not to have taken the precaution of being prepared for emergencies! The man came close to my side and his shoulder almost touched mine. I moved to the left, close to the verge of the road and my hand slipped towards my bandolier.

"It's very dark to-night," I said as my fingers closed on a cartridge.

"Very dark," said the man.

"There's no moon," I said. I slipped the bolt of my rifle back as I

spoke and pressed the cartridge into the mouth of the magazine. As far as I could judge, the man had not noticed the action.

"No, there's no moon," he said, in answer to my remark.

"How far is it to the next village?" I asked and shoved the rounds into the magazine. The cartridge-clip clattered on the cobbles.

"You've dropped something," said my companion. "What was it?"

"I've dropped nothing," I replied, "I must have hit my boot against something."

I glanced at his face, white and ghostly it looked, with a protruding jowl and a dark moustache that drooped over the lips. I pressed the bolt home as I spoke and now felt a certain confidence enter my being. There was a round snug in the breech of my rifle. One touch of the trigger—

"Did you think I dropped a shilling?" I laughed. "Wish I had one to throw away."

"Many a one would wish the same," said the man gruffly; then he whistled a tune through his teeth, a contemplative whistle as if he was considering something.

"You're at Y—— Farm, of course," he suddenly remarked. "There are a number of soldiers billeted there. You know the way to it?"

"I know the way to it," I answered.

"You leave the road at a ruined cottage along here and cross the fields," said the man. "I'm going that way myself."

"I leave the road farther along," I said hastily.

"Nonsense," said the man. "Past the ruined cottage is the best way."

"I'm not going that way," I said.

"Not going that way," repeated my companion—"why?"

"I don't know the road through the fields there—"

"But I know the way."

"I prefer to go farther along," I said. "Two of my mates are just ahead."

"Where are they?" asked my companion in a tone of surprise. "I thought you were all alone."

"They are just a few hundred yards in front," I told him. "Not so far away."

"Oh!" said the man. "Then that is why you're in such a hurry."

"I'm in no particular hurry," I said. "But it is wise to be back before lights out."

We had turned off the road now and had gone about twenty yards in the direction of the cottage before I noticed it.

"I'm not going that way," I said, coming to a halt. My companion stopped.

"Afraid?" he said.

"Afraid! H'm! I'm not afraid," I answered, nettled at his words. "All right, you go ahead. I'll follow."

The man did not move. He fumbled in his pocket and brought something out, something dark, small and tipped at the points as if with silver. I imagined it to be a revolver and slid my rifle forward so that its muzzle pointed at the man's body.

"Hold your weapon up, you fool," he said, and a note of concern was in his voice. "I've a pocket lamp here. We'll get off into the fields now and I'll light the way with this. The place is full of ponds and drains. Last night I fell into a hole somewhere about this place. You get off in front."

"I'll follow," I said. "You lead the way."

"All right," the man meekly responded. "Now we get off the road."

He slipped into the field, and I followed. We were now near the cottage, and I could see its bare rafters and ruined walls clearly. It looked gloomy and forbidding. As I gazed at the cottage I saw a light close to the dark ground, a tremulous flame gleamed for a moment and was gone.

"Did you see that?" I asked. "A light near the cottage."

"I saw nothing," said my companion.

"You didn't see the flame?" I said.

"There's somebody in front. Friends of yours, maybe."

"I've no friends here—You saw a light—Nonsense!"

"There, what is that?" I asked, as I heard a thud as of somebody falling over a hurdle. "Did you not hear it?"

"Yes, what is it?" asked my companion, extinguishing his torch. "I heard something. Shall I shout?"

"Why?" I asked.

"Why?" exclaimed the man "Only to find out who's there. Hallo!" he yelled.

Somebody answered with a loud "Hallo!", and again a light gleamed in the darkness.

"Who's there?" shouted my companion.

"It's us," came the answer. "Blurry well lost in this 'ere blurry 'ole. 'Oo are yer?"

"Bill Teake!" I shouted in a glad voice, for I recognized the voice of my mate. "Is Pryor with you?"

"It's ole Pat," I heard Bill exclaim. "We're lost, Pryor and me. We don't know where we are. D'ye know the way to Y—— Farm?"

"We'll soon get there," I said. "I've somebody with me who knows the way."

"Bring 'im along 'ere then," said Bill.

I turned to my companion who had just moved to one side, but now I could not see him. On my right a dark form became one with the night and lost itself.

"Hi!" I shouted, but there was no reply.

"Hi there!" I cried in a louder voice; but no answer came back. He had gone.

We got into the farmhouse at ten o'clock. All our mates were in bed, and the watchdog at the gate bit Bill in the upper part of the thigh as we came in.

I never met the A.S.C. man afterwards. Three German soldiers dressed in khaki were found in the neighbourhood on the following day and taken prisoners.



MA-TA-MÉ

From the Painting in the National Art Gallery of Canada, Ottawa, by Festus Kelly, a British Painter

WAKING UP BADGERBORO'

By Paul A. W. Wallace.

HE was a big, absent-minded man with large ideas but a small income. Unlike many westerners, he bore the town no grudge for being his home. He even loved it and never for a moment lost his faith in its future. The railway survey had given birth to Badgerboro' and presented it with some real estate wrapped in a fairy tale for a birthday gift. But the fairy tale never came true, and the real estate proved to be merely mud, for the railway turned its back upon the survey and went south, leaving the orphan "city" to dream of the future that was past. It lay dumped on the shaven prairie like a heap of packing-boxes in a back yard, and nobody made a fuss over it any more but the coyotes and the curlews squalling round the slough behind the school.

The townspeople did not have much sympathy with one another, for when men love only money and cannot get that, they grow bitter as stagnant wells in the alkali country. None of them came west to live, but only to make enough money to go "home" again; and those alone remained who were caught by hard times like rats in a hole and suffered the dismal existence of people who are always on the point of moving away.

But there was no alkali in Robert Sparrow's disposition. Behind the counter of his general store (so call-

ed, said customers, because it was "generally" out of everything a body wanted), he dispensed tobacco, tea and overalls, and made plans for local improvements that nobody cared a fig for but himself.

"What this town needs," he said, "is to be wakened up," and he set himself to find something to rouse it with. It never occurred to him that the town was dead—and a dead town on the prairie is the deadest town there is.

One day the idea came to him that what Badgerboro' needed was moving pictures.

"Look at all the wide-awake towns," he said to John Allen, the liveryman, who came in to buy tobacco and chew it. "Every one of them has a picture show. That's what wakes the people up."

"Picters nawthin'," retorted Allen, jamming a palmful of tobacco into his mouth. "It's hard cash wakes 'em up."

"You don't understand me," protested Sparrow. "What I mean is that when people see moving pictures it stirs them up and, well, wakens them up. Moving pictures'll bring the money to the town. And we've been waiting for it, we've been waiting for it, ain't we?"

"We been waitin'," nodded John. "An' now we're goin' to whistle fer it 'cause we thinks it loves music?"

"You don't seem to get my point, John," remonstrated Sparrow. "I want to pull out of this town as soon as any, and I'm going to start a speculation. I thought maybe you'd like to have a share in it."

"Me! Chase yerself! Only spekilation I want is a single fare railway ticket."

"Wait till I tell you. I'm going to build a theatre up agin the store and start some moving pictures. I think it'll help the town."

"Good-night!" exclaimed John, expectorating furiously. "W'y don't ye build a subway or a mooseum, or a parliament buildings, eh? Gee hokus! Who's goin' to *look* at yer picters?"

"Why, the people'll come in from round—sure they will, won't they?"

"Say, Bob, w'en yer daddy-in-law got you, he got a damn poor stick. You kin try on yer movin' picters ef ye like. They don't fit me."

"You don't understand, John," said Sparrow sadly. "You ain't got no imagination. You need wakening up as bad as any."

Then one evening in May, Sparrow pinned a large yellow paper upon the door of the new hall beside his store. The poster proclaimed, in shining blue type:

Moving Pictures
To-night 8 o'clock Sharp
7,000 Feet of Film
All Welcome
Tickets Twenty-five cents.

The day of the awakening of Badgerboro' had arrived. Sparrow had timed the opening of his theatre with the day of the annual auction sale to make sure of a good crowd for the first performance.

"It's the first night that counts," he said. "Now we've got the people here, we must make them want to come back. That's good business, ain't it, John?"

"It'd be a whole lot better business if you could chain 'em up and put 'em in cages," sneered John. "Then you'd be sure of 'em."

Sparrow smiled good-humouredly and walked back to the store.

All day behind his counter he worked like an election man.

"Yep," he said, twirling string round a package of tea, "it's a wonderful invention. Now to-night (What next? Soap? Sure. Which, Fairy or Lifebuoy?)—Now to-night we're showing some wonderful films—seven thousand feet. I'd like you to see them. Here's a ticket."

The farmer put it in his purse.

"Gimme a plug o' terbaceer. Guess I'll come, mebbe."

"Seven thousand feet," repeated Sparrow. "Wonderful, aint it?"

"How's yer apples?"

"A dollar a case. It starts at eight o'clock sharp."

"Good eating?"

"Oh, fine. It's a kind of an experiment, seeing we've never had moving pictures in this town before."

"Rale juicy?"

"Sure. Help yourself. But if she goes all right to-night, it'll help the town some. You'll come?"

"Oh, I dunno. Guess there aint much less. What time's yer show begin?"

"Eight o'clock. Eight sharp."

"May come ef nawthin' else turns up."

So it went on all day. Sparrow canvassed every man in town, and he gave more than half of them complimentary tickets. Hardly any of them refused to come.

At 7.30 p.m., a light appeared in the Empire Theatre. At 7.35, Mr. Sparrow's voice, commanding the town with a megaphone, swept out into the fields and set the coyotes yelping in the stubble behind the Presbyterian church.

"All aboard for the Empire begins sharp at eight o'clock wonderful feature eight o'clock sharp and seven thousand feet of film."

Allen came along and looked in.

"There'll be nobody come," he remarked genially as he passed on up the street to the hotel.

At 7.45, Mr. Sparrow, having in the meantime attended to three out-of-town customers in the store, again planted himself behind the megaphone and repeated the announcement. At 7.55, two more customers had been disposed of and Sparrow was back at his post.

"All aboard for the Empire begins in fifteen minutes six big reels of twelve hundred feet each will begin in fifteen minutes six big reels."

At 8.15, a long-necked phonograph on the platform started crowing at the empty seats, while the megaphone outside proclaimed hoarsely the "seven thousand feet just going to begin".

At 8.30, the doors opened to receive the first of the audience. It was Molly Evans, the famous female baseball rooter, with a couple of boys named Hess. That started it. The crowd came like geese after the leader. Sparrow could not collect the tickets fast enough, so he threw the doors open wide and didn't take any more.

Last of all came John Allen.

"Who's runnin' yer show?" he asked.

"Me."

"You!—I suppose you know Molly Evans is here, an' the Hess boys, eh? I suppose you think they come to see the picters, do you?"

"What's the matter with Molly Evans?"

"Oh, nawthin', only some people is all mouth from ear to ear an' they kin use it, too. There'll be some tough breakin' here to-night. Believe me, this is goin' to be some shirt sleeve performance."

When the hall was full, a last wail from the megaphone announced: "Seven thousand feet of film is now off at the Empire. All aboard."

Under tumultuous applause, Sparrow ran up to the platform and throttled the phonograph in the middle of "God Save the King". The applause redoubled as he cleared his throat to speak.

"Ladies," he began, but could not

hear his own voice for the stamping. "Ladies," he cried again, and then "*Ladies!*" at the top of his voice. Shouts of "Oh! Oh!" Above all the din, shrilled the voice of Molly Evans:

"Yes, lady-bird, we're comin'."

"Ladies and gentlemen," bellowed Sparrow.

"My name's Bill. What's yours?" yelled somebody at the back.

"Who killed cock robin?" shrieked Molly Evans. One of the Hess boys took it up:

"I, said the Sparrow, with my bow an' arrow."

The manager, transfixed by these delicate shafts of wit, stood dumb. He had never been made fun of to his face like this before; but he was a mild man, and kept his temper for about eighty seconds before his face grew dark.

"Hold on to the ropes," howled Molly. "He's goin' up!"

It was not a personal matter with Sparrow at all, and if the Hess boys had not made fun of the theatre, they might have been saved a lot of trouble. But when the audience began to shout:

"Where's yer picters? Bring on the film!" one of the boys leaped on to the platform and signed for order.

"Boys," he announced, "the show is now about to begin. The first attraction is our wonderful tame film-sparrow, a cross between the ostrich an' the ass, with no less than seven thousand feet—"

"How big is they?" interrupted the other Hess.

"I think I have the number right?" continued the spokesman, turning pleasantly to Sparrow. The latter was opening and shutting fists and jaw spasmodically. He remarked afterwards that he thought he was alone in the hall with the Hess boys.

"Take a look at him, boys," continued Hess. "He's all the show we got. 'Taint much, but it's enough. The meetin' is now adjourned. Amen."

The next moment, Hess was flying through the air on to the heads of the crowd, and Sparrow was charging like a bull after its victim. Hess dodged down the aisle and through the door like a hunted rabbit, but Sparrow got jammed in the jumping crowd.

"Give him to me," he cried, struggling. "Give him to me. I want him."

Meanwhile, the other Hess boy, considerably startled, was trying to make himself inconspicuous in the crowd; but the crowd had plans of its own. Some hoisted him on their shoulders, while others lifted Sparrow, and they bore the two of them gesticulating round the hall to meet on the platform in the midst of a howling stampede.

"Let me down, boys," gasped Sparrow. "I didn't know what I was doing. He made fun of this show what was to help the town."

They hoisted him higher.

"Who killed cock robin?" squealed the voice of Molly Evans. She had been waving her arms and shouting unheard for five minutes.

"I said, the Sparrow," roared a score of voices.

"Three cheers for the film-sparrow," shouted Molly. They were given. "An' a tiger fer his feet," she added.

When chaos had collapsed, and Sparrow had escaped to his machine in the rear, John Allen clapped him on the back.

"You done great," he said. "I didn't think you had it in you. Now fer the picters. Anythin' I kin do to help?"

"I wouldn't have minded their kidding me," groaned Sparrow, "if they'd only left the show alone."

"Sure. Now git them picters agoin' quick. Molly Evans is about ready to make love to you fer the chase you give that there Hess feller. But she don't last long quiet. I'll run up an' set the phonograph agoin' eh? An' put the lights out."

"Thank you, John—and, John, go

find Hess and tell him I didn't mean it."

When the phonograph resumed its grinding and the Union Jack, stuffed badger, and thirty feet of mural decorative stove pipe had disappeared with the blowing out of the lamps, Allen hurried back to help "the boss". He saw that the thing was on the way to success after all, and it improved his sociability.

"Away we go," he said, "bully for us!"

"Where's the hammer, John?" asked Sparrow nervously. "It's on my mind I've forgotten something, but I can't figure out what it is."

"Here's the hammer. Start her up. Don't talk about it. Strike while the irons is hot. Run the show first and fergit afterwards. There they go agin'!"

The audience was restless once more. The phonograph had run out; "the sound of the grinding" was low.

"Aint that there—hic—hen done scratchin' yet?" cried a drunken man near the front.

"Light a candle so's we can see yer pretty picters," shouted Molly Evans.

"You better talk to 'em," said Allen. "Their mouths needs shuttin'. I'll run the machine."

"Ladies and gentlemen," announced Sparrow, "sorry to keep you waiting, but we are now going to begin. Start her up, John."

"Where's the light?" demanded John.

"The light?" repeated Sparrow nervously. "What light?"

"Why, the thing to shoot the picters on the sheet with."

There was a long pause.

"Won't they go without it?" said Sparrow.

"D'ye think we're all a bunch of owls to see in the dark?"

Another pause.

"Will I get a lamp from the store, John?"

"Get the moon, for my sake," cried Molly Evans.

"Strike a match," yelled someone.

"Use your head: it's light enough, aint it?" cried another.

Pandemonium resumed the throne. Yells and catcalls charged with wit-ticisms filled the hall with a hideous din, until at length a match struck and Sparrow, his round face illuminated by the dismal glow from a candle, made his way up to the front and turned to speak. The noises died away.

"Boys," declared Sparrow huskily

(his feelings were too deep for "ladies and gentlemen")—"Boys, she's bust, or at least she aint all there. We forgot about the light, and he says it'll take half a day to fix it. But if you'll all wait over till to-morrow night, we'll show every cussed foot of it free of charge!"

With howls and stamping, the hall cleared, and Badgerboro', after a brief hour of civic consciousness, rolled over and fell fast asleep again.

FOREVER

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

WITH you I shall always be;
 Over land and sea
 My thought will companion you;
 With yours shall my laughter chime,
 And my step keep true
 In the dusk and the dew
 With yours in blithesome time;
 In all your joy shall I rejoice;
 On my lips your sorrow shall find a voice,
 And when your tears in bitterness fall
 Mine shall mingle with them all.
 With you in waking and dream I shall be,
 In the places of shadow and memory,
 Under young springtime moons,
 And on harvest noons.

SCHOOL KEEPS

By Jean Campeau

WHEN, fifteen years ago, I was reading the despatches from South Africa covering the siege of Ladysmith, Harrissmith and the smaller towns, I did not dream that one day I would myself have some part in similar scenes laid in the same territory. But Cora, who had gone with Dr. Kingston, almost immediately after their marriage, to Barchfield, had been back only once during the eighteen years of their life there, and so the last week of October, when the trouble began, found me a South African guest of some weeks' standing.

Among the people of Barchfield one of the traditions of the war will be that school kept even in the darkest days of the rebellion, and, although scarcely a heroine, Hilda Pietrorr, the teacher who quietly but firmly insisted on adhering to the work in hand despite the anxieties and interruptions of the time, has become in consequence one of the outstanding members of the community. Moreover, that last week of October holds another story of which Barchfield may never hear—just one of the hundreds of stories that are weaving themselves into the history of the Empire's trial.

It was indeed a dark week. Botha, some time before, had made a speech

on leaving Pretoria in which he declared that things were far more serious than people knew. Then in some places the defence force had been called out. Reports came from the north that a body of farmers, getting arms and ammunition, had revolted. This however, was untrue, as the action of the volunteers from that section later proved. But it was only too true that DeWet had gathered up a thousand rebels from about Reitz and Frankfort and that these were in camp on the foothills, not twenty miles out. It was also true that there were only fifty rifles in the town—all of the old ninety-seven type.

During the week the banks had loaded their gold on an engine and sent it to Natal. No secret was made of this, and the authorities hoped that it would be one reason less for an attack. It was known, however, that there was still provision and dynamite in the town, and if in want of either the hill camp would almost certainly attempt a raid.

For nearly a month range-riders supplemented by scouts had been doing special patrol work between the town and Natal and on the hills, but there had been no particular cause for alarm until the beginning of the previous week, when a general warning was sent out. On the Friday

night of that week the news of DeWet's arrival was suddenly brought in. The same evening, however, a heavy rain began, accompanied by intermittent thunder and lightning, during which it was almost certain that the hillsmen, of whom the rebel leader's band was largely composed, would not fight. The storm lasted over the week-end.

On Sunday the magistrate received a telegram saying that men, guns and ammunition were on the way from Ladysmith and that a machine gun was coming from Durban. All available equipment had previously been rushed to German South West, but meanwhile the *Lusitania* had arrived in Capetown with big guns, two hundred and fifty Imperial Gunners and quantities of small ammunition.

The arrival of a machine gun would mean that a proper defence of the town might be made. The location in itself afforded a partial defence. I can see it now as it appeared from the doctor's bungalow or, better still, from the steps of the little Dutch church on the shoulder of the hill to the south and west, where it was more vividly impressed by the events that followed. Behind and on two sides ran the mountain, with no passes and nothing but a fall to certain death for any who attempted to come in that way. Straight ahead ran the road out to Natal, with an electric line paralleling it. These were patrolled. To the south and to the right of the roads ran a large spruit, with only one drift. On the west lay the river, spanned by a bridge of five long, low-hanging arches.

In the centre of the town stood the court-house, with High Street running down from it to the bridge. The road from Natal came in at right angles and intersecting at the market square ran a short distance up the hill, with the bungalow at the head overlooking it. Part way up the hill also and on the east side stood the school near the back of a large square that served as a play-ground. A new

flag, made by the children themselves under the supervision of the teacher, lent a dash of colour to a landscape which in spite of the rain wore the usual khaki colour of the veldt.

The town itself emerged from the three days of wet weather with every appearance, as far as equipment allowed, of a military camp. Stores were closed except for two hours each day. The streets were patrolled. No one left the town without permission.

On Tuesday morning the news came that Botha had routed Beyer's commando, the Transvaal rebels. That might have a good or bad effect on DeWet. A general summons had been sent out and on Tuesday afternoon all men of both town and district were to be reviewed in the market square. Those who were not prepared to fight were to be disarmed and interned. Even of those who volunteered only the trusted would be accepted. It was embarrassing.

The afternoon came without further word of the rebels, although the local men of the district came crowding in. No regular troops had yet arrived and until they did the citizen volunteers worked in co-operation with a supervisory committee of the town board.

The doctor, who was one of the members, went down soon after lunch to attend his duties at the square. The day was warm, so Cora and I took our afternoon's work outside on a verandah facing the little park and school-house opposite.

Preparation for defence had so far not interfered with attendance at school. When we went out the children had already been gathering for some time and shortly before the two o'clock bell Hilda Pietrorrr came down the street towards us and stopped a moment at the foot of the walk. Although short, she was well proportioned, carrying herself with an air that was at once dignified and girlish. Her expression was reserved and yet frank. She was fair-haired and of a light complexion and her blue eyes

seemed to speak and listen for her as much as lips and ears.

"You, at least, are going ahead as though nothing were happening," said the doctor's wife.

"I am believing that nothing will happen," she replied, smiling a little self-consciously at her slight lapse from the English cast of expression which she evidently prided herself on having mastered. "Garth, you know, is much among the country people and except for outlaws in the hills he says they want no fight."

A slight frown passed like a shadow across her face and she added, "If anything does happen, it might be well to have the women and children go at once to our church. A Dutch church is safest."

Then she crossed the square and entered the school-house.

"Who is Garth?" I asked when she had gone.

"Garth Johnson is on the doctor's committee," his wife replied. "He has a large farm to the south, but since the trouble began he has been helping in the town. They are to be married when school closes."

"She speaks of him without hesitation."

"Yes, indeed, I did not tell you with what unconcern she told the doctor and me when we met her Sunday evening that she was just getting back from seeing Garth off to picket duty. She is very anxious, and you should see the man. He is at least large enough to take care of himself."

Later in the day I did see him. It was when I was taking down Hilda's suggestion to the committee. They had been talking of getting the women and children out altogether but fell in with the new idea, and scouts were sent from house to house with instructions as to just what to do.

The streets were crowded. Hundreds of farmers had come in in answer to the summons and the committee had before them the serious problem of solving peaceably whom of these they could trust. A booth

had been set up outside the court-house, and here the doctor with the magistrate and the town clerk were busy attending to registrations. Both farmers and townsmen were registered. The Boers were sent to the Show Grounds and the British to the little park opposite the school.

Earlier in the day the merchants had boarded up the fronts of their stores, and now throughout the town work had commenced on barricading the streets. At four an armoured motor truck and guard arrived with ammunition, but neither guns nor reinforcements had accompanied it. It was then I caught sight of the big man, Garth Johnson. He had just finished giving orders for the unloading and storing of the ammunition which was being placed in the vaults of the court-house and was going to the Show Grounds, where the incoming farmers were being tested. And on the way he called at the doctor's booth, near which I was standing.

"That ammunition is another liability, not an asset, with neither men nor guns at hand," the doctor commented, turning to him.

"But we are changing the combination on the lock," replied the other, "and troops are to be in to-morrow or Thursday at the latest."

"I have just heard from the grounds," the doctor continued. "There is going to be no trouble, so you can get some sleep. Very few of the Boers are volunteering. Some German Jews offered, but were not accepted. They all gave up their horses, but with the few arms we have ourselves we have not offered to disarm them. As a matter of fact, however, they have very few guns among them."

"I shall do as you say," Johnson replied. "I go out at eleven and shall not see you until to-morrow. Wilson is to parade the volunteers this evening."

Presently the man just mentioned, an officer of the Burgher commando, came up.

"What news have you of the out-riders?" questioned the magistrate.

"They brought in a rebel despatch rider taking despatches to the camp. Advances have evidently been made to the local district commando, but they declined to leave us."

"DeWet has been waiting for such reinforcements. He will hardly attack without them unless badly put to it for ammunition," commented the magistrate.

When I reached home supper was ready, but the doctor did not come in until quite late, so that I did not see him again that day.

It was inky black and Cora was shaking me when I awoke.

"Overpowered the sentinels—are on us—to the church," I dimly caught the ideas but not all the words, and snatching for what clothes I could find in the dark made after my hostess. The doctor had already gone to take his place in the defence formation. I had forgotten the instructions about the church, but Cora caught me by the arm and we hastened up towards it. Evidently we were among the last to be disturbed by the alarm, for house doors were open all along, and except for a few stragglers who were running with us the streets were deserted.

But firing was waging fiercely in the lower part of the town next the river. We could not only hear it, but from the elevation we could see well the flash of burning powder and smell the smoke as it came up to us. Then I learned for the first time that there had been a terrific explosion that had completely wrecked a part of the bridge and prevented the attacking force from getting into the town unheard. How it had occurred no one in the church yard knew. Perhaps the local officers could tell. Perhaps it was an accident on the part of the rebels.

In any case the bearing of the incident on the situation became clearer as daylight approached. It had been between five and six when the attack

began. The rebels wanted darkness to get their prize but daylight to hold it.

For an hour or so the firing continued but became more and more intermittent. The first streaks of dawn revealed the broken bridge, and it could be seen that a number of rebels had already crossed before the explosion. These, unable to retreat, had established themselves on a knoll commanding the near bank. On the bridge two men were working furiously in an attempt to span the broken arch with ropes thrown across by those on the far side. They were protected from our fire to a certain extent by a stone bulwark between them and the town and might have succeeded in respanning the break had those on the knoll who were covering them been able to hold it. But although armed with rifles, the latter were few in number, and when our force organized at the bridgehead one dash was enough to dislodge them. They were driven up the river and behind the town and running out of ammunition surrendered.

With no possibility of victory, the shooting from across the river gradually grew less, and once faltering and being exposed to fire without a protection such as the defences of the town afforded those on the near side, they fell back as rapidly as possible, leaving their dead.

By seven o'clock the affair was over. The captive Boers were locked in the court-house cells. The main band disappeared in the hills.

Presently to those of us who had been able to do nothing but look on from the hilltop a scout brought news that danger was over for the present. He reported casualties on the town's side of four sentries killed, of whom Garth Johnson was one. A lieutenant who had officered the capture of the knoll and two volunteers were severely wounded, and five others were also wounded, although not seriously. How the sentries had been trapped had not been ascertained. One was found on

his patrol clubbed rather than shot. A second, evidently taken along as a prisoner and resisting, had been shot at the outer approach to the bridge. Johnson and the other, a local merchant who had volunteered, were also found near the outer approach to the bridge, their bodies, and those of a number of rebels indescribably mutilated by the explosion.

This was all that could be learned at the time, and women and children breaking away in groups of three and four from those about the church gradually dispersed through the town. Two of the women, one whose son and the other whose husband had been wounded, started down at once for the warehouse that was being used as a hospital, fear chasing hope across their faces.

Just then the doctor who had commandeered a light delivery wagon for ambulance work drove up High Street and cut across the square. Sitting closely beside him was the huddled form of Hilda Pietrorr, almost completely hidden in her large cloak. Evidently she had gone down and heard the news, for her shoulders were trembling as though in physical agony. The doctor caught sight of his wife, drew up his horse and beckoned to her. She went over and would have spoken to the girl, but her husband shook his head, motioned toward the town, and with a word or two drove on with his charge.

He had told her that they needed help at the hospital, and we hurried down.

"Poor Hilda!" Cora sighed. "There is no hospital for broken hearts, but I might have spoken to her."

It was almost nine o'clock and we were still working when the Doctor came back to take us home for some breakfast and rest. His rig had been taken for use elsewhere, and as no

other vehicle was at hand at the time we walked. The distance was not long.

As we crossed the market square the bell on the school was ringing for the hour. Little was thought of it except that it sounded strangely familiar after what we had been passing through, for there was no clock or bell in the court-house tower and this served as a substitute, ringing each day at seven in the morning, at noon and at two and six.

But as we turned the corner and glanced across the square we saw that the children were forming for the morning's marching and singing exercises, and moving about among them as though nothing had happened the little teacher was getting them into proper formation.

Cora stopped as though struck, and pointing mechanically at the little woman cried out, "Now there is your heroine for you!"

The doctor jerked about and glanced at his wife sharply.

"How did you know?" he demanded.

"Know what?" she asked.

"Then you have not found out. Well, it's a secret. A woman fired the bridge."

"She—and with Garth Johnson on —"

"Yes, Johnson, whom I found lying where he had been thrown with a rebel rifle in his hands, instead of one of ours. Johnson was on the bridge. She made sure of that."

We glanced across the street. The children were waiting for the word to begin. Hilda began beating time. She was using her left hand. The right was held in the splints with which the doctor had bound it.

Overhead a light breeze had caught up the folds of the flag, and it was of that the children were singing.

JORDAN DAY

By Arthur B. Watt.

JOHN ALEXANDER, owner of the hotel news-stand, having turned it over to his assistant for the rest of the day, was considering what diversions the town had to offer to a young man of his ample leisure and keen appreciation of the pleasures of life.

He made a careful selection from his stock of cigars. Lighting one and filling his upper vest pockets, he walked across the rotunda and threw himself into an upholstered chair that commanded a view of the main street.

The embryo metropolis of north-western Canada was still on the boom. The eastern newspapers had much to say about the prevailing commercial depression, and everyone who wrote to John from Chicago—the city of his birth and adolescence—complained of being hard up. But all along the new railway business was good. Every month brought an increase in his turnover, and he supposed he ought to consider himself lucky.

"What's the use of making money, though," he argued, "if you haven't anything worth while to spend it on? Another winter, if things don't go flat, I'll take a trip to California. I've got the looks and the clothes and no one ever said I was a tightwad, so

what's to hinder me making a dash?"

Sunny skies, gentle breezes, beautiful women, no one thinking of work! It was something to look forward to. But outside in the street the people hurried by with their hands to their ears.

"Another of the days," Alexander muttered, "they tell easterners about, when it's cold, but you don't feel it." There was nothing to do but lounge about the hotel till evening. He had a date with Mary Soroka then.

He knew he deserved something better in the way of lady friends than dining-room girls. But, under the circumstances, Mary wasn't so bad. He was glad to take her around and give her a time when she finished her work. She had to drop that crazy notion, though, that he was going to marry her. He smiled at the thought of giving up his freedom and getting on close terms with a horde of her Russian relatives.

Some people might say that he wasn't doing the right thing by her. But hadn't he helped her to learn city ways? That day, a year and a half ago, when she arrived from her father's farm at Plostock, down the Saskatchewan, with her fooska and her sheep-skin coat and her big boots, what a fright she was!

It didn't take her long, however, to realize the fact that she had to dress like a civilized being, if she wanted to get along, and by the time she was promoted from the kitchen to the dining-room the other girls had stopped making fun of her. And then when he started taking her out with him—the ambition of the help at the Ruperta went no further than that—how Mary did queen it over them!

He had to laugh every time he thought of the set-to she had with Laura Alloway the first night he took her to a show. When Mary was dressing, along came Laura and asked her where she was going. He could see her toss back her head, as she said in her broken English (it was much better now):

"Go and get a box at the Bijou and see me sitting up in the front row with your old beau, John Alexander!"

They were rolling around the bedroom floor when the girls came in from the next room and separated them. Mary had to do her hair over and he almost went off without her. He wasn't accustomed to be kept waiting. But when, half-crying, she told him about the spiteful old cat, he just said to her to keep her nose in the air and never mind, that he was going to stick to her and that if Laura was the last girl in town he'd never spend any more money on her again.

And he'd been as good as his word too. There weren't many fellows in his position who wouldn't have taken a whirl now and then with someone else. And yet she wasn't satisfied. If she didn't look out, he'd give her the shake too one of these days. Wouldn't Laura have the laugh then!

As he chuckled at the thought, Mary dashed past the window without looking in. She was out of hearing when he reached the sidewalk. He ran after her and, though he called several times, she did not stop till he had caught up with her.

"Where do you think you're going at this hour?" he asked in a tone of proprietorship.

"Well, I'm not going with you any place, Meester Alexander," she answered.

She had been crying and was wearing the first American clothes she had owned.

"Where's the hat and coat I gave you for your birthday?"

"In my room."

"Don't you know you disgrace me when you come out in these rags?"

"They my rags and this a free country."

He stared at her for a moment.

"Don't get hot about it. I don't mind saying that even in that outfit you look pretty good to me. But what's your game? Want to lose your job, eh, running off just at the rush hour? Think you don't need to worry about jobs any more, is that it?"

"It's my job and I guess I give it up if I want. Any way, boss let me go."

"What for?"

"None your business. Have to hurry. Good-bye, Meester Alexander!"

She started on again but he held her back.

"Look here, kid, what's all this mean. Why do you call your boy 'Meester Alexander'? What are you sore about? Haven't I been treating you on the square?"

She hesitated an instant and then, looking at him steadily, replied:

"You all right, far as you go. But I got to think of something else. Do nothing but thinking of you too long. This feast day in our church. You not orthodox and not understand. Your calendar say 19th of January. Ours say 6th of January, end of Christmas time. Not a good girl this Christmas. Went to show with you when ought to go to church, priest came last night and made me feel very bad. Someone tell father I bad girl. He write priest to talk to me. Very kind priest and I promise him

be better girl and go in morning to blessing of water down at river. This big day in Russia. Everywhere people go to river, break ice, pray and sing and drink water. Big help all year. Czar do it on Neva at Petrograd. All soldiers fighting Germans do it before they take breakfast or fire shot. Some get shot doing it, perhaps."

She spoke with quiet fervour, but her sense of the solemnity of the occasion was not communicated to John.

"It beats all," he said with a sneer, "how a bright girl like you who's taken to American ways as you have can stand for all this nonsense. Shake yourself, why don't you, and live in the twentieth century."

The blue eyes lost their softness.

"I tell you this once, Meester John," she answered. "You make fun of my religion, you make fun of me. Go right back to your old cigar stand and not bother me any more. Had enough of you, thank you."

He held her arm but she shook herself free and struck out briskly. He followed, chiding and questioning her, but she took no notice of him. He felt that he was making a mistake; it was something new for him to try to have to force himself on a girl; but, fast as she walked, he kept beside her.

They came to the river valley and turned down the winding road. Out on the ice there was a cleared space; it was bordered with Christmas trees and holiday decorations were strung between them. Three crosses, built with blocks of ice, recalled whose baptism it was that this festival of the church of the East commemorated. An improvised pulpit faced the spot where a cutting had been made to allow the easy release of the water.

As Mary and John neared a little group in the clearing, she broke her silence.

"You please go home," she said. "You not understand this. In few minutes crowd come from church and

we sing and pray. You stay here, you spoil it for me. Be good fellow."

"Oh! I guess I might as well stick around," he rejoined, "and see your damfoolery through. When you've had your fill of sewage, perhaps you'll be in a better humour and walk back with me."

She turned from him abruptly and greeted some Russian friends. They chatted in their own language and Alexander walked over to look at the crosses.

"I have half a mind," he told a man who lived near by, "to go and call up the medical health officer. He'd stop them sure as a gun and that'd put the kibosh on the celebration."

But he found that the nearest telephone was half a mile away.

"I was at the church," said a Russian girl to Mary, "but it was packed and I couldn't get in. I never knew there were so many orthodox in town. Isn't it just as if we were in the Old Country?"

Mary looked at the simple preparations for the ceremony, the expectant Slav faces, the snowy stretch of the Saskatchewan. There had been a heavy fall the night before and then it had frozen hard and all the trees up the high banks had a shimmering covering. The sky was cloudless.

No doubt there was much about this Northwest country, especially in winter time, to suggest Russia. She could easily imagine that she was standing on the ice of the Dnieper. Two years ago she and Ochrim Shandura drank its waters together. Only two years ago! Poor Ochrim! He must have had thoughts of her. It was easily five months since she had written to him. In his last letter he said he had been drafted for the war and was likely to go to Poland or Galicia. She hadn't even written to wish him luck. That would have encouraged him, she argued, to think that she was still his. He was a nice boy, Ochrim, but then, you know, America

does wonders for a girl in a very little while.

"There they are!" someone shouted. In the distance singing was heard. In a few moments the tune could be recognized. It was one of the Norovodi that Mary had often sung at church festivals when she was a little girl. There was a flash of colour at the top of the hill; the priest was in full vestments. Down the road the procession moved slowly, the ikons in the lead, the choir following the priest. How those child voices rang out in clear treble and how like a deep organ was the bass refrain of the glorious chant! What did they know about beautiful church music in this country?

Across the ice they came—incense burning, candles alight, the Holy Book held aloft. Great Russians, Little Russians; fathers of the congregation, with their long, waving beards and well-groomed and Americanized young men; old toil-scarred women, still wearing the fooska, and their daughters, with jaunty hats and stylishly-made clothes. They were all one family to-day. Diverse as were the paths into which the life of the new land led them, the mother church drew them all back to her embrace at times like these.

Around the opening in the river they gathered. Mary kept her head bowed and joined earnestly in the responses.

When the great moment arrived, the priest came down from his pulpit, broke the thin crust and pronounced the blessing. Two doves were released and flew among the Christmas trees.

Mary watched one circling above the crowd. As it descended, her eyes met John's. He winked at her and she was suddenly brought back from Russia to Canada, back from the world of her childhood to that which had of late so largely centred in him.

She turned about with a shudder and saw that the people were already

drinking the water. Pitchers and bottles were filled and passed about among the family groups.

Two lovers, standing near Mary, pledged each other. She watched them closely. It was just as she and Ochrim had done.

But there was no Ochrim here to-day to get the water for her. She drew a bottle from her muff, stooped and filled it. As she put it to her lips, the priest smiled at her.

She was glad, very glad, she had come, but how lonely she felt! If only this were really the Dnieper! Or if Ochrim had come to America with her and her father, instead of staying home and perhaps getting shot!

Had he been drinking the waters of some Polish river this morning? The priest wouldn't need to beg him to come. Would he be thinking of her? But she hadn't any right to expect that.

She knew she had been a bad, foolish girl and perhaps it was too late even to tell him that she was sorry. There was that battle where the Germans drove the Russians back across the Vistula. What was it the papers said? The river ran red with Russian blood. She could see all these bodies floating down the stream. Oh, horrible! was that Ochrim's that passed just now?

The men and women were talking loudly and light-heartedly about her and some had started already for home. But Mary sank to her knees at the edge of the water and prayed, oh, how she prayed, that Ochrim might be safe and that some day she'd see him again and that when she did, he wouldn't be ashamed of her and would still love her.

The priest helped her to her feet.

"You have done well, my daughter," he said, "Great is the power of the old religion over the young Russian heart."

"Good morning, Mary," came a cheery voice from the other side of the clearing. She looked up and saw Paul Dubec and his wife Marusia.

"Come on home to dinner with us, won't you," said Paul. "You're a great stranger at our house lately."

"You don't have to go back to work, do you?" asked Marusia.

Both were from her village in Russia. The three had been childhood companions and came to America together. Lately Mary had avoided Paul and his wife and there was a momentary impulse to refuse the invitation. But the appeal of the smiling faces of these good friends of her youth, of her own race, could not be resisted.

"Sure, I'll come," she called back.

"Orthodox girls don't work on Jordan day."

She hurried to join them. After all, there were no people like the Russians and, besides, Paul was Ochrim's cousin.

Marusia kissed her. What a grip Paul had!

"I knew you'd come," he said, "Marusia's been worrying about you. She thought you'd grown away from us all. But I tell her how hard the girls have to work down at that Rupert hotel."

"Oh, I wasn't really worrying," his wife broke in, "It's just that I was growing a little hungry for you. And then you know there are lots of Russian girls that don't come to any good in town, and I got to thinking all kinds of crazy things. You understand how it is. But I should have known you weren't one of that kind."

"Perhaps you weren't so wrong after all," Mary rejoined. "But, anyway, all that sort of thing's over with me now and don't let's talk about it to-day."

At the foot of the road leading up the hill, John was waiting for her.

"You will let me walk home with you, Miss Soroka," he said with a flourish of his hat that he had practised carefully before the mirror in anticipation of the California trip.

"Thank you, Meester Alexander, but I go home with some of my people. You meet Meester Dubec and his

wife, my little girl friend, Marusia."

"Great honour, I assure you. Miss Soroka has often spoken of you both and I have been looking forward for a long while to making your acquaintance."

Mary smiled at his airs of the fine gentleman. They were wasted on her now.

"Most interesting ceremony, that this morning," he assured Paul. "Don't know when I've enjoyed watching anything so much."

"But I must say," John added after a moment, the strain of the language of polite society becoming too much for him, "it does beat me how you figure out that that river water does you any good."

"You see me," Mary ventured, "I very sick girl this morning, when I come down to the river."

"You were feeling on the rough, all right."

"Now I all better, better than for a long while."

"That's all in your eye. You just imagine it."

"Oh, no," interrupted Paul, "she don't imagine it. I explain. You 'member Christ told man take up his bed and walk. Man believe he could take bed and walk or he couldn't do it. When he believed, he do it. Just same this water. You believe it cure you, then," with a gesture which indicated that the argument was over, "it cure you."

"I'm beginning to savvy," John drawled.

A newsboy rushed up to them.

"Big German victory in Poland," he shouted. "Thousands of Russians killed!"

Mary grasped Paul's arm.

"What's the matter, little girl?" John exclaimed, as he noticed how pale she had become. "Water not agreeing with you now?"

"Don't you know she Russian?" Paul turned on him sharply. "She afraid some of her friends get killed in that battle."

"But don't you worry," he said to

Mary. Ochrim not in that battle, you know."

"No, I don't know," she shook her head, while her eyes begged him to go on. "You heard from him?"

Paul laughed.

"What's that about true love never run smooth? I guess you and Ochrim been having some quarrels. But it's going to come out all right, never mind. You got that letter, Marusia? No? Well, you'll read it, Mary, when we get home. Ochrim, when he went to Poland, had some hard fighting. I suppose he told you about that. Didn't get a scratch for two months. Very lucky boy! Then down came a Germany army ten times as big as theirs, when they were holding a bridge, and slaughtered hundreds of them. Awful sight, Ochrim says. Three fellows went at him with bayonets and thought they left him dead. But he wasn't dead. By-and-by along come Red Cross people and take him to hospital. Poor Ochrim! He was in bad shape and no mistake but when he wrote to me he was getting along first rate. Something must have happened to your letter."

"But do you think he'll go back to the fighting?" Mary asked.

"Not much chance. Doctors tell him that peace is going to come before his wounds get healed. Any way, he wouldn't be much good as a soldier for a long time. Lots of men in Russia to take his place."

"Perhaps I shouldn't tell you about this part of the letter," Paul went on with a smile at Marusia. "He thinks he'll come to Canada when the war's

over and it's a sure thing they won't want him any more and I do believe he's got, what they say in English, a bee in his bonnet that he's going to marry you. He didn't just say so but Marusia and I know, don't we, Marusia? You love him yet, don't you Mary?"

"Oh, I think so," she sighed. "And I tell you, Paul, you make me very happy with all you say to me."

Since the conversation switched suddenly to Russian, John had formed a half dozen different theories as to what it was all about. He took careful note of the changes that came over Mary as Paul's narrative proceeded. When it finished, she turned and gave him the first friendly look he had had all morning.

He told himself that he liked her all the more for the spirit that she had shown. They were going to be better pals than ever.

"Nothing like news from home to cheer you up, is there?" he said, as he patted her on the shoulder.

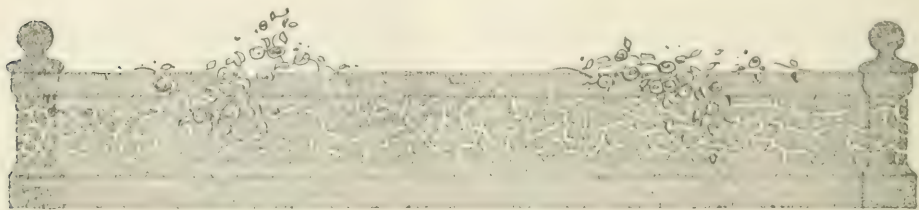
"All correct, Meester Alexander," she answered, glancing slyly at Paul and Marusia.

They reached the street where the Dubecs lived.

"We go this way," said Mary as she held out her hand to John. "Much pleasure seeing you."

"Same here. You'll be on deck sharp at eight to-night?"

"No, no, I'm sorry, but I make mistake. Orthodox go to bed early to-night. But, I say, Meester Alexander, you read all the papers, how soon you think this war be over?"



OUR NATIONAL HEROES



MAJOR-GENERAL R. E. TURNER, D.S.O., V.C.

QUEBEC CITY, famed in Canadian military annals, has the honourable distinction of giving two divisional commanders to the Canadian forces in Flanders—General David Watson, commanding the Fourth Division, and General Turner, V.C., commanding the famous Fighting First. If a vote were taken in the Canadian expeditionary forces to establish the ablest of our military leaders at the front, it is certain that General Turner's name would be very high on the list. In organizing ability and tactical skill he is declared by military critics to have reached an unusually high degree of efficiency. He is probably the most experienced of Canadian generals. Of the colonial officers who went to South Africa none achieved so high a distinction. He went out with the first contingent in 1899 and remained fighting the Boers until Kitchener had completed his work. He fought in the battles of Vet River, Zand River, Diamond Hill, and also took part in severe engagements near Johannesburg and Pretoria, displaying such conspicuous valour and leadership that he was awarded the coveted Victoria Cross, as well as the D.S.O. His fine courage and gifts of generalship attracted

the attention and won the highest praise of both Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, and the latter recommended him for promotion to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. In addition to winning the Victoria Cross and the D.S.O., he was decorated with the Queen's Medal with six clasps. He served under both Roberts and Kitchener, and for some time in 1900 was intelligence officer at Wonderfontein, in the Transvaal.

At the outbreak of the war General Turner was one of the first of Canadian officers to volunteer for service. He went to Valcartier with the rank of colonel. There his ability as an organizer won almost instant recognition and before the contingent departed for overseas he was promoted by General Hughes to the command of a brigade. In the recent fighting at Hooze it was General Turner's "Fighting First" division which recaptured the trenches previously taken by the Germans, thereby gloriously avenging the death of the heroic General Mercer.

Like Generals Morrison, Watson and Mercer, General Turner was born in Canada. He first saw the light in the old city of Quebec, was educated there, and has lived there all his life.

OUR NATIONAL HEROES



LIEUT.-COLONEL H. C. BULLER

Killed in Action

WHEN the war broke out Colonel Farquhar and Captain H. C. Buller answered the call of Empire as colonel and adjutant respectively of the famous Princess Pats. Colonel Farquhar went down fighting in an engagement near Hill 60 in the winter of 1915, and Captain Buller succeeded to the regiment's command. The other day Buller met death while leading the battalion at Hooge, and his men buried him in Colonel Farquhar's grave.

Colonel Buller has probably seen more hard fighting than any Canadian officer in France or Flanders. He took his regiment, or the remnants of it, through all the terrific fighting at Ypres last spring, losing his right eye in one of the engagements. After some months in the hospital in England he returned to the front and, with his old battalion again brought up to strength, formed a part of the Canadian line in the deadly salient at Hooge. He was killed in a counter-attack on the German lines on the morning of June 3rd.

Colonel Buller came of a fighting family, being a nephew of the late General Buller, of South African fame. He served with distinction

against the Boers and was commended and decorated for bravery under fire. Before coming to Canada as a member of the Duke of Connaught's staff, he held a commission as captain in the Rifle Brigade. He was regarded as an exceedingly able and gallant officer. He was the last of the first staff of the Duke of Connaught's staff to remain in action, with the exception of Brigadier-General Lowther, for Colonel Farquhar, Major Bulkley and Captain Newton all had been killed previously.

Describing the last charge led by Colonel Buller, the correspondent of *The London Times* says: "When they saw the enemy coming and close at hand, they climbed from the trenches to meet them and, some blind and deaf and staggering, they charged magnificently but pitifully to their death, with no weapons but broken rifle butts, bits of entrenching tools, and in some cases their fists. . . . The Princess Patricia's never fought with greater gallantry and, led by the brave Colonel Buller, they helped, though at great cost, to check the further German advance. Colonel Buller met his death in the most heroic fashion."

OUR NATIONAL HEROES



LIEUT.-COLONEL A. E. SHAW

Killed in Action

AS gallant a soldier as ever faced an enemy lost his life on July 3rd, 1916, when Lieut.-Colonel A. E. Shaw, commander of the First Canadian Mounted Rifles, fell fighting at the head of his men in the bloody battle of Hooze. Colonel Shaw was one of the most modest of men, and it was only known to a very few that on March 18th last he was recommended for the Victoria Cross. One of the British air scouts was in difficulties, his machine diving down upon a part of the ground at Ypres upon which the Germans were raining a tornado of shells. Colonel Shaw rushed from his dugout into the open and carried the pilot to safety, and not a minute too soon, for the aeroplane was shattered into bits by an enormous explosive almost immediately after.

"All the boys loved him." This tribute of praise—as high as any in human standards—was uttered by nearly everyone who knew him when it was learned that he had gone down. Colonel Shaw was beloved by his men, and the camaraderie of the First Mounted Rifles, the brave lads who stemmed the German rush at Hooze, was said to have been uni-

versally remarked. "We go in again on Tuesday," wrote Colonel Shaw shortly before his death, "and, after that, for England! . . . I have been beside men who have been killed, and beside the badly wounded, and have never heard one of them murmur or complain. They shed their blood like the heroes we read about in olden days . . . You will often hear people sympathizing with officers, but it is the rank and file who have to bear the brunt of the hardships. I am proud of my men, and want to be with them always."

Colonel Shaw owed much of his skill as a soldier to several years spent in the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, prior to which he had served in the 3rd Mounted Rifles, going to South Africa with that corps. Three years before the present war he transferred to Strathcona's Horse, at Winnipeg, and in October, 1914, he crossed to England with the first Canadian contingent. For eleven months he held the responsible position of Assistant Provost Marshal in London, and instead of "rounding up" offenders, became known as the soldiers' friend, doing his best to keep them out of trouble.

OUR NATIONAL HEROES



BRIGADIER-GENERAL GARNET HUGHES

BRIDGIER-GENERAL GARNET HUGHES, who succeeded Brigadier-General Williams, now a prisoner in Germany, as commander of the Seventh Brigade, Third Canadian Division, has the double distinction of being the son of General Sir Sam Hughes and one of the youngest brigadiers in the entire British army. He is but thirty-three years of age. Garnet Hughes inherited all the military zeal and aptitude of his father. He is a graduate of the Royal Military College, Kingston. In the entrance examinations to the college he took first place. He maintained the lead while he was there, and on leaving the college he secured the gold medal and sword of honour. His contemporaries at that period state that Garnet Hughes had one of the most logical and most mathematical brains of all students of his class. Before entering the Royal Military College he took his first-class and second-class military certificates for the militia of Canada at the London Military School. After graduating he engaged in engineering out West and on the Pacific coast, and although a comparatively young man he already had won a considerable name for himself in the engineering world of the Do-

minion as an engineer of merit.

At the outbreak of the war he quickly volunteered his services, and was among the first batch of western officers to arrive at Valcartier. He held the rank of major in the 15th Gordon Highlanders of Victoria. He went overseas in the rank of major, but his natural ability along military lines soon attracted the attention of General Alderson, who promoted him to the rank of colonel. He was in the thick of the fighting at Ypres, and in most of the other engagements where the Canadians distinguished themselves, and his behaviour was recognized by promotion to his present rank.

Of course, there were those who could see nothing in this fine young soldier's rapid promotion but his father's influence as Minister of Militia. The truth is General Hughes knew nothing of his son's advancement until it was announced to him in the regular way through the regular channels. It was entirely the work, as are all Canadian field promotions, of the commander-in-chief of the Canadian forces at the front. And it was promotion won honestly by genuine efficiency and fine gifts of leadership.

The East in the West

BY MAIN JOHNSON

IF Saskatoon is reminiscent of Egypt, Calgary certainly, when we saw it, had something Moorish about it. Perhaps the first assumption, however, will not pass unchallenged; therefore, we shall not go too fast.

"Saskatoon like Egypt?" I can hear some scholarly person ask incredulously. "Do you compare the type of Western modernity with the symbol of Eastern antiquity?"

When you walk along the streets of Saskatoon, to be sure, you do not think of Egypt, but it is not all of life to live always on sidewalks. You can walk the streets of Calgary, for example, and not see the snow-crowned summits of the Rockies to the west; there are even streets where you do not see the foothills, which loom up so spaciouly and solidly in many of the street views. But climb one of Calgary's skyscrapers (for the West has high buildings, too, although their streets are still not the canyons of New York nor the fissures of Toronto), climb one of the skyscrapers and all the cloudy snow-capped glories of the Rockies at long range are spread out before you.

So also with Saskatoon. On the streets it is Western Canada; from a high point of vantage, there is at least one touch of Egypt. For, apart from the innumerable schools that crowd the landscape, the building which dominates Saskatoon is an Egyptian temple. It has mass, heaviness, dignity, and permanency.

"I knew there were Ruthenians out

here," exclaimed one of our party," and Galicians and Austrians, and Italians and Belgians, French and Germans, Doukhobors and Poles, Italians and Bulgarians, Englishmen and Americans, Icelanders and Danes, but I didn't think there were enough Egyptians to build even a shack-church, much less such a huge, classic temple."

"What are you talking about?" was the comment of a Saskatoon business man, who probably had been thinking more about how he would meet the next payments on his urban real estate than about either Peru or Egypt.

"I mean that splendid Egyptian temple on the hill," was the Easterner's reply.

"That!" exclaimed the Westerner with contempt at the other's ignorance," that's the Dominion Grain Elevator!"

And so it was.

And yet the man who said it looked like an Egyptian temple was right too. Its style of architecture, from a distance, is old Egyptian. All praise to the imagination of that architect, grotesque as the idea (not the building) may be. He has symbolized in an artistic way, by means of a building devoted to wheat, that great material divinity of the West, the promise of stability and permanence for what some pessimists thought was only a mushroom city.

Now we can return to our original thesis—if Saskatoon is reminiscent of Egypt, there was certainly a

Moorish flavour to Calgary when we saw it. We had come into the city late at night, had gone directly to the hotel, and therefore had not had an opportunity to make any observations that evening. When we went to bed, we were quite certain we were in Canada; when we came down into the hotel rotunda in the morning, we really didn't know where we were. A sybaritic scene of glowing Eastern colour leaped at us. The quiet, tasteful decorations of the hotel were the foils for a riot of purples and yellows and reds and blacks. Moorish potentates, clothed in magnificent robes of purple and white, and other Eastern dignitaries with uniforms of red and gold, lolled in profusion and with nonchalance in the deep-cushioned divans, or talked in an idle fashion with their companions. A slight haze of aromatic smoke perfumed the air, and lent an appearance of shadowy distance. Again as at Saskatoon we marvelled at the cosmopolitanism of Canada, greater by far than we had thought.

Perhaps the most striking feature of these visitors' gorgeous attire was their hats, or rather their fezes (is that the right plural for fez?) or whatever is the name of the head-gear of African satraps. These top-pieces (to use a safe generic term) were of all colours of the rainbow, and much more brilliant. Various figures of animals, actual and mythological, were worked in gold, on the front or sides, and strange foreign names, done in scroll work. I think Alcazhar was one of the names we deciphered.

And then, in quick succession, there occurred four incidents which took from us something of our joy. The first was that on one of the hats we deciphered not Aroaster or anything mystical like that, but Lulu.

The very next moment, a number of ladies came in, and joined the rulers, and they were not veiled!

Right on top of this, we overheard one of the most richly robed of the kings cry out, "By gum, I hope those

Giants beat the old Pirates to-day!"

And, to knock down our castle completely, one of the men (do you notice that I am calling them men now?) began singing blythely as if he enjoyed it, "Way down in Michigan!"

So they were only pseudo-moors after all! In fact, they were Americans.

Now, we have always liked Americans, and like them still better after seeing them in their holiday-madness at Calgary, but it was a little disappointment to be fooled at first in their nationality. In truth, they were members of one of the innumerable Secret Societies, which flourish everywhere, but especially in the United States of America, and they were on their way to the Pacific coast for their convention. Their colourful costumes were a part of their full dress regalia.

"Don't they look simply ridiculous?" was the openly contemptuous comment of our Montreal lawyer friend. He seemed to think that this foolishness was somewhat typical of the American people. "They profess to be so democratic," continued the Montrealer, "and to despise all titles and social ranks, but as a matter of fact, they are the vainest race in the world, and in the absence of genuine, historical titles and degrees, they rig themselves up like these foolish folks, establish artificial distinction of rank, and bow down to the superiors elected by themselves."

The rest of us were forced to agree with our friend in admitting that the costumes were somewhat grotesque and apparently unconnected with any fundamental phase of life, and yet our admiration for these visitors far outbalanced any adverse feeling of criticism. Their chief charm was their simpleness, almost their childishness, which delighted in fancy costumes and the opportunity to wear them in public instead of the drab, everyday business suits to which the masculine race in the Western world has either advanced or degenerated.

Added to this simplicity was the quite remarkable spontaneity of their happiness and good humour. Since the opening of the War, we in Canada, rightly and inevitably, had not felt very gay, and we had not been accustomed to see any gayety, at least in public places. It was a positive pleasure, therefore, and a distinct thrill, to meet hundreds of people who apparently had not a worry in the world, and who were out for a buoyant hilarity as in the good old antebellum days.

The gayety of these transients was of a quality which, I am inclined to think, is foreign to Canadians even when conditions are favourable and the world does look rosy. Probably, in spite of all their conservatism, the most essentially gay Canadians are those of French descent in the province of Quebec. Certainly, the evening entertainments in Montreal are bright and light-hearted to an extent undreamed of in rather phlegmatic Toronto, and rural Quebec, with its crowds, almost its hordes, of men, women and children farmers, and the close proximity of their farms, fostering a hospitable, community feeling, is quite a different world from rural-depopulated Ontario. With the exception of the French Canadians, however, and a few of the foreign peoples of the West, Canadians are not gifted with the ability to have a rollicking good time in their amusements. They are, for some reason or other, inclined to be stiff and self-conscious in their fun.

These Americans in Calgary, on the other hand, even if perhaps some of them were a trifle crude, were nevertheless genuinely having a good time, and in their joy, were simply tossing all about them a happy atmosphere which soon overcame even our cynical Montreal friend (who is not a French Canadian). One incident especially will prove what we have been saying about these Moorish-Americans' gayety.

They had with them what they

called the Millionaires' Band, composed of private citizens of an American city, doctors, lawyers and business men, among whom were said to be eight millionaires. Incidentally the band was a good one, but the use that was made of it was the typical characteristic. Not only did "The Millionaires" play in the street at Calgary in front of the hotel, and render British airs, including the banned "Tipperary" with such verve and gusto that the thousands of Britishers standing about cheered them to the echo in scenes of wild enthusiasm (and, by the way, if the bandmaster wasn't a German-American, it wasn't because he didn't look exactly like one, fat, fair and heavy), but also, after the patriotic concert, the band struck up a breezy fox-trot, and, in a minute, the street in the vicinity of the hotel was cleared, and hundreds of American couples were fox-trotting on the pavement with infectious vim and abandon!

The most remarkable part of the story, however, is the time of day at which this incident occurred. It was nine o'clock in the morning! We think of the Latin races as light-hearted and gay, and in the pre-war days they did dance a bit on the streets in France at festival times, and also in Italy. But at nine or twelve at night, not at nine in the morning!

A Frenchman at nine in the morning, if we are to believe his own story, is not much good for anything. He thinks it remarkable and rather vulgar that we English people can get up and have enough energy to go to the breakfast table and eat porridge or bacon and eggs or, perhaps worse still, both. I know a number of French people, and all they can do in the morning (so they say themselves) is to roll around laboriously with many sighs, and, propped up on one arm, munch a small roll and drink the cup of coffee which the servant brings to their bedside.

It is all very well to be bright and

gay and to dance on the pavement at midnight, but this early morning achievement of the Americans puts them, I believe, in the lead among the gay races of the world!

So much for Saskatoon and Calgary. They both had had certain North American characteristics, the former with its Egyptian architecture, and the latter with its Moroccan fashions. Regina, on the other hand, did not look as African as it did ten years ago. Then, despite all its fertility, it had some features, drabness, for example, and treelessness and flatness—which bore a resemblance to the African desert. To-day the desert is blooming. Regina, it is true, still lacks trees and hills and rivers. Its natural situation is not ideal, but the hand of man has been busy, and fortunately it has been an artistic hand, with the result that the capital of Saskatchewan now is one of the show places of the West.

Whether you like Regina or not depends, even more than is usually the case, on the weather. A cold, unseasonable rain, such as met us when we arrived, makes the city look uninviting; bright sunshine, however, or even warm rain, works a transformation.

Regina opened for us in a dirge of rain and cold: it closed with a paean of sunshine and warmth. In all the West, we had never seen the prairies, or rather the skies and the prairies for they merge together, look quite so beautiful. The delicate chastity of the white Parliament Buildings,

framed not only by the home-made but charming Wascana Lake, but also by the most brilliant and unobstructed of blue and white skies, formed a picture which even at the moment, one felt would never entirely depart from one's consciousness, but would constantly be recurring at the thought of beautiful things.

The scene, of course, was as different as could be from the more traditional beauty spots, such as those of the Rockies, but it had all the elements of the artistic, and was just as worthy of the best painters' art. As we saw it that day, it was a fit subject for the brush of a Morrice.

We had four days in Regina, and they were delightful in their range of versatility of the weather and its effects on the prairie. From the windows of Government House, which is not in the city, but a mile or two outside on the open plain, we could see every variety of weather, and at one particular time, we could watch them all at once.

It was a day of fitful and violent deluges, relieved by intervals of brilliance and of peace. From the window of an upper story, we could see the full glory of the prairie sun, feel the tugging vigour of the prairie wind, see the blue of the prairie sky and the green of the prairie wheat, and at the very same moment, could see also the inky black of the prairie storm clouds and the wild bursts of the prairie rain. For those who are sensitive to such things, it was a day of worship.

CURRENT EVENTS

By Lindsay Crawford.

WITH that leisurely gait, so characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon, not moving a man or a gun until the most minute detail had been completed, the British forces on the western front under General Sir Douglas Haig have at length launched their grand offensive. At time of writing the first and second German lines have been carried and heavy guns are pounding away at the third line. The artillery bombardment which preceded the assault was the most terrific and awe-inspiring ever witnessed on a field of battle. Far away in English homes the noise of the bombardment could be heard as it continued, night and day without ceasing, for eight days. Millions of shells of all descriptions were poured on the Germans in what they had come to regard as impregnable positions. The grand experiment decided once for all that it was possible to break the German lines, that the day of deadlocks had passed and that the German positions are untenable under the concentrated fire brought to bear upon them by the British.

While the British have pierced several miles of the enemy's lines, the French army continues with unabated courage the defence of Verdun. The Germans seem determined to carry this position, and will be allowed to do so at any time if they sacrifice another hundred thousand men in the endeavour. A disturbing

element in the present offensive for the Germans is that the Allies refuse to be moved one iota from their preconceived plans. Against a force of about one and a half million British effectives and about half a million French the Germans for the first time are feeling the shock of inferiority in numbers. There is a cheery optimism noticeable in the Allied Press which bodes well for the result of the present offensive. In some quarters it is confidently hoped that the war will be over before another winter sets in. It is too soon yet to prophesy with regard to the duration of the war, for, although the British have reached the third German line of defence, these entrenched positions may be repeated *ad infinitum* back to the German frontier. A significant sign was the use of cavalry for the first time after eighteen months of incessant trench warfare. The appearance of British cavalry on the western front surprised the British troops quite as much as it alarmed the enemy. It was a magnificent spectacle to see the British cavalry charging through the enemy. It seemed to proclaim an end to the dull monotony of underground warfare. It is rumoured that the Allies have amassed about half a million cavalry in the pink of condition. The use of this arm of the service will be recorded more frequently now that the Germans are being slowly driven back.

The death of Lord Kitchener has brought about changes in the British Cabinet. Mr. Lloyd George is now Secretary of State for War, while Lord Derby, as Under-Secretary of State for War, is responsible for the supplies of munitions. The phenomenal success of Mr. Lloyd George in this campaign is a complete reply to the oft-repeated question, "Can a democracy prosecute a successful war?" With very few exceptions the members of the Cabinet who are really doing things in this war have sprung from the democratic ranks. It does not require the examples of the United States and France to show that a democracy can be thoroughly efficient as a military instrument. The raising of Kitchener's army, which will now decide the issue on the western front; the organization of munitions in British factories; the financing of the war by the British Government—all this proves that democracy in war is not less efficient than the most autocratic form of government. It is true, of course, that democracy is less disposed to wage an offensive war, but this is an argument in favour of the extension, not the limitation, of democratic forms of government throughout the world.

*

A significant sign of the times is the rumour that Austria and Turkey may each sue for separate peace. It baffles the ordinary lay mind how Austria-Hungary has been able to keep in the field after the terrible losses she has suffered. As to Turkey, the revolt of the Arabs in Sinai and the tightening grip of the Anglo-Russian armies in the Caucasus and Mesopotamia regions have combined to cool the ardour of the Turks and cast discredit on the leadership of Enver Pasha.

The Russians are still hammering away on the eastern front. Having cleared the enemy out of Bukowina they have flung their forces into Galicia, where the enemy is making

preparations to evacuate important centres. The resurgence of Russia has been a dramatic surprise to the Germans who, with Verdun on their hands, apparently cannot find sufficient men to enable Hindenberg to resume a northern offensive in the Baltic provinces.

*

The proposed settlement of the Irish question on the basis of the exclusion of six Ulster counties, including the boroughs of Belfast, Londonderry and Newry, has been endorsed by the Carsonites in the north and by the Redmondites. As a settlement it is not likely to survive very long, as it has arrayed against it not only the Sinn Fein element, but also a large minority of the Redmondites and the entire Unionist population of the south and west of Ireland. As a half-way house it may serve in bringing the North and South together in a National Parliament, but it is doubtful if the new Irish Parliament will meet during the war. In the present temper of the Irish people it would not be possible for Mr. Redmond to carry on government save under military protection. The suggestion that the Irish problem may be settled ultimately as part of a wider scheme of Imperial Federation does not take account of the difficulties that lie in the way for any scheme of Imperial reconstruction that does not admit Ireland to the circle of self-governing nations. Irish Nationalists will not be satisfied with a mere provincial form of government, such as Ontario and Quebec possess.

While politicians are wrangling over the political status of Ireland, it is refreshing to read the following letter from a late regimental chaplain of the Royal Munster Fusiliers in France, the Reverend Francis A. Gleeson, a Catholic curate. The letter is addressed to Sergeant-Major Dinneen, of Aghada, and shows that Irishmen are much nearer a settlement of their old-world quarrels than

politicians would have us believe:

19 Buckingham Street., Dublin,
26th June, 1916.

Dear Sergeant-Major Dineen.—I am having the mission souvenir sent to you to-day. Few of the Munsters whom I met deserve it more. May God ever bless and guard the good and faithful Munsters—as Catholic and devoted a body of Irishmen an Irish priest need wish to meet or minister to. It makes me so lonely when I think of the hundreds of admirable fellows who lived and died with me during my time in France. The holy manner in which they prepared for the great conflicts, the calm confidence with which they faced certain death, and the edifying sights that surrounded their last moments, when they eagerly grasped Mary's Rosary and lovingly kissed the crucifix—these things have reflected fresh glory on our faith and on our country. In Ireland's sad history much blood and sacrifice has been offered for her freedom and redemption. It is true and just to say that the sacrifices made and the blood shed by the Irish regiments in the present war are as truly and sincerely offered up for the same sublime object—the liberty and love of Ireland. Knowing the Irish soldiers as I do, I know that in serving in the army they believe they are serving their motherland in an efficacious and noble way; and their deaths in such circumstances deserve the honour due to those who have ever made, or ever will make, the supreme sacrifice for Ireland's cause. From Dunkirk to Bagdad the soldier sons of Southern Ireland have mixed their sweat and blood with that of their Protestant brothers of Northern Ireland; and, having met the Ulstermen and Munstermen on the crimsoned fields of France, and having myself laid their mangled bodies side by side in the same grave, I am justified in believing that, at last, the unity and fraternal friendship of all Irishmen is the harvest from the seeds of brotherhood and common nationality sown in the great sacrifices of a great war. The tears of Erin are about to cease, for "her various tints unite to form in Heaven's sight one arch of peace." All Irishmen are followers of Christ, and these are His words: "By this shall all men know that you are My disciples, if you have love one for another" (John xiii., 35).

✱

There are two schools of thought in regard to Imperial reconstruction. One is led by the aristocratic diehards who fought to the last against the abolition of the veto of the Lords, and who still threaten to have that Act

revoked as soon as they return to power. This school frankly contends that questions of foreign policy, the government of India and Egypt, and other such matters of Imperial concern, cannot safely be left in the hands of the democracy. Their idea is that a reconstruction of the Empire should provide a further opportunity for the old feudal classes to continue as the ruling element in the wider sphere of Imperialism from which the direct influence of the democracy is rigidly excluded. Another school of thought is that which reflects the democracy of the United Kingdoms and the Dominions. This important body of public opinion views with deep concern any attempt on the part of the old ruling classes to recover their class dominance in a specially created Imperial Parliament. The question of the reconstruction of the Empire is not quite so simple as theorists would have us believe. As *The Manchester Guardian* points out, it is not yet quite clear that even in Great Britain, as a result of the war, the democratization of government will be extended to foreign policy on which hang the issues of peace and war. Failing this widening of democratic control any scheme of Imperial Federation must necessarily signify class government in Imperial affairs—a policy which is incompatible with the growth of democratic institutions.

Writing of the projected plan of Imperial Federation, *The Manchester Guardian*, the leading organ of British Radicalism, says:

The conference on the future government of the Empire which is to meet at the end of the war raises tremendous questions to which past Colonial Conferences afford no real parallel. What used to be called Imperial Federation will definitely enter into actual politics. And it is certain that the representatives of the Dominions, fresh from a war which has cost them sacrifices relatively as great as our own, will at any rate emphasize the point that if they are to make the sacrifices they ought to have some share in the making of the policy that leads to them. Whether that would lead to what is called the

"democratization" of our foreign policy and the break-up of the present oligarchy which controls it—an argument that appeals with great force to some Liberals—would depend mainly on the form which proposed schemes of union took. The union might lead to greater popular control, due to the participation of the Dominions in the direction of our foreign policy, or it might, on the other hand, lead to government by a kind of Imperial Council of Elder Statesmen. These, however, are vast questions into which it is impossible to see very far. We indicate them without discussing them, merely as illustrations of the tremendous ferment which the war has set working in all political ideas.

*

Is Canada to pass through a social revolution similar to that associated with the name of Mr. Lloyd George in the United Kingdom? A meeting of the Liberal Advisory Council met last month at Ottawa, Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the chair. A programme of social reforms was put forward, but whether this will make any headway remains to be seen. Canada is far behind the Mother Country in social legislation. The Dominion is on the threshold of some interesting re-alignments of political forces.

The murder of Mr. F. Sheehy-Skeffington by a British officer during the recent outbreak in Dublin is to be the

subject of a special Government inquiry. The officer was court-martialled and found guilty of murder, but during temporary insanity. The trial and verdict have stirred public feeling to such an extent that Mr. Asquith, in response to pressure, has decided to re-open the case. It is alleged that officers higher up treated the shooting of Skeffington with indifference. Mr. Skeffington had devoted his rare talents to the propagation of the woman suffrage movement. *The Irish Citizen*, of which he was editor, was a weekly journal that voiced the feminist movement in Ireland with a vigour and independence that made it a force to be reckoned with in political circles. When he was brutally done to death by a British officer Mr. Skeffington had incurred a personal liability of one thousand dollars in carrying on the paper. A fund has been opened to wipe out this debt, and among those who are associated in the raising of the money are leading suffragists in England and Ireland. One of the most brilliant of the younger free-lances in Irish public life, Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington, will be missed in the New Ireland in which he seemed destined to play a big, even if independent, part.



THE LIBRARY TABLE

WITH THE FRENCH

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Toronto:
The Copp, Clark Company.

THIS intensely interesting volume was written during the last months of 1915 and the beginning of the present year, in the form of letters from France, Greece, Serbia and England. It gives a gripping picture of the scenes which the late distinguished war correspondent encountered on his last trip through the war zones. Frankly pro-Ally in his sympathies, the late Richard Harding Davis had the ear of the Allied commanders and had opportunities enjoyed by few of seeing the fighting armies at close quarters. What he saw on the last trip strengthened his belief in the ultimate triumph of the Allied cause, and did much to impress his own countrymen with a sense of their duty regarding the great issues that are being fought out on European soil.

The book opens with the arrival of the author at Bordeaux which, for a time, was capital of France when, in the early days of the war, German armies threatened Paris. In contrast to the splendid monuments, beautiful parks and buildings of rare architectural interest, he noticed some sad sights on the streets of Bordeaux.

"There are so many wounded. There are so many women and children in black. It is a relief when you learn that the wounded are from different parts of France, that they have been sent to Bordeaux to recuperate and are greatly in excess of the proportion of wounded you would find

in other cities. But the women and children in black are not convalescents. Their wounds heal slowly or not at all."

At the quay lay a white ship with gigantic American flags painted on her sides, unloading horses for the French army. The animals were glad to be free after their long period of confinement on board ship, and kicked joyously, scattering the sentries, who were jet-black Turcos.

In vivid colours he depicts the departure of an express train with recruits for the front, in their new sky-blue uniforms, new soup-tureen helmets, and new shoes. The last farewells were lingeringly said at the station as the young soldier kissed the wife, sister or sweetheart or whatever she was, sketchily on one ear and shoved her after the fleeing figure of her mother, with the last injunction, "*Gardez mama!*"

In Paris the author found the city no longer gay, but Paris going about her business as usual. The people showed a great calmness, great courage and confidence that to every enemy of France must be disquieting. Paris always had its quota of soldiers. The only difference to-day is that they wear bandages or walk on crutches. The flower markets carry on their traffic around the Madeleine as usual, while crowds of women flock in front of the shops in the Rue de la Paix. It is a France that has confidence in her armies, and that is patiently awaiting the outcome of the war. Everywhere the people are warned against German spies. "Be silent. Be distrustful. The ears of

the enemy are listening," is the oft-repeated injunction posted on the dead walls of public buildings, in tramways, trains and cafés.

A change has come over the French with regard to the United States which the author was quick to observe.

"Before the war we were not unduly flattering ourselves if we said the attitude of the French toward the United States was friendly. There were reasons why they should regard us at least with tolerance. We were very good customers. From different parts of France we imported wines and silks. In Paris we spent, some of us spent, millions on jewels and clothes. In automobiles and on Cook's tours every summer Americans scattered money from Brittany to Marseilles. They were the natural prey of Parisian hotel-keepers, restaurants, milliners and dressmakers. We were a sister republic, the two countries swapped statues of their great men—we had not forgotten Lafayette. France honoured Paul Jones. A year ago in the comic papers, between John Bull and Uncle Sam, it was not Uncle Sam who got the worst of it. Then the war came and with it, in the feeling toward ourselves, a complete change. A year ago we were almost one of the Allies, much more popular than Italians, more sympathetic than the English. To-day we are regarded, not with hostility, but with amazed contempt. This most regrettable change was first brought about by President Wilson's letter calling upon Americans to be neutral. The French could not understand it. From their point of view it was an unnecessary affront."

Next to Paris the most interesting sketches of war life are those of Salonika. Starting with the water-front, along which lies the principal streets containing in an unbroken row the hotels, the houses of the rich Turks and Jews, clubs, restaurants, cafés, and moving-picture theatres, all ablaze at night with electric lights, he found

much in the scene to remind him of Broadway—but Broadway with one-half of the street in darkness. "In the darkness lay hundreds of vessels of every nationality. Behind was a background of hills that form the third and last defence of the city. In the crest a fifteenth-century citadel stands like a towering sentinel against the sky-line. Salonika is a veritable Tower of Babel, but the language most commonly used is French. A neutral port, a neutral territory, along the quay were spies of every enemy nation calmly watching the landing of troops from the transports, counting the number of cases of ammunition and men. The Allies in Salonika are forced to live under conditions that would be intolerable in any other war zone. The neutrality of Greece enables spies to go about freely and record the doing of the Allies for the information of the German headquarters staff. These spies sit in the same restaurants with French and English officers. They are in charge of head spies, who in turn report to the respective consulates of Austria, Turkey and Germany. The Allies are helpless to prevent the activity of the spy system.

"The streets are narrow, irregular and unkept, and the clamour is increased by the rumble and roar over the huge paving-stones of the army motor trucks carrying supplies from the quay to the Allied lines. The East clashes with the West and the various uniforms lend a medley of colour to the scene."

Verdun and St. Mihiel occupy the last chapters of the book. The attack on Verdun had just commenced, the fourth time this historic spot has witnessed the advance of an enemy. The author describes a visit to one of the Verdun forts. At the time of writing the author saw little possibility of the Crown Prince ever getting through the almost impregnable lines of trenches and fortified positions defended by the French.

The book is profusely illustrated

with photographs of actual scenes on the battle-fields. They add greatly to the interest of the story, which will be read with pathetic interest in view of the tragic end of the brilliant author. A perusal of this book will give the reader an intelligent grasp of the tremendous importance of the task that is thrown upon the Allied commanders in defending the liberties of Europe. It is written throughout with the graphic pen of a master journalist, whose experience as a war correspondent enabled him to grasp the salient features and record in picturesque language the kaliedoscopic scenes that met his eye in the various theatres of war.

*

THE PRISONER

BY ALICE BROWN, Toronto: The Mac-Millan Company of Canada.

THE author of this book is beginning to take a prominent place among the popular novelists of the United States. Her other two novels, "My Love and I" and "Vanishing Points" gained much popularity, but this is regarded as a better piece of work than either of the other two. It suffers somewhat from a hackneyed theme, namely, the struggle of a young man to live down the stigma of a term in prison. One false step sends him behind the bars, but love and a determination to right the wrong overcome all obstacles. There are several intensely dramatic moments, and altogether it is a better novel than the average one.

*

CAPPY RICKS

BY PETER B. KYNE, New York: The H. K. Fly Company.

HERE at last is a novel of the sea or, rather, a novel of men who harness the sea and then set other men to drive it. Old Cappy Ricks, the owner of the Ricks Lumber and Logging Company and the Blue Star

Navigation Company, is the chief character, and a most amusing character he is. Indeed, the book is full of amusing situations and dialogue and one reads it with the zest that attends the discovery of something fresh and stimulating. Here is part of the description of Ricks:

It is more than probable that had Alden P. Ricks been a large, commanding person possessed with the dignity the average citizen associates with men of equal financial rating, the Street would have called him Captain Ricks. Had he lacked these characteristics, but borne nevertheless even a remote resemblance to a retired mariner, his world would have hailed him as Old Cap Ricks; but since he was what he was—a dapper, precise, shrewd, lovable little man with mild, paternal blue eyes, a keen sense of humour, and a Henry Clay collar, which latter, together with a silk top hat, had distinguished him on 'Change for forty years—it was inevitable that along the Embarcadero and up California Street he should bear the distinguishing appellation of Cappy. In any other line of human endeavour he would have been called Pappy—he was that type of man.

*

THE HUMAN BOY AND THE WAR

BY EDEN PHILPOTTS, Toronto: The MacMillan Company of Canada.

THIS is a first-rate boys' story—by a boy (for the author is always youthful), about a boy and for boys. The style is so good, however, that older readers will enjoy it just as much, if not more. The boy in this book tells his own story, the story of what he is, what he thinks, what he does and what he wants. It contains much good humour and much sympathy. The beginning depicts a school-boys' fight in a sand-pit.

"In time, curiously enough, there got to be two war parties in the school. Of course, they both wanted England to win, but we took a higher line about it, and looked on to the end, and argued about the division of the spoils, and the general improvement of Europe, and the new map, and the advancement of better ideas, and so on; while Rice and Pegram and such-like took the 'horrible slaughter' line, and rejoiced to hear of parties surrounded

and Uhlans who had been eating hay for a week before they were captured, and the decks of battleships just before they sank, and such-like necessary but very unfortunate things."

It goes on through all the life of an active boy in war time, and ends with the boy in the office of a firm of stock brokers, where he overhears one of the partners say that he is taking to it like a duck to water. And it closes with the confession that "I am writing this account of the business at Merivale on sheets of the best correspondence paper of Messrs. Martin and Moss! They would not like it if they knew. But they won't know."

✱

THE PROBLEM OF THE COMMONWEALTH

BY LIONEL CURTIS. Toronto: The MacMillan Company.

THE writer of this book, who has taken a leading part in the Round Table movement, acknowledges he has set out to examine how Canadians, having gone to war, will presently assume control of the issues leading to peace or war. Canada is engaged in war, but we, as everyone knows, had nothing to do with the cause of the war. Therefore, says Mr. Lionel Curtis, the people of Canada, having no Minister responsible to themselves for determining the issues of peace and war have not attained responsible government in the real sense of the word. It is a momentous question, but it is by no means a new question. It has been with us ever since Confederation. And the fact that the Canadian Government does not declare war is only one of the instances of imperfections as a so-called self-governing country. Canada governs herself in most things; but the issue, as seen by Mr. Curtis, is whether the Dominions are to become independent republics, or whether this world-wide Commonwealth is destined to stand more closely united as the noblest of all

political achievements. If in truth this is the issue, no greater has ever been raised by events for conscious decision. It is such as transcends parties and party creeds, as much as the immediate issues of the present war, or, indeed, more so: It is not unreasonable, therefore, to plead that political leaders should abstain, at least for so long as the war is in progress, from committing their followers either to or against the conclusions of this inquiry.

✱

WHEN PAN PIPES

BY MARY TAYLOR THORNTON, Toronto: William Briggs.

THIS story, although, as seems quite proper, is contains a villain, a duel, an elopement and several mysteries, is generally happy and in its fate is almost always kind. Reuben Gade, a peddler who used to go to Cloudeley at indeterminate times to sell his wares, is one of the most attractive characters, the kind of men who bribes himself into doing good deeds. He is by nature a miser, but he fights against nature, and every time he succeeds in taking advantage of himself to the advantage of some one else he puts a gold piece in "a jar of good deeds". He it is who helps Jerry, the youth whose father left him as a legacy some of his own handwork in the form of a carved image of Pan. This image in time becomes a curiosity, and as Gade is a dealer in antique objects he plays a part in the development of the plot. Jerry, left alone, was reared by a widow and educated by his playmate, Betty—fascinating, elusive, naughty Betty. They lived and played and worked and learned in the fields and woods of Betty's foster parents. And they were shy of, and a little awed by, the Earl of Cloudeley, on whose estate they were tenants. The Earl's daughter's, for whom great plans are made, takes part in the story, but as Pan plans, not a great part.



From the painting by Bertha Des Clayes.

EVANGELINE'S WELL

There is a tradition, which has become almost a fact of history, that in the little village of Grand Pré, in the beautiful Annapolis Valley, Nova Scotia, Evangeline, the heroine of Longfellow's charming romance, used to draw water from a well that can be seen, even to-day, from the platform of the railway station. The well-sweep, a picturesque method of raising water still used in the Maritime Provinces, can be seen in front of the meadow, while behind, between the long stretch of dyke and marshlands, rise some ancient willows, the same willows, it is said, that used to serve as the meeting-place of Evangeline and her lover.



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLVII

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1916

No. 5

WITH CANADIANS ^{from} the FRONT

By Lacey Amy

A SERIES OF ARTICLES, OF WHICH THIS, THE FIRST, DEPICTS THE GRIM,
REVENGEFUL DETERMINATION OF THE PRINCESS PATS IN "THAT
PARTICULAR HELL AT HOOGE."

HE was seated on the edge of a white-covered cot, one eye concealed by a bandage, the other, bloodshot and swollen, staring off into a corner of the ceiling. In the stare, in the pendulous foot, in the limp hands lying over his knees was a singular air of detachment hard to understand until it was whispered to me that it was not his bandaged eye that kept him there, but shell shock, that penalty of modern warfare which technicians have not yet found time to befuddle under an unintelligible name. Later he pointed to the neighbouring beds where men lay reading, munching, talking or watching the distant life of the corridors—New Zealanders, Welshmen, Englishmen. He was Canadian.

It was not that being Canadian put him in a different class, but that hav-

ing just emerged from that "particular hell" at Hooge, between Sanctuary Wood and Zillebeke Lake, he had pictures all his own at which to stare.

"They started shelling us," he said, "that Friday morning, June the second, about nine. The Princess Pats and the Mounted Rifles were in the front trenches, with us on the right."

"You were in the front line?" I asked eagerly.

He looked at me vaguely a moment, then smiled.

"Hell, no! You'll never talk to anyone from the front line—not till Germany gives them up. . . . I saw two come staggering out, blinded, smashed up so bad they would only be in the road up there when the attack came. Only two! . . . The rest are—not talking, or in the German hospitals. I was in a supporting

trench a hundred yards back. They let loose on us with everything they had and lots we didn't know anybody ever had, from trench mortars to fifteen-inchers. . . . They didn't let up till two in the afternoon."

I wasn't sure whether he shuddered, but his hands were covering the one good eye.

"Pretty bad, I suppose," I commented weakly.

"Bad! . . . Say, it was a dream of a day before they started—sun and blue sky and all that, and we Canadians were feeling fine again, we hadn't seen the sun for so long. . . . And then. . . . I didn't see any more blue sky. I didn't see anything but trees falling and flashes bursting right into my eyes. . . . and I could feel myself bounce every time a shell burst near me. We got it in the supporting trenches near as bad as they did in the front. I was buried once, but I remember that didn't seem to hurt me, except my eyes. . . . Then at two they came at us over the parapets."

He seemed to have finished, contemplating the picture he had been sharing with me.

"They say the Canadians ran," I spurred him on.

Even one eye can express contempt. "Yes . . . they ran, but—. Back where I was I could see it all, that next fifteen minutes. Yes, they ran. . . . There wasn't a dozen yards of cover in one stretch left of our front trenches when they stopped their big guns. We didn't think there'd be a fellow left to stop them when they came over. But we were wrong. There were a few, most of 'em cut up—but they could run. Fritz came over like sheep, thousands of them. They were dead sure they had it all their own way. And then a few dozen of those boys heaved themselves up from the front line (hosts of 'em tried to, but couldn't) and ran—you're dead right there—bang at Fritz.

"Most of 'em didn't have a thing but a rifle-barrel or an entrenching

tool in their hands, but they sailed into that mob of Germans like as if it was a big game or a movie show. . . . I remember one big fellow right ahead of me. There wasn't a sign of cover where he got up from—all alone—and he hadn't a blessed thing in his hands. He looked like a scarecrow, with his clothes all torn. I watched him. He grabbed a German bayonet, and spiff! the German just toppled over. With that rifle he banged about till I couldn't see him for Fritzes. . . . Yes, they ran. I don't wonder the Germans said so. They felt 'em running.

"Then I had other things to do. I was the only one left in my bay and the Germans were coming down the communication trench. One place their shells had filled it in and they had to jump out to get to the next part. I kept my rifle on that place. I thought I'd got them all when suddenly one jumped out in front of me and yelled in English, 'Hands up, friend!' But he was too near the end of my rifle to work that. Then I could see them coming over in bunches, so I dropped my outfit and bolted across to where I heard firing from the Princess Pat trenches. I guess I was pretty well locoed, for I didn't know where I was going. There were dead and wounded all about and one of 'em told me the Pats had retired along their communication trench and I dropped into it and followed.

"About fifty yards back we found a little cover and there we stuck, a mixed bunch from the supporting trenches. They never got us out of that. I think Fritz was afraid we might 'run', too. And they knew we had more than our bare fists. Then a shell came along and buried a few of us, and when I was digging another struck the same spot. I don't know what happened after that."

He pointed up to the end bed of the ward where a soldier lay with closed eyes.

"That's the only other one came out

of my bay. He was deaf and dumb at first. He can talk now. Oh, yes, the fellows got him easy enough. You see, Fritz held that supporting trench only about twenty minutes. There was enough of it left to be worth taking. Sergeant —, in Ward —, will tell you how they got it back."

II.

Not one Canadian, of the dozens with whom I have talked, emerged from the Sanctuary Wood fight without showing nerve effects of the terrible bombardment. Some stage of shell shock was visible or in grudging retreat. That in itself is proof of the intensity of the gunfire the Canadians had to endure. Never has there been an engagement where shell shock was such a general result.

In a later article I will have something to say about shell shock, its effect, its treatment and cure. It is the most interesting of the "wounds" of the new type of warfare, and, like the other wounds, is developing a treatment discovered in its entirety only as the war progresses.

One of these shell shock patients, who started even at my appearance in the doorway fifty feet away, was dallying with his supper. A large piece of headcheese lay on the plate beside his cot, and an orderly was dumping some very appetizing-looking salad and slices of bread and butter beside it. Conversation with him was difficult, for he was recovering but slowly.

He had been on a machine gun battery a hundred yards behind the front line, covering a gap. Through the worst of the shelling he lived without a scratch. In his little bit of trench were three Lewis and four Vickers guns, the former a machine gun too large to carry. Early in the fight the Lewis guns were buried by the bombardment, and although they unearched them twice, they were always buried again before they could be brought into use. It was evident the Germans knew they had the range.

Accordingly, with the four Vickers, he and his remaining mates left the trench and hid themselves a few yards further up in a hedge. Their duty was to keep the Germans from rushing the gap in the front lines, and this they succeeded in doing with the Vickers, in spite of the shells that began to search them out. The enemy succeeded in getting into the front trenches, but they did not attempt to come any farther.

All through that afternoon the handful of men and the four machine guns clung to that hedge, spraying the gap, and later the captured trenches. Not until darkness came did they retire to their friends, now rebuilding behind their protection the destroyed trench they had left.

And when the strain was over, the three unwounded gunners broke down. All alone, with the front trenches only a few yards away in the hands of the Germans, with shells showering everywhere, burying them and their guns repeatedly, with hundreds lying wounded and dying all about, with no idea how far the Germans had reached in their rear, they had worked amid a din that drowned the sound of their own guns. No human nerves could stand it. The three were taken back through the darkness to the hospital. What happened to the other two he did not yet know.

III.

Tell the most apathetic shell-shocked Canadian who survives the Sanctuary Wood affair how his mates "ran" and you effect an instant cure, even if it but temporary. Those of the front line who ran must have preferred exposing themselves to the peril the Germans said they were fleeing, to the eyes of their friends. The supporting line did not see them run except forward. Indeed, those who remain from the second line won't admit even a German gain.

They point out that, although the Germans entered the front trenches over a length of three-quarters of a

mile, the Canadians got back everything of value within a few hours. In the first overwhelming rush of the Germans following the terrific bombardment, a few of them entered the supporting trenches, but even at that a few of the Pats in one section held on up at the front till morning and then retired when no relief came. In twenty minutes the Germans were scrambling back from the supporting trenches, and had there been enough trench up at the front to take the Pats would never have had to retire.

It didn't take long to convince the Germans that they had taken a larger bite than they could masticate, and when they saw that it was nothing like demoralization they faced from the supporting trenches they turned tail to the mixed band of Canadians that charged up from only fifty yards away. For a couple of hours a few held the intervening bushes and shell-holes, while their friends worked feverishly behind them to bring the old Canadian front line into something like protection, but after that No Man's Land was that hundred yards between what had been the first and supporting trenches of the Canadian line. That the unorganized counter-attack of the Canadians within twenty minutes should have retaken the second line is sufficient comment on the German morale before a "running" enemy.

It was there a member of the 49th took up the tale.

"We had been in reserve perhaps a mile in the rear. We knew there was a big row up in front, but the German curtain fire kept us from moving till night. Then we got up to what had been our former supporting trenches, now our front line. There wasn't a lot of cover even there, but the fellows who'd been in the thick of it were making the most of it and throwing up more. We sent them back, although some over at the side of us hung on for four days before they were relieved. All night long the Germans shelled us in spasms. They

sure were nervous that night, and every little while they'd cut loose with artillery enough to have cleaned us out behind that cover if it had been daylight.

"We knew we were down for a counter-attack in broad daylight. When the enemy's expecting you, it isn't what you call a picnic. But it wasn't ourselves we were anxious about, but whether we could last out to those front trenches in the face of all those guns. We didn't dare try in the dark, because we didn't know what there was left to take or what we ought to prepare for.

"Well, next morning at eight we got the word. Down the line we could hear them hot at it, and then we got into the thick ourselves. Before we started we saw that the Germans had been able to do little towards digging themselves in, but they were there thick, and back of them the machine guns. We got it heavy. Men were falling all about, but we kept on. I don't know exactly how far we got, but I remember feeling kind of lonely and looking around. There weren't more than fifty of us moving, but a little way back I saw the rest digging in. It didn't seem worth while—fifty of us bucking up against a few million Germans, so we dropped down and crept back."

He chuckled, and snatched from his head excitedly an old knit cap and banged it on the table beside the cot.

"What had happened was we'd gone clean through our old front line without knowing it, there was that little of it left, and we were making across for the German trenches.

"We dug in there as best we could, but the German guns kept tearing it down as fast as we could get it up, and that night we went back to the other line and made things solid there. But, you bet, if we couldn't hold it the Germans were in for a time trying to. I got mine late in the afternoon, but managed to crawl out that night when relief came."

The story was rounded off by one

of the relieving troops. By that time the Germans were content to leave the new front line in undisputed possession of the Canadians, and the latter were willing to grant the Germans for the time the tragic prize of their former front line on which the Allied artillery was now turned. The new forces sent up made life miserable for the Germans for four days. In the meantime the Canadian wounded had to be treated in the trenches, because the Germans were turning their guns on the stretcher-bearers from the first of the fight.

"Tuesday," said one, "things were quieting down a bit. We couldn't understand why we weren't getting a chance to get back, but it was frightful weather and the Germans were welcome for a while to the beautiful job of holding down that front line till we were good and ready to make it solid when we took it. Then that night they banged at us again, and in the midst of it they set off a big mine close to Sanctuary Wood. I happened to be there. I guess I'm about the only one who got back to a hospital. But they didn't get the hole. The company next us crowded over and sat in that."

One sleeve of his shirt hung loose, but from the outline I judged that his arm was in a sling underneath.

"You'll get your chance," I said, for his eyes were flashing and his left fist was clenched.

His face clouded, and he raised his left arm to his right shoulder. "It's not for me," he said. "I lost this. I'm having another slice taken off in a few days. But, tell me, did they get Hooge back? I know the rest. Here's a letter from a chum who was through it—a lieutenant now."

I couldn't tell him we had Hooge; but in the letter he allowed me to read was the spirit that reconquers the Hooges of life anywhere. It told of the third stage of the fight, of the final sweep of the victorious Canadians.

The battle was divided into three

distinct actions. There was the German bombardment and attack, the immediate counter-attack whereby the Canadians won back the old lines, but found them not worth the holding, and the great attack a week later by which the lost trenches were recaptured except in the village of Hooge and reorganized to their former strength.

From the first line trenches very few Canadians have come out to tell the tale. The second stage is told here. The heroes of the third, who swept the Germans before them with a fury that had been bottled for days, are still fighting in France, or were kept there in the hospitals until the big push, now on at the time of writing, was about to commence. No interview can present the picture painted for me in a letter from one of the wounded in the final drive to his friend in an English hospital from the effects of the first few days of the German success. The friend with whom I talked was minus an arm—the one I have just written about. The wounded writer in France had just been made a lieutenant as his share of the rewards for fighting well done. His jubilation, irrepressible by mere physical incapacity, is too contagious not to give in his own words:

"It was hard to think of you fellows going out that way. I know you'd like to have waited here until we got even. And they'd have kept you, I know, until the boys bunged up like you were fitter for travel. But there was not going to be room over here for you when we got going, because when we started after that lost trench there was going to be work for the hospitals here without you fellows choking things. And there is.

"I'm tickled to death you're getting along so well. I knew you would. That's the best of living like you have. My own case doesn't look quite so sure, but I'm not fretting. It would be different if we hadn't done it.

"It was five or six days, I think,

after they carted you away that they let us loose at the Huns. We had been stewing to get at them, and I guess our officers knew something had to happen pretty soon. It did not look as if there was trench enough up there to be worth a scrap, but the Germans had it, and it once belonged to us, and that was enough. Well, up there at the top of Sanctuary Wood, where you went up among the tree-tops, we had a whale of a time after they blew that hole. Say, that was some place where we dug in. We were pounded with a terrific shell fire for days. Then they relieved us for a few days—not before it was time—for a lot of us were jumping with the noise and almost deaf, and nearly dead for sleep. And then we went into the same place again, and the assault took place through us.

"I'm sorry, old chap, you didn't last it out so you could have been along. Lord, it was fine. I could feel that terrible fretting of the past week just oozing out as the boys jumped the parapets and smashed across to where our old first line had been. I don't think anything could have stopped them. I didn't get in with the first bunch, because my company was held on the edge watching for the counter-attack, if it came too soon for our fellows to make a stand.

"When we got going we went through the Germans like a knife through cheese. They didn't know what to do with us but throw down their rifles and bolt, or hold up their hands. They said we ran. You should have seen them skedaddle for home and ma, what didn't throw themselves on the ground and beg to be taken. We went clean to the old line and captured some hundreds of prisoners. Our artillery had kept them from doing much in the digging-in line, and so we had a chance to slam them good and plenty. And you bet we did.

"Then we had to take ours. They

had the range of us to a nicety, and they gave us particular hell with shell fire for days before and during the assault. When we went up and took over the line from the assaulting troops we had to take another dose of iron, which the Huns put on while they were getting their counterattack ready. But the counter attack never came off—at least, not what we'd call an attack. Our artillery got them in the belt and cut them up too bad to want to come to close steel with us. So we settled down in a day or two as if there hadn't been even a brush, and Fritz was glad to let it go at that.

"During nearly all the last turn-in the rain poured down in torrents off and on, and you can imagine the state the lads were in, with freshly-dug trenches and everything being blown to smithereens by shell fire. Towards the last our trenches consisted of shell holes connected by ditches and carpeted with water and *some* Flanders mud. If a shell burst within a hundred yards we had to get someone to scrape the plaster from our eyes before we knew if we were hurt. You couldn't tell a captain from a Tommy, and it didn't matter much just then.

"I'm mighty glad I lasted through it. After they've got me spliced and refurnished it's Canada for mine, I guess. It is if the refitting takes. I'm not so bad just now, and I feel cocky enough to win out. Already I'm short a leg, and goodness knows what else I'll need to forage from the factory before they're through with me.

"But we did it, old sport, we did it. We got good and even with them for trying to wipe out the old bunch. Why, the Huns were lying so thick when we drove through that we had to jump them all the way. You and I, old pal, can go back to Canada and join forces and make a whole man between us."

The next article of this series is entitled "The Life-Savers". It gives a graphic and touching description of the work of the stretcher-bearers, the ambulance men, and the workers of the Blue Cross.

THE SEIGNORIES of the SAGUENAY

By Hidalla Simard

Rendered into English by Lieut. Col. Wm. P. Anderson, C.M.G., F.R.G.S.

AN examination of a map will show that the Saguenay district is immense. Bounded on the west by the county of Montmorency, it extends to the Strait of Belle Isle, over a front on the river and Gulf of St. Lawrence of 800 miles. Since the recent additions to the Province of Quebec, only Hudson Bay and Strait limit its depth. It is composed of two counties—Charlevoix, as large as Belgium, and Saguenay, almost as large as France. Had it the advantages and climate of those two European countries the Saguenay district should contain a population of forty-five to fifty millions. As a matter of fact it has scarcely 40,000 inhabitants. In 1791 it formed a single county, that of Northumberland, so called because the most northerly county in England bore that name. Its first representative in Parliament was one Mr. Joseph Dufour, of Ile aux Coudres. The development of the district has been very slow and greatly restricted, but this is due to the conditions of the soil and the inhospitable climate. The great cleft, which, in geological times, split the Laurentide chain into two parts, and through which the River Saguenay

now flows, seems to exercise a considerable effect on the climate. To the westward the beautiful maple adorns the flanks of the mountain, and the moose roams the forests of the county of Charlevoix. On the other side of the river, and that with perfect exactitude, there are neither maples nor moose. Throughout Charlevoix, alike at the river's edge and on the hill tops, cereals ripen perfectly. Across the Saguenay, cultivation, although still possible, becomes absolutely impracticable sixty miles lower down at Portneuf river.

In the way of soil Charlevoix offers nothing but the mountainous network of the Laurentide chain. A few rich valleys, with less fertile plateaux, give a comfortable subsistence to the restricted population that now exists but hold out no hope of considerable agricultural development. The future of this region, a future assured and near, will be found in the exploitation of its titanic iron mines, particularly those of St. Urbain.

In 1875 an English company lost a million dollars in working these mines, because the titanic acid that the ore contains rendered the iron unsuitable for certain uses. To-day,

this mineral is transported at great cost to Niagara, where it is smelted in very powerful electric furnaces, and the titanite acid is isolated for use in hardening railway rails, and commands a high price, the more so because all the iron, about sixty per cent. of the ore, is volatilized by the electric treatment. A method has, however, lately been discovered of separating the titanite acid from the iron during smelting, whereby the important percentage of excellent iron contained in the ore is recovered.

The plateau that forms the great Labrador peninsula, covering three-quarters of the county of Saguenay, is a swampy plain, with a climate exceedingly cold, absolutely unsuitable for cultivation. The Montagnais, the Naskapis, and a few Eskimos wander over these barrens and snatch from them a miserable existence by hunting and by trapping fur animals, as they did at the time of the discovery of the country. But the coasts bordering on the St. Lawrence are the richest fishing-grounds in the world.

Beginning in the west part of the district of Saguenay the first seigniorship found is that of Beaupré, created 16th January, 1636, by the Company of One Hundred Associates, in favour of Sieur Cheffaud de la Regnardière, who was by it clothed with all the feudal rights appertaining to *franc-allevé roturier* tenure, including high, middle and lower justice, hunting and fishing privileges, even extending to lands covered by the sea, mining rights and also *droit de jambage*. On the death of M. de la Regnardière, Mgr. de Laval bought all rights of succession and became the seignior of Beaupré. He made a gift of this beautiful domain to the seminary of Quebec, which still has title, through a deed executed in Paris before notaries Carnot & Noyes on April 8th, 1680. This seigniorship extends from that of Beauport to Gouffre river, with a frontage of twenty leagues on the River St. Lawrence and a depth of six leagues. On the 29th October,

1687, Ile aux Coudres was granted to the seminary under the same tenure of *franc alleu roturier* and was added to the seigniorship of Beaupré. Indeed, all the seigniorships granted under the French domination in the county of Charlevoix enjoy the same tenure, *franc alleu roturier*.

The little seigniorship of Gouffre, having a frontage of one-half league on the St. Lawrence by four leagues deep was granted on the 3rd December, 1682, to Pierre Dupré. It lies between the seigniorship of Beaupré and that of Eboulements. The present owners are the heirs of the Drapeau family, of Rimouski.

Pierre de Lessard became Seignior of Eboulements on the 1st April, 1683. His domain had a frontage of three leagues by a depth of two leagues, and was bounded on the west by the seigniorship of Gouffre. In 1723 this seigniorship had changed hands, because Pierre Tremblay then performed "an act of faith and homage" as proprietor. For four generations it has belonged to the family of Sales-Laterrière. This is the last seigniorship granted under the French domination in the county of Charlevoix.

Jean Bourbon, surveyor general of New France, received from the Company of One Hundred Associates in 1653 an important concession in the region of Malbaie, with the title of Seignior, but as he never fulfilled any of the conditions which the concession imposed upon him his title was annulled.

Granted in 1674 by Intendant Talon to M. Philippe Gauthier de Comporté, the seigniorship of Comporté extended from Cap-aux-Oies to Cap-à-l'Aigle. M. de Comporté did some clearing in that portion of the village which still bears his name. This M. de Comporté emigrated to Canada at the age of twenty-four years. He fled from a death sentence which had been imposed upon him because in the course of an escapade he had beaten a judge by the name of Bonneau, in

the little French town where he lived. But in New France his conduct was exemplary. He became a citizen of mark and married Marie Bazire, the daughter of the wealthiest merchant in Quebec, who bore him a large family. His good conduct led to his appointment as church warden, and finally, in 1681, he obtained letters of pardon from Louis XIV., and his sentence was cancelled. Later his fortune declined, and he was obliged to divide up his seignior of Malbaie. The last third was sold at auction to one M. Hazeur for the small sum of \$200. As this gentleman already possessed the other two-thirds he became sole seignior of Malbaie. In 1708 the Government of the day, desiring to create a reserve for hunting in the country extending from the seigniority if Les Eboulements to the River Mingan and in rear to Hudson Bay, bought from M. Hazeur the seigniority of Comporté for \$4,000. Two hundred years later, with boundaries very much more restricted, the same idea has been carried out by the creation of Laurentides Park. This M. Hazeur was an important personage in the colony. An extensive merchant, he left at his death a considerable fortune to his two sons, as well as an important legacy to the seminary of Quebec, on condition that they furnish instruction to two poor boys in perpetuity. There is no doubt that the seminary has always fulfilled this obligation and that we owe to M. Hazeur the successful career of many Canadians who have been an honour to the race.

On the 27th April, 1762, General Murray made a gift of the seigniority of Murray Bay to John Nairn, Captain of the 78th Infantry. The domain extended from the seigniority of Les Eboulements to the River Malbaie, with a front of three leagues and the same depth. The seignior held his title in free and common soccage. He had a right to the wood and to the rivers, but the mines were reserved to the King. Doubts having arisen as

to the capacity of General Murray to make such a concession, those interested had their rights confirmed on the 15th November, 1814, by competent authority. On the 17th April, 1762, a few days earlier than the grant to Nairn, General Murray gave the seigniority of Mount Murray to another of his officers, Captain Malcolm Fraser, of the same regiment. This Seigniority was bounded on the west by the River Malbaie and on the east by the River Noire, and had a frontage and a depth of three leagues, English tenure, of free and common soccage. Under the English domination only three seigniorities were granted, those which I have just mentioned and that of Shoolbred in the District of Gaspé. Mount Murray seigniority is the most mountainous of the whole district, and it is within its boundaries that the Road of Seven Hills occurs. Like the Seignior of Murray bay, the owner of Mount Murray had doubts as to the legality of his concession, and on the 23rd May, 1815, he caused it to be confirmed by the Canadian Government. All the wood on this seigniority was sold three years ago to *The World*, of New York, which has since cut 40,000 cords from it annually.

On the 7th November, 1672, a little seigniority, having a frontage of a league, between the Chaffaut aux Basques and the River Saguenay, and including Hare Island, was granted to Sieur Lusson, but this a long time ago reverted to the Crown. All these seigniorities were granted for agricultural purposes.

The mountainous portions of Charlevoix are not generally adapted for culture, but it is quite otherwise in the case of the valleys formed by the rivers, and the low lands which border the sea, where there are alluvial tracts of great richness. The enormous difficulties of clearing the land were quickly overcome by the robustness and pertinacity of our fathers, and then what a country of Cocagne it was for the inhabitants,

who sowed wheat on wheat without rotation of crops, yet always reaped harvests of equal plenty. Sheltered from the storms, with their barns full and their mangers replenished, the dwellers in these valleys were inclined to feasting and dissipation. Cut off from communication with the outer world when winter arrived, they kept their turkeys for their own delectation, instead of sending them to grace the boards of Quebec palaces. What fat geese! What abundance of game! What rich dumpling stews!

It was nothing unusual to have wedding feasts lasting three days, with 150 guests. But they knew how to wash down this indigestible food. Jamaica rum and French brandy ran in rivers. The warden in charge of a large parish was expected to keep on tap at his house a barrel of Jamaica rum with a cup hung on the faucet, to satisfy the occasional wants of his friends; and there were certainly some abuses, because at Baie St. Paul the Curé Lelièvre undertook one day to forbid his parishioners, on pain of sin, carrying to weddings bottles of liquor in the pockets of their coats. They dodged the issue by carrying the bottles hung by cords from their necks.

Fortunately the great temperance retreat preached by Grand Vicar Mailloux, one of their own people, born on Ile aux Coudres, together with somewhat terrifying earthquakes at Baie St. Paul, virtually changed this state of things and made of a drinking people a temperate population. It should be added that Mgr. Laflamme had not at that time explained that in the canyon through which runs Gouffre River the hard Laurentian granite on the one side and the soft calcareous soil on the other formed a sounding board from which seismic disturbances caused frightful noises.

Advocates were slow to take root in the colony and particularly in this difficult north shore country. How-

ever, previous to the Cession, a royal notary had established himself at Baie St. Paul. On his sign-board he might have had represented a wine cask, because scandal charges him with having been a great disciple of Bacchus. Ofttimes his goose quill, when draughting a testament or marriage contract, would leave the paper and continue the writing on the white wooden table which served him as a desk. When it came to reading the draught his voice, resonant with the rich phraseology of the old-time language, would balk at a truncated line, but he, superior to misfortune, without a single observation, would replace the document on the table, readjust the lines and continue reading as if nothing had happened.

His best friend was the local potter, one readier to drink wine than to make jars for holding it. Both being married men, a winter's night oftentimes found the two worthy households gathered round a jorum of Jamaica, while the succeeding day dawned on beds containing couples conjugated to the great detriment of their marriage contracts. But their loftiness of soul was such that the bitter poison of jealousy never filtered into their lives.

These remarks apply particularly to Baie St. Paul, because it was there that in my youth I was surrounded by graybeards who recounted with pleasure their personal experiences. But what took place there is a true portrait of what occurred in the other parishes of Charlevoix.

Like the Capitol of Rome, Baie St. Paul was once saved by its geese. In 1759, Wolfe had anchored his vessels in the prairie harbour near Ile aux Coudres. The soldiers disembarked and, as they had done on the south shore, began to pillage and burn the houses. The population of the island crossed immediately to Baie St. Paul, with the exception of a few young dare-devils who desired to make sacrifices to vengeance by killing English soldiers, and one day when

chance threw some officers into their hands they took them across to the bay to keep as hostages. Unfortunately one of these officers was a nephew of the General, who immediately organized an important expedition for the purpose of attacking Baie St. Paul and releasing his relative. But the residents of the bay had anticipated this, and aided by the Ile aux Coudres refugees dug a deep trench in a pine grove near the shore and awaited the enemy. The remains of this trench can be seen to-day with pines more than a foot in diameter growing in it.

The water being very shallow, the English were obliged to take to small boats, and lost several men while landing. However, as they were provided with cannon, they breached the trench and the natives fled. To-day, as in those old times, the best armed have the greatest success. The women, the old men and the children hid themselves in the forest which covered the mountains west of Baie St. Paul. With them they took provisions, live stock and poultry.

The English upon landing, meeting with no further resistance, conscientiously burnt all the buildings in the range at the bottom of the bay, the only one at that time cleared, and prepared to follow the population into their hiding-places. Meantime the Canadians, who had more than one trick in their bag, had remarked that the geese when excited emitted cries which imitated fairly well the war cries of the Montagnais. Therefore for some time they made life a burden for these poor webfooted creatures. The English had a salutary fear of the Indians. Dreading an Indian attack in rear, they in their turn fled, and the population of Baie St. Paul and Ile aux Coudres was saved, thanks to their geese.

What relations exist between the seigniors and their tenants? I can truly say that the Quebec Seminary has made an ideal seignior. Nevertheless the old leaven of hate on the part

of the tenant against his seignior has always existed. Even this winter, when the attorney of the seminary went to collect the *cens et rentes*, a mere bagatelle, a few halfpence for each arpent of frontage, he advised a rich farmer to capitalize this rental. "No," replied the farmer, "I shall keep my money. The Germans will soon be here and will relieve us of all that."

East of the Saguenay, the first seigniory we meet is that of Mille Vaches, which was granted to Robert Giffard, already seignior of Beauport, on the 15th November, 1653. It had a frontage of three leagues on the St. Lawrence, beginning at the existing church of Mille Vaches and extending to the River Portneuf, and had a depth of four leagues. As an exception to the general rule this tenure followed the usage of Vexin the Frenchman. Giffard, who already possessed the magnificent lands of Beauport, was not tempted by the indifferent soil of the region of Mille Vaches, but rather by the thousands of sea cows or walruses which disported themselves on the immense tideflats. Unfortunately for him the walruses followed the example of the Eskimos and fled towards the pole, never to return. This seigniory belongs to-day to two Americans, Messrs. Van Dyke and Drew.

From Portneuf River to Egg Island, a distance of 150 miles, no seigniory was granted. But on April 25th, 1661, the Company of One Hundred Associates granted to Francois Bissot, Sieur de la Rivière, "Egg Island, with the right to hunt and to establish on such of the mainland in the vicinity as proved most convenient a permanent fishery for seals, whales, and porpoises, from the said Egg Island to Seven Islands, and in the big bay where the Spaniards ordinarily fish, with the woods and lands necessary to erect the said establishments, at a charge per annum of twenty-two winter beaver skins and ten pounds tournois."

The boundaries of the territory on the mainland were far from being clear and precise, and in the last twenty years of the 19th century this obscurity gave rise to a long, drawn-out suit that terminated only in 1893, in the English Privy Council. The plaintiff was the Labrador Company, which claimed to be the inheritors of the rights of Francois Bissot. The Province of Quebec was the defendant. Mr. Justice Routhier of Malbaie, Chief Justice Dorion of the Court of Appeals, and the Supreme Court adopted the Provincial view, declared emphatically that there had never been a seigniorship on the mainland at Mingan, and that the said Bissot had never had on any of this territory more than a right of servitude.

But the Lords of the Privy Council found that section 10 of the act of 1856, which amended the Seigniorial Act of 1854, reads, "And inasmuch as the following fiefs and seigniorships, namely, Perthuis, Hubert, Mille Vaches, Mingan and the Island of Anticosti, are not settled the tenure under which the said seigniorships are now held by the present proprietors of the same respectively shall be and is hereby changed into the tenure of *franc alleu roturier*". And their Lordships added: "This is an absolute recognition by the Legislature of the seigniorship of Mingan. Even if it could be proved that the Legislature had been mistaken, tribunals are not competent to set aside what the Legislature has enacted. If an error has been made by the Legislature it alone can correct it, and the courts can only put into effect what the Legislature has decided."

Originally the Bissot heirs claimed the whole north shore, extending from Egg Island to Bradore Bay on the Strait of Belle Isle, more than five hundred miles of coast line, but their successors greatly lessened their pretensions, so much so that in 1854 they claimed a frontage of only one hundred and fifty miles, extending from

Cape Cormorant to Goynish River, with a depth of two leagues. This is what the Labrador company possesses to-day, and it is asking over one million dollars for its domain. Its forest reserves are estimated at more than five million cords of pulpwood. So that it was well worth while carrying a suit for this to the Privy Council. The Seigniorship of Mingan is peopled principally by Acadians, whose story is a curious one. After the *Grand Coup*, as they called their dispersion from Acadia by the English, a remnant of their race took refuge in the Magdalen Islands, in hope of living there in peace and away from all domination. Unfortunately for them, about sixty years ago they found that their new domain was a seigniorship possessed by the Coffin family. The oldest inhabitants could not support this new state of affairs, and they with their families emigrated in a body to the north shore. On the charming site of Pointe aux Esquimaux, three hundred miles from the nearest civilization, with the horizon still echoing with the cries of the Eskimos expelled by the Montagnais a few years before, they had some right to hope that they would be allowed to live the patriarchal life that they loved. The suit before referred to, adjudicated in 1893, was pleaded and decided without their having any knowledge of it. They lived in perfect quiet until 1902, when they had a rude awakening. Your humble servant, at Pointe aux Esquimaux, found himself confronted with 150 petitionary actions begun by the seigniors against the Acadians settled in the seigniorship. The counsel of the seigniors (a Montreal advocate) took a very high stand. Another Montreal advocate, who chanced to be hunting in the Mingan islands, appeared for the Acadians. His defence took the form of radical socialism of the deepest type, which agreed with the mentality of the defendants, and I have never been able to understand why the agent of the seigniorship was not

found strangled somewhere. Providence appeared on this occasion in the form of Sir George Drummond, President of the company, who consented to the concessions which I suggested to him, and peace has existed ever since.

On the 10th March, 1679, the seigniory of the islands of Mingan, with the Island of Anticosti included, was granted to Sieurs Lalande and Joliette, the latter one of the discoverers of the Mississippi. The islands from Perroquet to Ste. Geneviève, following closely the north shore, to-day belong to the Hudson's Bay Company. The great Island of Anticosti was bought twenty years ago by M. Menier. Very large sums of money, aggregating millions of dollars, have been spent on that island with very little result. I attribute this failure to the slender knowledge which the French had of this country, and the repugnance which they showed to adopting Canadian methods. Here is an example: The first Superintendent of Agriculture imported to the island was a graduate of the school of Grignon, but came directly from the French Congo, where he had spent many years. It is hardly necessary to say that he was completely lost when the first snow came and he undertook to cart firewood for the colony. He would not listen to the suggestion that small Canadian sleighs be used. He had one built to his own taste. In size it bore some relation to Noah's ark, and a goodly proportion of the draught animals of the island were employed to haul it to the forest. There it was heavily laden. The return proved difficult, so much so that the phenomenon remained there, and it was necessary to employ the despised Canadian sleds to unload it.

Misfortune pursued them even in their amusements. The soil, the animals, and even inanimate things showed themselves resentful of French methods.

In his chateau at Gamache Bay, one

fine day, the seignior decided that he would have a bear hunt with beaters. As he had numerous guests, it was decided to apply the rules of venery in all their rigour. At dusk, the party, armed with the latest breech-loaders, had their stations allotted to them near Lake Plantain, by guards brought from France, who caused to be observed the most orthodox of veneries. The nights are cold in Anticosti, and the larynx is speedily irritated, but it was forbidden to cough. Everything comes to an end in this world, even misery. The signal agreed upon was given. The silence was broken by a fearful report, and everyone rushed to see the prey. Horrors! Seven or eight balls had pierced an unfortunate oil barrel that had served for the transportation of the bear bait, but of bears killed—not one.

While this was going on poachers from the north shore, armed with old muzzle loaders, were killing M. Menier's best bears on the other side of the island.

Quite at the eastern extremity of the Province of Quebec, in a bay which forms the estuary of St. Paul or Esquimaux River, there is yet another seigniory. On the 20th March, 1701, M. de Rigaud, Governor of New France, conceded to Amador Godefroy, Sieur de St. Paul, Esquimaux Bay and River, with five leagues of land in width on each side by ten leagues in depth, with the islands and islets that lie in the bay.

If the Sieur de St. Paul did not know the land beforehand he must have been greatly disillusioned when he took possession of his domain, because it was not land that had been given to him but moss-covered rocks. However, the river yielded as much as 200 barrels of salmon a year, which was some compensation.

A family yet lives in the isolated neighbourhood of St. Paul River that traces descent from the first seignior and therefore claims to be the beneficiary of his rights. It is true that they are descendants, but there is a

gap in the line caused by the absence of marriage, and as they have never been legitimized, this lessens their legal claim.

The rocky, arid region of the Labrador coast, from Kegaska to Blanc-Sablon, does not offer, and never will, any possibility for cultivation. The high latitude, the fifty-second degree north, and the Strait of Belle Isle, into which drift icebergs that come from Greenland, keep the temperature excessively low all summer. Two years ago in the beginning of September about fifteen icebergs, one of which was more than a hundred feet high, were adrift in front of Bradore Bay. Last summer a north wind had blown the icebergs off the shore, but extensive snowbanks were glistening in the sun on the flanks of all the hills.

As some compensation, it is an ideal fishing country of great richness. The numerous islands of the archipelago bordering the shore offer everywhere peaceful harbours. The large rivers that empty into the sea attract every spring shoals of salmon on their way down from the Arctic Ocean, and the coast fishermen net a great many. Cod fishing, either by net or by line, lasts throughout the season, and Messrs. Whitely, Newfoundlanders be it observed, have taken as much as 45,000 quintals of codfish in a single season at their scaffolds at Bonne-Espérance.

Herrings, the largest and fattest to be found on the market, were abundant twenty years ago. I have personally seen a draught of a seine bring in 2,000 barrels. The next year the herring no longer frequented these waters, and their absence has ever since continued. The fact is explained by the disappearance of the *boîte* (animalculæ on which the herring feed) which will sometime come back and bring the herring with them. At the end of August last year symptoms were more encouraging and large schools began again to frequent the bays on the coast. Unfortunately the

fishermen were not prepared for them. They had neither seines nor barrels and not even salt.

The most picturesque and the most productive fishing was originally that for seals. The seal I refer to is not the small sprightly harbour seal with a mottled skin, but the sea seal, which grows to ten feet in length and inhabits the polar seas during the summer season.

Late in the fall they reach the coast of Labrador, in pursuit of the sardines which play in the calm reaches inside the islands and along the mainland shore. This migration is composed of millions of seals, which follow their prey into extremely narrow channels, and even into *culs-de-sac*, where their capture becomes an easy matter. Under the French domination, all favourable places were either leased or granted. The titles have been lost, but these fisheries, as they are called on the coast, are jealously retained by persons descended directly from the first farmers, or by others who have purchased their rights from the heirs. Fifty years ago, before petroleum was used, and when the English Admiralty employed seal oil for the illumination of its lighthouses, some of these fisheries brought in princely revenues. On an average each seal was worth a guinea, because the oil rendered from it was worth four shillings a gallon.

One of these fisheries, that of Bradore Bay, was owned by a family which caught on an average five thousand seals a year, bringing in as many guineas. This family, illiterate, which had never practised nor even suspected the existence of high life, nevertheless found means of spending this fabulous income. A large schooner, loaded at Halifax with the best provisions and most expensive liquors, with clothing and other commodities, discharged a rich cargo before their door every autumn. The family had built a vast and luxurious mansion. The expensive carpeting, bought in New York, was laid

by an artisan imported from that city. Bad taste prevailed, even to the extent of inlaying in the steps of the stairway a large number of French silver pieces. Every winter was passed in a perpetual carnival, attended by the fishermen of the neighbourhood; and if the kings of France had their fools, this family had its fiddler, lavishly paid, whose mission consisted in unceasingly grinding out jigs and cotillions. The grandsons of this family live to-day in sordid misery. They inhabit sod-covered huts where their grandfather possessed a castle, since burnt down.

It would require an abler pen than mine to describe the life of the Labrador fisherman. Everything with him runs to extremes. Years of abundance are succeeded by black misery. The days, which are extremely long in summer, are just as short in winter. A torrid day in the month of July, when the heat reflected by the naked rocks shrivels everything, is succeeded by a day when the north wind brings down all the rigours of the pole. They live amongst the ice, yet have no wood and no coal. Their extravagant hospitality when the fishing is good is replaced by a barbarous struggle for life in the lean years. They are exceedingly poor, but always possess two dwellings, one for winter on the mainland, so that they may be near the forests; the other on the islands off the coast for the needs of their summer fishing. During the fishing season they sleep hardly three hours a day. In the winter they burrow like dormice, and may sleep twenty hours at a stretch if they so desire. If the fishing has been good, this is a time of feasting and amusements. At a card table of an evening you will meet a convivial soul who has made eighty miles during the day in his *cometique*, so that he may not miss a good game. But if illness or accident happens, life takes on a sombre

hue. No physician, only empirical barbarous remedies often worse than the disease. Then they suffer, trusting entirely in Providence.

They possess an extremely lively faith, unfortunately sometimes verging on superstition. And singularly enough they have a great repugnance to consulting a doctor. Last summer a fisherman of Belles-Amours while fishing for squid got a cod hook caught through his nose and cheek. For two days the unfortunate man had been taken from one scaffold to another in the hope of finding a file with which they could cut off the shank of the fish-hook so that it might be pulled out with pincers. On the vessel with me was the Grenfell Institute surgeon, who promptly placed himself gratuitously at the disposition of the patient and advised an immediate operation to prevent blood poisoning. To my great surprise the wounded man refused, and travelled eighteen miles that night in a sloop so that he might be operated on by one of the repairers of the telegraph line who had just arrived at Bonne-Esperance.

From our point of view, the life I have just described may be regarded as one of great misery, but if you removed one of these fishermen to a convenient and civilized district he would die of homesickness. I knew an old fisherman, a native of Berthier or Montmagny, who had spent fifty years of his life at a good fishing-station, but in a profound cavity walled about with rocky heights near Great Mekattina. There he amassed a little fortune, about \$20,000, safely banked. Three years ago, after consulting with friends, he decided to pass a winter in Quebec. The next spring he took the first schooner for home, and he still tells with terror how homesick he was and how nearly he lost his reason spelling out the time in the great city.

THE VEERY THRUSH

By CHARLES BARLTROP

WE passed a marsh with wooded shore
And heard a minstrel bird outpour
His heart to sylvan glooms;
A fragrance crept about the grove
From trees above a tranquil cove
And pendent alder blooms.

Close mantled in an olive brown,
With dusky dots his throat adown
And brown and yellow breast,
From morning until eventide
A modest mate he sat beside,
With humbler shading dressed.

A soulful spirit, unbeheld,
Yet all-compelling, as he welled
His berceuse on the wind;
His chant was soft, according well
With the leaf-murmurs of the dell
That lured the listening mind.

So there, far-hidden in the shade,
He must have loved the song he made,
So oft did he repeat;
Though long his ditty dinned the ear,
His "veery, veery, veery, veer"
Was tremulous and sweet.

One musing on so fair a scene,
Scentful, melodious and green,
A homily might word;
But waiving thought, far-fetched or strange,
I simply sensed the charm, the change,
The love, the song, the bird.



THE INCOMING TIDE,
LOUISBOURG

From the Painting by
William Brymner, President of the
Royal Canadian Academy

Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club



BOSHAM DURING LOW TIDE

HAPPY BOSHAM in the MUD

By Amelia Dorothy Defries

THERE is a story in English history of a Saxon King—King Canute—who was so fond of compliments that a courtier wishing to outstrip every previous suitor for royal favour, one day told his Majesty his power was so vast that he was sure even the tides would stop at his bidding. The foolish king took this seriously, and calling together his court he ordered a throne to be set up on the shore. Here he seated himself and forbade the tide to rise, with what result it is not difficult to guess!

This was in the tenth century, and this very village of Bosham (pronounced *Buzzom*), in the pretty county of Sussex, was the scene of this

tragic-comedy. Here it was that the waves flouted the king.

Bosham Church of the Holy Trinity was founded in the tenth century, A.D., and much of its original structure still remains. Notice the purely Saxon arch over the nave. Part of this church is Roman and part Gothic, but the vaults are pure Saxon, as are also some of the window-frames. The frame to the tomb of King Canute's daughter—in the Nave—is Roman-Gothic, but the tomb itself is Saxon and dates about 1020.

The roof of the tower has been restored, perhaps in the sixteenth century, but the tower itself is from the 10th century. Near to the church is



THE OLD MILL AT BOSHAM

It is 900 years old and still working

the Manor House, a Stuart building; but it has in its garden a Roman mosaic floor.

Fifty years ago the English cared little for relics of antiquity, and on this mosaic floor the Squire of the Manor laid his lawn-tennis court. If this were to be taken up the Roman remains would be found intact.

At the back of the church runs a brook, a little English rivulet. It runs on towards the sea, but is dammed and turned off to work the mill. This mill is one of the oldest historical monuments in England. It may be 1,000 years old, and it is still in use. The only known fact about it is this one: it is mentioned in Doomsday Book, the record which William the Conqueror caused to be written, after he conquered Canute's descendant, King Harold, at the Battle of Hastings in 1066—one of the few dates every English child remembers!

But the history of Bosham goes much further back than Doomsday Book, which after all was only written a matter of 845 years ago. For Bosh-

am has a pre-Roman history, and was certainly occupied before the time of Christ. The first Roman attempt at landing on the coast of Britain, was made at Bosham many years before Julius Caesar's unsuccessful attempt at Selsey Bill, a few miles off. Julius Caesar came himself the second time and succeeded. But the failure of Selsey Bill cost the Romans dearly. Wrecked in the shallow waters and hailed with arrows by the men of Sussex, they had to retire as best they could. All their gold and ornaments were thrown overboard. Only a few years ago Edward Heron-Allen (who made the *literal* translation of Omar Khayyam) bought up about twenty acres of land right to the water's edge at Selsey Bill, and in the little museum he has erected in his garden there may be seen numerous gold rings and coins of Roman make dating from this attempted landing, and which Mr. Heron-Allen has himself picked out of his own soil. He and an authority from the British museum also put together the remains of a



TOMB OF THE DAUGHTER OF KING CANUTE

One of the antiquities to be seen in Bosham Church

mammoth which he found on the beach there. But Selsey is not Bosham.

In England every county has its own character and its own dialect. Was not each one a kingdom before the Union?

So strong is convention in the English countryside that every village has its own distinct individuality, too, even though only a few miles distant from its neighbours. To such an extent is this true that the very boats along the shore have distinctly different shapes. One may wander along the coast of any county in England

and note the difference in the boats: this is accounted for by the extraordinary variety of the foreshores. A few miles may mean different landing and sailing conditions.

From Bosham to Selsey cannot be twenty miles, yet at Selsey the shore is one wide stretch of hard sand, while at Bosham there is no shore, only a harbour, a natural harbour which at low tide discloses thick black mud for miles out to sea. Into this mud, tradition says, the first Roman adventurers sank.

"And," say the Bosham fisherfolk, "into this mud they Germans will



ALONG THIS WALK AT BOSHAM TWENTY GENERATIONS HAVE
GONE TO CHURCH

sink, if so be's they coom meddlin' here wi' theirm devil's tricks."

In and around the low hedges and lanes bordering those mud banks a

stronger escort keeps guard to-day than ever watched in Roman days. Keen-eyed Khaki-clad soldiers ride to and fro, scanning every man, woman



A STREET IN BOSHAM



THE NAVE OF BOSHAM CHURCH

and child in the district. Boats going in and out must give the password; and, out at sea, naval ships can be seen bearing wounded or prisoners

of war—from or somewhere in France to Portsmouth—not far from Bosham, where the guns of the naval dépôt can be heard. It is forbidden,



THE MANOR HOUSE, BOSHAM

since August, 1914, to land on Hayling Island, where very early British history was made, and up and down the shore at Selsey Bill, where Romans were wrecked, paces Edward Heron-Allen (Persian Scholar and microscopic)—revolver in hand—responsible to his king for the safety of his portion of Sussex. Little Cosport, opposite to Bosham dyke, was until last summer an artist's colony. One of the most famous English landscape painters of his day, Mr. W. Wilson Steer, and the Principal of the Slade School, Mr. W. Tonks, spent summers sketching there. But soon after the declaration of war Mr. Tonks went to offer himself as a surgeon (which profession he had thrown up for the art of painting, years before, and Mr. Steer enrolled himself among the Home Guard, in London, being beyond the age-limit for enlisting for service abroad.

What incongruous days these are for these old Sussex villages! And what a hard time the Germans will

have if they ever succeed in making a landing there!

Bosham is not many miles from the old-world town of Chichester, now the headquarters of a portion of the British army. To reach Bosham—or Selsey—from Chichester, or to get to Chichester from the coast, it is necessary to cross—in a tram-car on one single line—that part of the country where the sea has made inroads, flooding the marsh, and almost turning Bosham and Selsey into an island.

English people have fearlessly taken their summer holidays here, as in peace-time.

Happy Bosham in the mud has sent all her young men to join the colours, "to put an end to they there Germans", but all the women go cheerfully about their work, caring for the next generation.

In the thousand years which have passed over that village wars have come and wars have gone, and the babies have always been the chief concern.



FROM THE TRENCHES

By Patrick Macgill
Author of "Children of the Dead End" etc

NO. 5—DEAD MEN

"I'll give you a half-franc for a green envelope," I said, and my Cockney friend, Bill Teake, took the green envelope, which needed no regimental censure but was liable to examination at the base, from his pocket.

"Arf franc and five fags," he said, speaking with the studied indifference of a fish-wife making a bargain.

"Half a franc and two fags," I answered.

"Arf a franc and four fags," he said.

"Three fags," I ventured.

"Done," said Bill, and added, "I've now sold the bloomin' line of communication between myself and my ole man for a few coppers and a couple of measly fags."

"What's your old man's profession, Bill?" I asked.

"Is wot?"

"His trade?"

"Yer don't know my ole man, Pat?" he inquired. "Everybody knows 'im. 'E 'as as good a reputation as old times. Yer must 'ave seen 'im in the Strand wiv 'is shiny buttons, burnished like gold in a jooler's winder, carryin' a board wiv 'Globe Metal Polish' on it."

"Oh!" I said with a laugh.

"But 'e's a devil for 'is suds 'e is —"

"What are suds, anyway?" I asked.

"Beer," said Bill. "'E can 'old more'n any man in Lunnon, more'n the chucker-out at The Cat and Mustard Pot boozer in W—— Road even. Yer should see the chucker-out an' my old man comin' 'ome on Saturday night. They keep themselves steady by rollin' in opposite directions."

"Men with good reputations don't roll home inebriated," I said. "Excessive alcoholic dissipation is utterly repugnant to dignified humanity."

"Wot!"

"Is your father a church-goer?" I asked.

"Not 'im," said Bill. "'E don't believe that one can go to 'Eaven by climbin' up a church steeple. 'E's a good man, that's wot 'e is. 'E works 'ard when 'e's workin'. 'e can use 'is fives wiv anyone, 'e can take a drink or leave it, but 'e prefers takin' it. Nobody can take a rise out of 'im, fer 'e knows 'is place, an' that's more'n some people do."

"Bill, did you kill any Germans this morning?" I asked.

We had made a charge that morning and captured two German trenches. It was now noon and we were standing in a trench which cut across the road to Loos: the whirlwind of battle had spent itself and now all was very quiet.

"Maybe I did," Bill answered, "and maybe I didn't. I saw one bloke, an Allemonk, in the front trench laughin' like 'ell. 'I'll make yer laugh,' I said to 'im, and shoved my bayonet at 'is bread-basket. Then I seed 'is foot; it was right off at the ankle. I left 'im alone. After that I'd a barney. I was goin' round a traverse and right in front of me was a Boche, eight foot 'igh or more. Ooh! 'e 'ad a bayonet as long as 'imself, and a beard as long as 'is bayonet."

"What did you do?"

"Ooh! I retreated," said Bill. "Then I met four of the Jocks, they'd bombs. I told them wot I seen and they went up with me to the place. The Boche saw us and 'e rushed inter a dug-out. One of the Jocks threw a bomb, and bang!—"

"Have you seen Jimmy James?" I asked.

"No, I didn't see 'im at all," Bill answered. "I got a whiff of gas and it made me arf drunk. I was mad. 'Oo's this comin'?"

The newcomer was Jimmy James, a clean-shaven youth of twenty, who belonged to our section. We shook hands.

"So you've got through it all right?" I asked.

"I suppose I did," he answered, but his voice lacked confidence. He was for the moment like a man awaking from a nightmare, and at a loss to distinguish the real from the unreal. "I got a whiff of gas," said Jimmy, "and it made me drunk. The — Regiment got mixed up with ours, and I came across J—, who was at school with me. I hadn't seen him for three years. We shook hands and had a long talk about home. Somehow I forgot we were in a charge. . . . I saw a German, mother naked, running round in a circle. . . . One of his own people's shells hit him. . . ."

"Did you kill any Allemongs?" asked Bill.

"I smote seventeen from the nave to the chaps," said Jimmy with a

smile, sitting down on the banquette.

"Wonderful!" I exclaimed.

"Wonderful damned lie," said Bill.

"It's quiet now," I remarked.

"There's nothing doing here at the moment. Now and again a German machine gun goes pot against the sandbags. Two men came down the road an hour ago, and they got hit in the head."

"And that's Loos!" said Jimmy James, getting to his feet and looking up the road. "It's bashed about a lot. There's hardly a house standing. And that's the Tower Bridge," he concluded, looking fixedly at the Twin Towers that stood scarred but unbroken over Loos coal mine."

"There was a sniper up there this mornin'," said Bill. "'E didn't arf cause some trouble. Knocked out dozens of our fellers. 'E was brought down at last by a bomb."

He laughed as he spoke, then became silent. For fully five minutes there was not a word spoken; the incomprehensible held us mute.

I approached the parapet stealthily, and looked up the streets of Loos, a solemn, shell-scarred, mysterious street, where the dead lay amidst the broken tiles. Were all those brown bundles dead men? Some of them maybe were still dying; clutching at life with vicious energy. A bundle lay near me, a soldier in khaki with his hat gone. I could see his close, compact, shiny curls, which seemed to have been glued to his skull. Clambering up the parapet, I reached forward and turned him round and saw his face. It was leaden-hued and dull; the wan and almost colourless eyes fixed on me in a vague and glassy stare, the jaw dropped sullenly and the tongue hung out. Dead. . . . And up the street, down in the cellars, at the base of the Twin Towers, they were dying. How futile it seemed to trouble about one when thousands needed help. Where would I begin? Whom should I help first? Any help which I might be able to give seemed so useless. I had been

at work all the morning dressing the wounded, but there were so many. I was a mere child emptying the sea with a tablespoon. I crawled into the trench again to find Bill looking over the parapet. This annoyed me. Why, I could not tell.

"What are you looking at?" I asked.

There was no answer. I looked along the trench and saw that all the men were looking towards the enemy's line; watching as it seemed for something to take place. None knew what the next moment would bring forth. The expectant mood was prevalent. All were waiting.

I could hear the wounded crying and moaning somewhere near or perhaps far away. A low, lazy breeze slouched up from the field which we had crossed that morning, and sound travelled far. The enemy snipers on the nearby copse were busy, and probably the dying were being hit again. Some of them desired it, the slow process of dying on the open field of war is so dreadful. . . . A den of guns, somewhere near Lens, became voluble, and a monstrous fanfare of fury echoed in the heavens. The livid sky seemed to pull itself up, as if to be out of the way; under it the cavalcades of war ran riot. A chorus of screeches and yells rose trembling and whirling in the air, snatching at each other like the snarling and barking of angry dogs.

Bill stood motionless, his eyes fixed on the enemy's line, his gaze concentrated on a single point; in Jimmy's eyes there was a tense, troubled expression, as if he was calculating a sum which he could not get right. Now and again he would shake his head as if trying to throw something off and address a remark to Bill, who did not seem to hear. Probably the Cockney was asleep. In the midst of artillery tumult some men are overcome with langour and drop asleep as they stand. On the other hand, many get excited and burst into song and laugh boisterously at most commonplace incidents.

Amidst the riot, an undertone of pain became more persistent than ever. The levels where the wounded lay were raked with shrapnel that burst viciously in air and struck the blood-stained earth with spiteful vigour.

The cry for stretcher-bearers came down the trench, and I hurried off to attend to the stricken. I met him crawling along on all fours, looking like an ungainly lobster that has escaped from a basket. A bullet had hit him in the back, and he was in great pain; so much in pain that when I was binding his wound he raised his fist and hit me in the face.

"I'm sorry," he muttered, a moment afterwards. "I didn't mean it, but my God! this is hell!"

"You'll have to lie here," I said, when I put the bandage on. "You'll get carried out at night when we can cross the open."

"I'm going now," he said. "I want to go now. I must get away. You'll let me go, won't you, Pat?"

"Does the trench lead out?" he asked.

"It probably leads to the front trench, which the Germans occupied this morning," I said.

"Well, if we get there it will be a step nearer the dressing-station, anyway," said the wounded boy. "Take me away from here, do, please."

"Can you stand upright?"

"I'll try," he answered, and half weeping and half laughing, he got to his feet. "I'll be able to walk down," he muttered.

We set off. I walked in front urging the men ahead to make way for a wounded man. No order meets with such quick obedience as "Make way! a wounded man."

All the way from Loos to the churchyard, which the trench fringes, and where the bones of the dead stick out through the parapet, the trench was in fairly good order; beyond that was the dumping-ground of death.

The enemy in their endeavour to

escape from the Irish that morning crowded the trench like sheep in a laneway, and it was here that the bayonet, rifle-but and bomb found them. Now they lay six deep in places. . . . One bare-headed man lay across the parapet, his hand grasping his rifle, his face torn to shreds with rifle bullets. One of his own countrymen hidden in the same copse was still sniping at the dead thing, believing it to be an English soldier. Such is the irony of war. The wounded man ambled painfully behind me, grunting and groaning. Sometimes he stopped for a moment, leaned against the side of the trench, and swore for several seconds. Then he muttered a word of apology and followed me in silence. When we came to the places where the dead lay six deep, we had to crawl across them on hands and knees. To raise our heads over the parapet would be courting quick death. We would become part

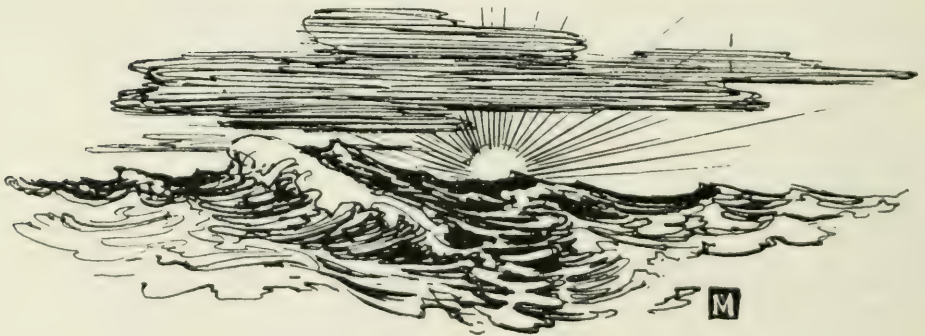
of that demolition of blood and flesh which was the thing necessary for our victory.

On either side we could hear the wounded making moan; their cry was like the yelping of drowning puppies. But the man who was with me seemed unconscious of his surroundings; now and again when I looked back at him I saw a far-away gaze in his eyes which I could not follow or understand.

Seldom even did he notice the dead on the floor of the trench, he walked over them unconcernedly.

I managed to bring him down to the dressing-station. When we arrived he sat on a seat and cried like a child.

I met him again in London the other day. He is now unfit for active service, and is dressed in civilian clothes. About twice a week young ladies present him with white feathers, he told me.



A ROMANCE of old FORT HOWE

By H. H. Cody

AUTHOR OF "AN APOSTLE OF THE NORTH," "THE FRONTIERSMAN," ETC.

IT is interesting to note that many famous cities of the world have important hills near or surrounding them. Athens has her Hill of Mars, Rome her Seven Hills, and Jerusalem her Mount of Olives. On this side of the water the same is true. Montreal has her Mount Royal and Quebec her Citadel, to mention only two out of many. These hills figured largely in the world's history and are to-day surrounded with the halo of romance.

St. John, New Brunswick, also has her hill, which rises sentinel-like and rugged above the city of the Loyalists. Not through the glory of war; not to bold robbers, who sought its side as a place of refuge, and not to castles with frowning walls does Fort Howe demand recognition. Its history is a simple record of peace, in keeping with that of the city nestling at its base.

Fort Howe claims special consideration to-day, not so much by reason of the treaty of peace which was here ratified with the Indians, or that it was garrisoned by a large number of soldiers, but because of its association with one of the most remarkable men England ever produced.

William Cobbett was a young man when he came to St. John, in 1785. Too long would it take to tell the details of his early life: only one or

two salient points shall be mentioned. He was a self-made man, of humble peasant origin. He was self-educated, too, and his struggles to obtain knowledge reveal to us his great will-power. He learned grammar, so he tells us, when he was a private soldier, receiving only sixpence a day. The edge of his berth, or that of the guard-bed, was the seat on which he studied. His knapsack was his book-case. A bit of board lying on his lap was his writing-table. He had no money to purchase candles or oil, so in winter he had to use the light from the fire, and only when his turn came at that. To buy a pen or a sheet of paper he was forced to go without a portion of his food, even though he was in a state of starvation. He had to read and write amidst the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and brawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless of men.

"Think not lightly," he wrote, "of the farthing that I had to give now and then for ink, pen, or paper. That farthing was, alas! a great sum to me."

Once he had saved a halfpenny for the purchase of a red herring in the morning. This he lost, and so badly did he feel that he buried his head under the "miserable sheet and rug, and cried like a child". What a lesson is this to the youth of our land who have every opportunity for study



THE SUMMIT OF FORT HOWE, SHOWING CANNON AND OUTLOOK

and who yet so often make little use of it!

In 1785 Cobbett joined his regiment, the 54th, in Halifax. His description of the place is by no means flattering.

"Everything I saw," he wrote, "was new; bogs, rocks, and stumps, mosquitoes and bull-frogs; thousands of captains and colonels without soldiers, and of squires without stockings or shoes."

Within a few weeks his regiment was ordered to St. John, and very different was the impression which New Brunswick made upon Cobbett's mind. He was in his happiest mood when writing about the rivers, creeks, waterfalls, trees and scenery.

"If nature in her very best humour," he wrote, "had made a spot for the express purpose of captivating me, she could not have exceeded the efforts which she had here made."

Two outstanding incidents connect Cobbett's name indelibly with Fort

Howe. The first is that of his romance, which led to his marriage in after years. There was stationed here a sergeant of the artillery, Reid by name, who had a beautiful daughter, at this time thirteen years of age. Cobbett first saw her for about an hour in a room in company with others, and it was love at first sight. This favourable impression was increased three days later when, walking one cold winter's morning by her house, he saw her out on the snow scrubbing out a washing-tub.

"That's the girl for me," he remarked to his two companions when out of her hearing.

Just below the summit of Fort Howe, and near Sergeant Reid's house, was a spring of clear water bubbling out from the base of a large limestone rock. At this place water was obtained for the surrounding houses, and here without any doubt the young lovers often met. This spring is sometimes called "Cob-



OLD WELL (MARKED X) IN THE LIMESTONE AT FORT HOWE, WHERE WILLIAM COBBETT AND HIS SWEETHEART USED TO MEET

bett's Well", but it is generally known as "Jennie's Well". It is commonly supposed that this spring was named after Sergeant Reid's daughter, and it may come as a surprise to some to learn that her name was Ann and not Jennie. One suggestion is that perhaps her name was Jennie Ann. There is another I consider more feasible. Jennie, or Jinny, may have been a nickname given by the soldiers to the sergeant's daughter. Be that as it may, the spring will always be known as "Jennie's Well". There is a strong temptation to give the imagination free scope and to weave around this spring the spell of romance. Some day, perhaps, future poets and novelists may find in the incidents surrounding Jennie's Well inspiration and material.

Cobbett's loyalty to Jennie (It is hard to call her by any other name now) was severely tested more than six months later. He was moved to Fredericton, and in one of his rambles he came to the house of a "Yankee Refugee". Here he met a young woman, nineteen years of age, who captivated him at once. It was a severe test of his devotion to Jennie. This new maiden, according to his own words, was dressed in a "neat and simple fashion. She had long light-brown hair twisted nicely up, and fashioned to the top of her head, in which head were a pair of lively blue eyes, associated with features of which that softness and sweetness, so characteristic of American girls, were the predominate expressions, the whole being set off by a complexion



AN OLD BUILDING AT FORT HOWE

It was used by soldiers many years ago

indicative of glowing health, and form, figure, movements, and all taken together, an assemblage of beauties far surpassing any that I had ever seen but once in my life. That once was, too, two years ago; and in such a case and at such an age, two years, two whole years, is a long, long while. Here was the present against the absent; here was the power of the eyes against that of memory; here were all the senses up in arms to subdue the influence of thoughts; here was vanity, here was passion, here was the spot of all spots in the world, and here also was the life, and the manners, and the habits and pursuits that I delighted in; here was everything that imagination can conceive united in conspiracy against the poor little brunette in England."

But notwithstanding all these inducements Cobbett was loyal to the little brunette in England. He joined her there several years later, and they were married. There is an incident which shows us what a sterling woman Jennie was. When she left for England Cobbett had given her one hundred and fifty guineas, which

he had saved in order that she might not have to work so hard. When he reached England he found his "little girl a servant of all work (and hard work it was) at five pounds a year, and, without hardly saying a word, she put into his hands the whole one hundred and fifty guineas unbroken".

Jennie made Cobbett a good wife. "In the perpetual cyclone," says one writer, "which Cobbett managed to keep in operation, Mrs. Cobbett moved serene and equable, bearing strong children and bringing them up, minding the house and farm, visiting her husband at Newgate when she could, at other times sending him hampers of fowl and eggs, roast pig and vegetables, and home-made cheese. If a mob smashed his windows in England, or threatened to lynch him in America, Mrs. Cobbett did not go into hysterics. She received Tallyrand and other noblemen, met leading public men in London, or in her country home, and sat up till 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, like Lucretia, with a supper ready for her lord when he should return with his comrades from some of his political agitation meetings. Toward the end of his troubled life, Cobbett said that owing to his wife he never had real cares."

And Cobbett made a good husband. He never stayed away from home when he could help it. Once in the United States he paraded the streets all night, when his wife was ill, driving off barking dogs. I may close this account of his romance with the words of the noted Miss Mitford, who visited the Cobbetts in England:

"Everything was excellent—everything was abundant—all served with the greatest nicety by trim waiting damsels; and everything went on with such quiet regularity, that in the large circle of guests no one could feel himself in the way. I need not say a word more in praise of the good wife to whom this admirable order was mainly due. She was a sweet motherly woman, realizing our notion of one of Scott's most charming characters, Alice Dinmont, in her simplicity, her kindness, and her devotion to her husband and children."

While stationed at Fort Howe, Cobbett was made corporal and became clerk to his regiment. About this time the new discipline, or the "Dundas System," as it was called, was sent out from England. It gave instructions as to the mode of handling the musket and marching, and was to be studied by officers and put into immediate practice. "Though," as Cobbett said, "any old woman might have written such a book," it had to be complied with before the next annual review. The officers neglected its study until a short time before the review took place, and Cobbett was the only one who could give them instructions.

In "The Life and Letters of William Cobbett", by Lewis Melville, recently published in two volumes, there is a humorous caricature by Gilray of a scene on Fort Howe on this occasion. Cobbett is standing in the midst of excited officers, one he has just threshed and sent away rubbing the affected parts and another is receiving his punishment, while others are standing near, with terror depicted upon their faces, trying to study the manual. Then when the review did take place, Cobbett lamented that he had to stand upon the flank of the Grenadier company, with his worsted shoulder-knot, and his high, coarse, hairy cap confounded in the ranks among other men, while those who were commanding him to move his hands or his feet, thus or thus, were in fact uttering words which he had taught them and were in everything except authority his inferiors.

Later on Cobbett got more than even with his officers. While here he found that they were committing flagrant breaches of trust that affected the public purse. As clerk he had access to all the books, and having made voluminous extracts, he exposed the culprits upon his return to England. But the full account of this would take too long to relate here.

Cobbett's fame spread throughout

the Province. He had to visit people in all parts, and while in Fredericton he settled nine lawsuits. He had to attend to the affairs of the whole regiment, all its accounts, parades, its guards, its everything. He found time to study English and French. He built a barrack for four hundred men, without the aid of either draughtsman, carpenter, or bricklayer. He went through a tract of timber more than one hundred miles where no man ever ventured to go alone before, and this he did for the purpose of stopping desertion, by showing the regiment that he was able to follow the fugitives. In addition to these he found time for skating, fishing, shooting, and all other sports of the country.

The whole of Cobbett's life was one of tremendous activity. I have merely touched the fringe of the subject, for it would take a long time to tell of his after career. It was wonderful, appalling, to think that one man could accomplish so much. From a poor peasant boy he reached almost the highest position in the realm. He published seventy-four books, magazines, and pamphlets; he crossed swords with kings and statemen; he was imprisoned for giving expression to his views; he fought the battles of the poor and downtrodden, and in his day he was maligned and persecuted. But when he died all the world, friends and foes alike, acknowledged his greatness. *The Times* (London) pronounced him the most extraordinary Englishman of his age, and called him "The last of the Saxons". *The Morning Chronicle* declared that he was the most powerful writer England ever produced, and the *Standard* acknowledged that he was the first political writer of his age, wholly without a rival since the days of Swift. Of him Elliott the poet wrote:

Yes, let the wild flowers wed his grave,
That bees may murmur near,
When o'er his last home bend the brave,
And say, "A Man lies here".

For Britons honour Cobbett's name.

Though rashly oft he spoke;
And none can scorn, and few will blame,
That low-laid heart of oak.

And what shall I more say? For time fails in which to tell of his greatness. He was a planet which in its impetuous rush touched for a time a rugged hill in St. John. Fort Howe is to become transformed. It has witnessed many changes in the march of years. It saw the stirring events surrounding old Fort LaTour, and the struggle for the grip of empire; it watched the Loyalists land upon these shores, and beheld a city

grow strong and prosperous at its feet. It will behold many changes in the years to come, for St. John is destined to become a large shipping port, a city where the Old and the New Worlds meet. Crowned and crested with the glory of flowers, trees, and avenues, Fort Howe still smiles its benediction on the City of the Loyalists. But amid all the historic interest of this old hill none will appeal more to the hearts of future generations than its association with the famous William Cobbett and the beautiful maiden of the washtub.

THE CITY OF SILENCE

By CARROLL AIKINS

WIDE walls of marble circle it and seal
The interlocking stones from outer sight,
And rear themselves to such mad wastes of height
Above the azure where the senses reel
That never may the barren ramparts feel
Even the tremour of an eagle's flight,
Their guarded secrets may no voice reveal,
No vision strip their mysteries to sight.

Ye dwellers in the city! What desire
Walks the pale prison-places of your fate?
What love unspoken, timid to aspire,
Lingers so close beside the postern gate?
What mute salvation of a word unsaid!
What souls of women whence the body fled!

THE ADVENTUROUS ENGLISHMAN

By A. Judson Hanna

YOU remember, of course, Great Britain's late unpleasantness with the Republic of San Isidore. When his Majesty's Government broke off diplomatic relations with the South American state, it requested Uncle Sam to look after its affairs in that country. I was American consul at Bilidad, and when his Majesty's consul withdrew, it fell to my lot to safeguard the British residents going out of the country. This I did with all possible haste, because the San Isidoreans, inflamed by war talk, were threatening to exterminate them.

Having placed the last Englishman, as I thought, on the train for the coast, I gathered up my accumulated newspapers and went over to the Foreign Club to catch up with my reading. Being comfortably settled, I opened my first paper, when one of the house boys dropped a note on the table at my elbow, and stood stiffly awaiting my pleasure.

"Who brought this?" I demanded.

"A policeman, excellency."

Grumbling to myself over the interruption, I opened the nuisance and glanced at the signature. Then I sat bolt upright and read the contents in a sort of dull rage. The communication ran:

"If you can spare a few moments of your very valuable time, you will confer a great favour by calling on me at the Balboa street carceral."

It was signed, "Albert Edward Reginald Huber".

The note angered me in more ways than one. The sarcastic qualification of my "time," the insouciant reference to the present whereabouts of the writer, the fact that I had just been congratulating myself upon having got every remaining Englishman out of Bilidad—I rose, jammed on my hat, and departed the club, muttering savagely: "You can never tell about these quiet, unassuming chaps, particularly if they are English. Probably he has been asserting his inalienable British rights and defying the San Isidoreans to molest him."

For I knew this Huber, having met him frequently at the club. He was, apparently, a mild-mannered, inoffensive man, and I wondered what he had been doing to get himself into the Balboa street jail. In fact, I had always attributed his inoffensiveness to his stupidity. He seemed to me exceedingly dull.

As the *policia* had not already executed Albert Edward Reginald, I surmised that he had committed no more than an indiscretion to account for his durance. That being the case, by exercising a little diplomacy, I might be able to free him and send him down to Ponce on the afternoon train in time to catch the French steamer, which was standing by to take off the refugees. It all seemed simple en-

ough until I called on Albert Edward. Then—

Arriving at the jail, I was ushered into the presence of the chief of police. I demanded why Mr. Huber was being detained in the carceral. The chief, by the way, was an American soldier of fortune, with a pock-marked face. He travelled by the name of Hugh Lee—without the “fitz”. He now assumed an expression of great gravity and assured me that Albert had killed a man—“one of my own members of the civil police.”

“Killed a man!” I exclaimed. “He wouldn’t kill a mosquito.”

“Do you mean to infer—?” the chief began stiffly.

“That your men are mosquitoes?” I supplemented. “No. The art of flattery is not one of my accomplishments. I mean to say that I never knew a more gentle, inoffensive, moderate man than Mr. Huber. The very idea of him committing murder is preposterous.”

“All the same he done it,” observed Mr. Lee.

“Of course there is some mistake. Was Mr. Huber attacked?”

“On the contrary, he did the attacking. He killed the man without provocation—stabbed him through the heart merely.”

“Stop your kidding, Hugh,” I remonstrated. “You don’t believe a man like Huber would kill a person in cold blood. He is a gentleman.”

“He is an Englishman,” the chief said darkly. “It was like this: Mr. Huber was walking across the plaza and happening to pass one of my men, he wrenched his sword from him and ran him through the body. The man, unfortunately, is dead. What do you know about that?”

“I know that you are an ass to believe such a silly tale. Of course I may speak with Mr. Huber.”

“Certainly. Antonio, show *el senior* to the cell of the Englishman.”

Tony the warder led me down a crooked corridor and opened a door. As I stepped into the cell, I noted that

it was a large, airy room, tolerably clean and passably furnished, with iron grating across the windows. Mr. Huber was gazing through one of the windows, but turned at my entrance, bowed a little coldly, I thought, and drawled, “Aw, you’ve come at lawst.”

“I started the instant I received your note,” I replied testily. His intimation that I had been slow in answering his summons nettled me as I thought of all I had gone through in behalf of his fellow countrymen.

“Pardon me. You were out of the city, then?”

“I haven’t set foot out of Bilidad for two months.”

“But I sent you that call three days ago.”

“It hasn’t been in my hands an hour. To whom did you entrust it?”

“Aw, we’d better let that pass now, what? As long as you are here, it doesn’t matter, really, y’ know. How soon can you get me out of this frightful place?”

“In a few hours, I hope. But see here. Why didn’t you report at the consulate to be sent down to the coast with the others of your ilk?”

He looked at me reproachfully. “How could I, when I have been immured in this blawsted hole for the past three days?” he asked.

“Pardon me,” I said. “I forgot.”

“Besides,” he added, “I do not intend to leave Bilidad.”

“Don’t intend to leave! Oh, well! I can’t make you. But you will be hounded through the streets like a bandit—killed, probably, by these excitable people. If you insist on remaining, you’d better bring your luggage over to the American consulate till this furor dies down.”

“Thanks awf’ly, old chap, but I prefer my hotel—and the club.”

“Very well. Your blood be upon your own head! What about this man you are supposed to have murdered?”

“He killed himself, y’ know.”

“You astonish me. Why did the gentleman desire to die?”

"He was overcome with remorse. I take it, for having insulted my flag."

"Ah! Now we are getting at something tangible. So he insulted the British flag. And then killed himself?"

"So I asseverated. Rawther extraordinary proceeding, I admit. You see—but I say, old chap, cawn't you get me out of this ghastly dungeon first? We'll talk it over at the club. I'm suffering for a drink, really."

"Never mind about the drink?" I said sternly. "I'll send that in later. Go on about the self-murdering policeman."

"There's little to it. He fell on his sword, y' know."

"The devil he did! Go on from the beginning."

"There isn't much to tell. I was crossing the plaza three days ago when I overheard this fellow cursing the flag which floated over our consulate, y' know. I was frightfully shocked to hear the dear old emblem, which has stood for so many years for the best traditions—"

"Yes, yes!" I interrupted hastily. "I understand all about that. Go on with your story."

"—the flag that Nelson and Wellington—"

"I've heard about Nelson and Wellington, too. Please tell me about the policeman falling on his sword."

"A most extraordinary circumstance! I started to say to him, 'See here, my good fellow,' when he turned on me with the most ferocious expression imaginable and howled, 'Ah ha! The Englishman! I will keel heem queek!' and he drew his sword. I thought the reckless fellow was going to puncture me, y' know, so I threw up my arm to ward off the blow. He started back and tripped over his silly feet and fell directly on his own sword. Devilish awkward of him, I think. It ran through his heart."

"Are you sure you didn't lay hands on him, or on his sword?"

"My dear chap, I had not the

slightest intention of punishing the fellow for his insulting words. I merely wanted to protect myself. Perfectly natural for a man to want to protect himself, what?"

"Perfectly natural," I agreed.

"I think, maybe, the crowd jostled the sword from his hand. At any rate, it fell hilt down on the ground, and he precipitated himself upon the point. You see, there is very little to explain."

"So it appears," I replied sarcastically. "But unfortunately the authorities are unreasonable enough to attach some importance to the killing of a policeman. Have you any witnesses to the incident?"

"I was accompanied by the Brazilian consul at the time, and his vice was walking immediately behind us. Both saw what happened."

"I will see the Brazilian consul at once. Maybe together we can get you out of here. But I can't promise you permission to leave Bilidad."

"I have no wish to leave."

"Still determined to hang around, eh? Why?"

"Why should I go? My government is not at war with San Isidoro—yet. My inalienable rights as a British citizen—"

"Hang the rights, man! This is no time to talk like that. The native mind is inflamed against your government and its subjects. When you see an anarchist hurling a bomb in public, you don't stop to argue about your inalienable right to walk the streets unmolested. No, sir! You duck and duck quick. I'll do my utmost to secure for you safe conduct down to the coast."

The Englishman shook his head with an apologetic air. "I think he was almost sorry for causing me so much time and worry. He began, 'As I have already asseverated, my rights —.'"

I raised my hand in feeble protest. "Spare me, please, from any further asseverations. Your inalienable rights as a British subject have been

suspended for the time being at least."

He looked terribly shocked. "Impossible! My word!" he exclaimed.

"Uh-huh!" I went on relentlessly. "Suspended, abrogated, annulled, repealed, and all the rest. Forget them. The afternoon train leaves at three. You are going to join your friends on board the Frenchman at Ponce."

"But really, my dear fellow, I do not care to—."

"Enough! Say no more!" I commanded. "I will send in that drink."

Scarcely crediting the Englishman's account of the policeman's death, I determined to make an appeal for his release direct to the chief of police, before making myself ridiculous by asking the Brazilian consul to corroborate such an amazing story. I thought I might be able to bully Hugh Lee into freeing Huber. Failing that, I would use my personal influence. Lee could not well deny me. In the ten years of our acquaintance, I had been of service to him frequently. Once I had saved him from the firing squad when he had been so unfortunate as to throw in his lot with the losing side.

Re-entering the office, I said, "Hugh, I want you to release Mr. Huber—at once."

"Sorry, old man, but I can't do it. He's got to stand trial for murder."

"Piffle! You don't believe that cock-and-bull story about his killing a man. Besides," I said, "the Brazilian consul and his assistant saw the whole thing and are prepared to come here and swear that the Englishman didn't lay a hand on the man or on his sword. Now I want to ask you a pertinent question. Why did you withhold Mr. Huber's letter to me for three days? It is a serious matter to hold a British subject incommunicado."

The chief snapped his fingers airily. "Oh hell!" he said. "I should worry."

"The *Prairie* is at Ponce with three or four U. S. gunboats," I reminded him. "How would you like to have

us land marines and march them up here to protect foreigners? At a word from me they will come."

"Suppose I close the wire to you."

"Do," I urged. "That would be capital. The commander has positive instructions, if he does not hear from me twice every twenty-four hours, to land without delay and come to my rescue. I've got you beaten four ways, Hugh."

The chief began to look irritated. "I might fake some messages and send them in your name," he said hopefully.

"You can't put them into code."

"Hang the Englishman! Take him!" the chief said wearily. "He's a burning nuisance anyway. But you must promise me, old man, not to let him leave the city. I want him where I can put hands on him at any minute—for the inquest over the policeman, you know."

"No danger of his skipping," I retorted. "That's the horrible trouble. He is determined to *stay*. I spent an hour trying to convince him that he ought to leave Bilidad without delay, but he is standing on his rights as a British subject and positively won't go."

I took the Englishman to the club and said, "Now, Mr. Huber, I want you, please, to drop into my office every day as near noon as you can conveniently make it. If you fail to appear, I shall be compelled to cable to the state department that you are missing. That may cause further complications—may even embroil the government I represent."

"Am I to understand that I am still a prisoner?" he asked plaintively.

"Not at all," I reassured him. "You have been parolled in my custody, and I have promised to produce you when the coroner gets busy on the body of that suicidal policeman."

"Of course, I am thankful to you for getting me out of that frightful hole, but—."

"I thought it was rather a decent place," I ventured.

"Ghastly! As I was about to remark, I am under surveillance; is that it? Must report every day and all that. Sort of ticket-of-leave man. It is an outrage. As a subject of Great Britain—"

This time I forestalled him. "Bother your everlasting rights!" I said. "We all have them, theoretically. The question is, are you coming, or must I look you up every day?"

"Oh, I'll come, my dear fellow. Rotten nuisance y' know. But I'll come."

I returned to my newspaper reading.

For three days he did come. Then, on the fourth, or fifth day, I suddenly awoke to the realization that he was avoiding the consulate. While I was debating whether to run after him, or give him his own time to report, the chief of police stalked into the office. He looked glum.

"Where is that damned Englishman?" he demanded.

"Around the city somewhere, I suppose." I replied with what confidence I could.

"Suppose again," the chief said nastily. "He's vamoosed."

"What makes you say that?"

"I had my men keeping tabs on him, and he gave them the slip. He is not in Bilidad."

"If he is gone, that's the reason. He has a perfect horror of being watched."

"Hang it all! I did it for his own good as much as anything. He was attacked in the streets the other day, and it was all my men could do to rescue him from mob violence. Why has any man the right to cause other people so much annoyance?"

"You forget his inalienable rights as a British subject," I retorted; but my sarcasm was lost on the chief.

"I released him in your custody, so it is up to you to find him," he said.

"I will do so—at once."

"Do you think you can?" the chief asked dubiously.

"I'll wager the dinners on it."

"It's a go." The *jefe de las policia*

left the consulate much encouraged.

Three hours later I returned his call. "The Hotel of the Seven Lights with suit me all right," I proclaimed jauntily. "I trust the dinner will be ample reward for all my trouble."

"You've found him?" the chief exclaimed. "Where is he?"

"At the Flor de Lis hacienda in La Paz."

"How did you do it?"

"Easily enough. This, as you may recollect, is Tuesday—steamer day. I happened to remember how particular Mr. Huber is to be at the club when the foreign mail comes in. I knew that if he was within reach of the clubhouse, he would be on hand this noon for his home letters. So I went over there a little before the mail was due and hung around till it was distributed. But no Huber. I had about given him up when a peon walked up to the desk and asked for Senor Huber's mail. I asked him where Senor Huber was, and he told me just as I have told you."

"I'll send for him at once."

"Wait!" I said. "Why not let him remain where he is till you want him for the inquest? He is much safer there than here. Probably he is with friends. I'll motor out to La Paz this afternoon and have a talk with him."

*

I found the Englishman at the Flor de Lis hacienda. He seemed thoroughly at home. He was sitting on a stone bench under a shading tree, with a young and beautiful lady of distinctly Castilian appearance, when I brought my car to a stop beside the horse-stone. I glanced around in search of a duenna, but failed to perceive one.

It required no exceptional perspicacity on my part to see that the beautiful young woman was in love with the Englishman. Also, that the Englishman adored the beautiful young woman. Suddenly I knew Huber's reason for wishing to remain in San Isidore. All his bluster about British

rights was but a cloak of hypocrisy to hide the real motive.

As I stepped from the car, the young lady retired to the house. The Englishman came forward to meet me with outstretched hand. "Glad to see you, old chap," he said with unlooked-for warmth. "Unexpected pleasure, really. Have a seat."

I threw myself down on the stone bench. "How long have you been in La Paz?" I asked.

"How long? Let me think. Since Saturday night, I believe. To-day is Tuesday."

"Why didn't you let me know where you were?" I asked severely.

"How could I when I didn't know where I was?"

I eyed him a moment in cold suspicion. The bovine placidity of his countenance almost disarmed me. "Do you know where you are now?" I said ironically.

"Oh, yes. You just asked me how long I had been in La Paz."

"If I had been in your place, I think I would have asked some one," I continued cuttingly.

"But I don't understand their bally lingo. Don't you think you are a bit unreasonable, old chap?"

"Not more so than the case warrants," I replied. "See here, if you don't sabb Spanish, how do you make out with the pretty young lady?"

The Englishman flushed. "Oh, the Senorita Dolores speaks English perfectly. She was educated abroad. Why, she is almost like one of our English girls. Jolly good companion."

"If she speaks English and you speak English," I said impatiently, "why in merry thunder didn't you ask her where you are?"

His face looked quite intelligent for an instant. "Haw, haw!" he laughed. "I say, old chap, that's what I call a brilliant idea, what? Now, why didn't I think of that? But I'm rawther stupid at times, y' know."

If I hadn't been convinced that he

was putting one over on me, I would have told him right there that I thought he was decidedly stupid at all times.

"Didn't you know where you were going when you left Bilidad?" I pursued.

"Hadn't the least idea, old chap. You see, I was, er, abducted," he replied unblushingly.

"Oh, you were!" I subjected him to another close scrutiny, but his face was as innocent as a cherub's.

"Most extraordinary experience!" he said.

"You seem to be peculiarly subject to extraordinary experiences. I am listening."

"I am trying to recall the details. I think—yes, it *was* Saturday evening, just after dark. I had had dinner at the club, y' know, and after sitting in the reading-room for a few minutes, I stepped into the street and began walking slowly toward my hotel. I had gone fifty yards, possibly, when about twenty men suddenly seized me and threw me into a waiting cab. Then they piled in after me."

"All twenty of them?"

"Some sat on the roof. I believe. Thinking of that unfortunate policeman who fell on his sword when I tried to protect myself, I thought I had better submit without a struggle."

"You might have shouted for help," I suggested.

"I feared," said the Englishman, "that some of my captors might injure themselves in the ensuing excitement. After being driven an interminable distance, I was suddenly pitched headforemost out of the cab, and the vehicle drove on. Most extraordinary way of telling a man you are tired of his company, what? After lying there for a moment and trying to remember where I was, I picked myself up and looked around. In the distance I saw some lights and proceeded toward them. I found that they belonged to this place. I was re-

ceived very hospitably. So now you understand, old chap, why it was impossible for me to notify you of my whereabouts."

"I understand nothing," I replied uncompromisingly. "Do you intend to remain here?"

"I am quite comfortable."

"But you will return when you are wanted for the inquest?"

"Most assuredly. Now that you have told me where I am, it will be a simple matter to run up to Bilidad."

A slim figure in white appeared suddenly in the doorway, and I looked first at her and then at the Englishman.

"Charming girl, Miss Dolores," the Englishman said. I agreed with him.

"She is engaged—," I whirled on the bench and offered my hand. "Accept my congratulations," I said.

He ignored my waiting palm. "She is engaged to marry her cousin Ramon, a captain in the Tenth cavalry. Deuced nice fellow, Ramon. Know him?"

"I haven't the pleasure," I replied. "But from what I observed when I drove up, I thought that, er, possibly matters stood otherwise."

"Oh, I'm going to marry her," the Englishman said cheerfully.

"Why, see here! How can you marry her if she is already engaged to her cousin?"

"I don't know yet. I am thinking about it."

"Well, good luck," I said, rising. "I must return. Think you can find your way back to Bilidad without the twenty men and the cab?"

"Haw, haw! That's a joke, isn't it, old chap? Haw, haw!"

The following morning, Wednesday, Chief Lee notified me that the inquest would be held on Friday afternoon. I sent word immediately to the Englishman, holding him to his promise to attend the hearing.

Friday morning I was working at my desk when I heard a commotion in the street—a running to and fro of

many feet, and loud voices. Springing to the window I saw a cavalcade of police trotting past the plaza. In their midst was a man taller than the others, with a pointed yellow beard and pith helmet. He sat his horse stiffly. With a gasp of astonishment I recognized him as the Englishman, Huber. Evidently he was having another of his periodical adventures. I wondered what it could mean, and decided that Chief Lee was taking no chances of his non-attendance at the inquest a few hours later.

The cavalcade was nearly abreast the consulate windows when my attention was called to another, and larger, body of horsemen, riding in the wake of the first, but at a much faster gait. Their leader wore the full-dress uniform of a regular cavalry officer—a slim chap in high, black riding-boots, cream-coloured breeches, and green tunic. His followers were dressed with that utter disregard for uniformity which characterizes the soldiery of Central and South American states.

The mounted police, hearing the clatter of hoofs behind them, drew in their horses and turned in their saddles. The cavalry swooped down upon them, pulling up their mounts sharply at the last instant. Pushing his way through the cordon of police, the cavalry officer seized the Englishman's horse by the bit, wheeled, and set spurs to his own steed. His men closed in around him, and the troop galloped away even more swiftly than they had come.

The policemen, taken aback for the moment, began talking excitedly, each blaming another for the loss of their prisoner. By the time they had compromised their differences and determined on concerted action, the troop of cavalry was a mere cloud of dust away out the La Paz road. The police shrugged their shoulders indifferently and trotted off in the direction of the carceral.

The whole thing happened so quickly that one scarcely had time to fol-

low it with one's eye. Not a blow had been struck. The rescue of the Englishman, if indeed it was a rescue, had been effected by the suddenness and unexpectedness of the manoeuvre. It was a *tour de force*.

One thing, however, fixed my attention in that kaleidoscopic scene. That was the face of the cavalry officer. It seemed vaguely familiar. I felt sure I had seen it somewhere, at no remote date. The young fellow had reined in his horse directly below my window and I had had a good look at him.

Then it suddenly came to me. His likeness to the Senorita Dolores, the Englishman's friend, was so striking that I was convinced he could be no other than her cousin Ramon, captain of the Tenth troop, San Isidore cavalry.

But what did Ramon want with the Englishman? Nothing good, I decided cynically. The two men were rivals for the affections of the fair Dolores. Probably they were deadly enemies. Viewing the incident in that light, it looked to me not so much like a rescue as a case of kidnapping for evil purposes. Ramon had been supplanted by the Englishman, and was bent upon revenge. In my mind, the future looked dark and dubious for Albert Edward.

As the abduction—granting it was such—had not been brought to my official notice, I concluded that I could do nothing about it for the present.

Late that afternoon Chief Lee called me up to say that the coroner had exonerated Huber from responsibility for the policeman's death. The Brazilian consul and his assistant had corroborated in every detail the story told by Huber explaining how the policeman had come to his end. This surprised me greatly, because, till then, I must admit, I had not placed much reliance on the Englishman's story. It had sounded so utterly absurd.

"Was Mr. Huber at the inquest?" I asked; but just then he cut me off.

The following evening I was nonplussed to see the Englishman stroll nonchalantly into the Foreign Club. "Had any more adventures?" I asked.

"Since?"

"Since Cousin Ramon rescued you from the hands of the police. Rather magnanimous of him, wasn't it, under the circumstances?" I went on, trying to draw him out.

"I wish it had been Ramon," he replied gloomily.

"Then it wasn't?"

"I wonder you haven't heard. Everybody else seems to know about it. My rescuer was the Senorita Dolores."

"What! It was the senorita in the uniform?"

The Englishman nodded. "In Ramon's uniform."

"But why do you wish it was Ramon? That would spoil the romance of it."

"There are some things a man can endure better than a girl."

"I am all in the dark."

"Mr. Lee, the chief of police, is going to arrest her."

"Impossible! Why—why Lee is an American."

"I fail to see the connection," the Englishman said with the nearest approach to peevishness he had shown.

I explained. "Up in the States the police would not care to take action in a case like that. They would make themselves the laughing-stock of the public. The American police can stand anything but ridicule."

"Nevertheless, as I asseverated, Mr. Lee is going to arrest Miss Dolores. He told me so himself, y' know."

"I'm sorry, old man. What is the charge?"

"Aw, impersonating a military officer and high treason."

"Good heavens, man! Is he in earnest?"

"He says he is only delaying till the necessary papers are put into proper form."

"Why don't you get her out of the country?"

"Cawn't do it, old chap. Lee has placed a guard at the *hacienda*. If the senorita attempts to leave, she will be arrested at once."

"Well," I said angrily, "I never thought Lee could be so hard-hearted, confound him! And I don't believe now he can make out a case against her. But what a shame to subject her to the ignominy of prosecution."

The Englishman lighted a cigarette, but said nothing.

"By the way, you told me you were going to marry her," I suggested.

"She is engaged to her cousin Ramon," he replied listlessly. "She does not love him."

"In that case, there still is hope."

He shook his head sadly. "You forget her parents. They insist upon the marriage. They look on me as a foreigner. Besides, I am not, as you Americans say, so well 'heeled' as Cousin Ramon."

"Yet they entertain you?"

"Oh, yes. They are charming people, really. And no end hospitable; but prejudiced."

The Englishman put on his hat and rose. "I must turn in, old chap. Promised them to run out for breakfast to-morrow."

I slept late the following morning, and took a midday dinner at the club. At two o'clock I went over to the consulate and found the Englishman there awaiting me.

"Is that French steamer still at Ponce?" he asked at once.

"It is. Changed your mind about leaving?"

"Well, rawther! Can you get safe conduct for Mrs. Huber and me?"

"Great guns! Are you married?"

"Rawther. Miss Dolores and I were married this morning."

I sat down suddenly and stared at him. "By the great swearing toad!" I said. "It was only last night you told me—"

"It was to save their daughter from arrest," he interrupted.

"Would you mind explaining?"

"Not at all, old chap. You see, they—the parents, of course—were frightfully cut up over the prospect of their daughter's arrest and prosecution for treason and all that. They were willing to do anything to save her from such humiliation."

"Even willing to accept you as a son-in-law. But how does that alter the situation?"

"I told them that if Miss Dolores married me, the authorities could not lay a finger on her. The moment she became my wife, she ceased to be a citizen of San Isidore—took my nationality, and became a foreigner here. Now, an alien cawn't be guilty of treason against the Republic of San Isidore, y' know. It's palpably impossible. I, a subject of another power, cawn't commit treason here, so my wife cawn't either. Simple, isn't it?"

"Very. So they let her marry you."

"They really thought Miss Dolores would be put in jail."

Light began to dawn on my mind. "And you encouraged that belief, I suppose?"

"Aw, I didn't discourage it, old chap," the Englishman said blandly.

"I take it all back," I said, rising and gripping his hand.

"I don't understand. Take what back?"

"Why, I never fully appreciated you before, Huber. You are, er, a very clever man. Now about your passports—coming back to San Isidore?"

"Rawther. Mrs. Huber wants to see the place where I was born, and all that y' know. You understand women, old chap."

"Having been married once, I do not," I explained.

*

"Lee," I said, "you are a sentimental old ass."

"Why the abuse?" the chief of police demanded.

"You ought to be ashamed of your—"

self, using your high office as a matrimonial bureau—first aid to the lovelorn, and all that. Why did you do it?”

“Why? Well, I liked that bally Englishman.”

“Tell me this: Would you really have arrested Mrs. Huber?”

“That burning Englishman nearly queered the whole thing—offered me some money.”

“Well, wasn’t it enough?”

“Jeer! Go on! You can’t pierce my hide. It wasn’t the amount. It was the insinuation accompanying it. When I was willing to help along his game all I could, to have him throw money in my face—I consider it damn bad taste. But I forgave him. He seemed so cut up over his break.”

“So he tried to bribe you to drop the prosecution of Miss Dolores.”

The chief looked at me pityingly.

“You old thick-head,” he said. “Not to *drop* it, but to *press* it. It was all Huber’s idea. Now do you understand?”

“I think I am beginning to. It was all a frame-up—that threat to arrest Miss Dolores? And the Englishman thought it all out by himself, he did. A frame-up to frighten the parents into permitting her to marry him?”

“I thought you tumbled to it long ago.”

“And I used to think that Englishman was stupid! But see here, Hugh, how far back does this conspiracy date? You remember when Miss Dolores masqueraded as a cavalry officer and took the Englishman from your men—was that part of the frame-up?”

“I refuse to divulge state secrets,” the chief replied.

And he never did tell me.



ABOVE THE POST-OFFICE

By Martha Stoddard.

ANY morning that you cared to look down toward the Line, you could see the lumbering old green stage appear above the brow of the Plain hill, seldom with a passenger, often with a case or two of lumbermen's felts and overshoes to be left off at Barnston Corner or a box of Ladies' Plain Congress with elastic sides, consigned to the only store in Wayville; and always driven by Mead, the easy-going, even-tempered driver of those two jaded horses.

They often fell asleep in front of the post-office, to waken only when Mead threw the canvas mail-bag into the bottom of the stage; they kept awake till they were out of the village and had turned east; dropped asleep again till they sniffed the water in the trough at Judd's Mills or felt the flick of the whip that reminded them of the turn at Galusha's batten mill.

Mead really wasn't the driver of that stage. He looked the prosperous gentleman passenger occupying a front seat; for Madge and Spiler did not need any driving.

Why, they could do it in the dark, as they often did; or do it alone, as they once did when the trave broke in a cahot, leaving the back seat and Mead behind in a snow bank. Or they could do it at top speed when election returns were entrusted to them, and they raced all the way in from Barnston in a cloud of dust.

As a rule, they preferred the leisurely gait that brought them opposite the Catholic church on the last lap, just as the bell was ringing six. Not always six o'clock, though, for we learned that when Miss O'Neill had her dinner ready the boy was sent to ring the noon bell, and likewise tea-time was six o'clock, not six o'clock, tea time.

The village wore its everyday look that night as the stage drew in past the old convent. It boasted of no modern blocks or squares laid out by a salaried landscape gardener, but was one long avenue of loveliness, nature herself having flung her beauties with lavish hand all about.

Immense maples reared their tall-limbed trees on either side of the street for exactly a mile from the Knight's bend, to the Plain hill. In spring a tender liquid green, bursting with sap. Or the sly the youngsters would occasionally drive a tin spout into a tree and hang a little lard pail below, to do a little sugaring on their own account; but their elders positively forbade it lest it spoil the tree.

In summer, the deeper green of the larger leaf cast a grateful shade as the slender tops arched over the dusty thoroughfare. Painters delighted in the marvellous autumn tints and sought to transfer to canvas, but with scant success, the brilliant carmine and deep chrome.

The children coming home from school loved the time when the leaves ripened and fell, then they made huge mounds to bury one another in, or, dashing through them, would rustle like the silken skirts of the lady from Newport. Black and bare, if leafless, they never looked. After a heavy fall of snow and a stiff breeze from the lake, the snow clung tenaciously to one side of the trunk and massive branches.

There's a never-to-be-forgotten but indescribable sound of an old box sled creaking its way along such a street filled with snow and wind-swept, the bells giving back a dull, mellow sound, as the team plodded knee-deep in the drifts.

In winter the houses were banked up to window-height for warmth's sake. In summer they seemed to expand and breathe deeply and vie with one another in their environment of phlox and candytuft, bachelor's buttons and hollyhocks, scarlet runner and heliotrope.

Pretentious were some of the houses and named so. "The Castle," a real brown stone front, and rear, was never dubbed "Susan's Folly" that I know of. "The Pierce Place" was so called because of descendants of the Percys of England. The village school was known as the "Academy", with principal and preceptress.

Why the large two-story building in just exactly the centre of the village was called the post-office you could never guess, unless it was because one day you dropped a letter in the well-thumbed slot on the left of the window and received a reply some time later from the assistant's hands.

A wide veranda or platform ran all across the front, without a roof or awning to shade the two large windows on each side of the door.

On the right a huge watch suspended from an iron hook kept the same time it had for ten years without shamefacedness, and proclaimed the fact of a watch and clock repairer

within. This repair shop took up all one window and a few feet more. Beyond that, on shelves that ran to the ceiling were the calf-bound books of the Mechanics' Institute, with the watchmaker, when not too busy, as librarian.

More within and beyond was the chemist's shop, the odour of camomile, henbane, boneset, sarsaparilla, and dear knows what all mingling in healthful confusion with camphor, digitalis and valerian.

A colossal double stove occupied all the central portion of the room, and around it, in the old black arm-chairs with shiny pebble-leather seats, sat the leisure class for whom they seemed to be provided, discussing local politics, or the length of a horse's nose as measured by a flour-barrel, or the need of a new fence around the graveyard.

On the left hand and behind the table, with its instrument that made the "dot dash dots" so marvellous to childish eyes and ears, was the stock of the Upper Canada Bible Society and Tract Depository, placards stating that this was also the place where you could subscribe for many and various publications. Behind this was a small corner screened off by a counter and a few lock-boxes, and behold—a village post-office.

Jimmy came out of the butcher's shop and ran along home with a piece of liver for the dog. Mr. Mazurette, the notary, turned the key in his half of the door of the old Insurance Office and, passing the church, made his never-forgotten obeisance, as he went home to supper. The pretty table-maid from the hotel scurried across under the very noses of the horses, to get some crackers for the soup, just as D'Arcy began to ring the old hand-bell that called the boarders to tea. It was *Journal* night, and a few men were hanging over the fence, taking a cursory glance at the locals before they hitched up to go home.

Mead usually came in with his feet

on the dash-board, his hat on the back of his head, chewing at a long straw, while the lines lay loose, just to indicate how easily he and the team could do eighteen miles in six hours.

"My days alive," said Murdock, "something must have happened, for Mead is settin' up as straight as if he had swallowed a ram-rod."

"I bet my bottom dollar he's forgot to bring me them whiffle-trees, and seein' me here hes kind o' scairt him."

"Go long! Mead ain't that easy scairt," ventured the blacksmith's apprentice.

"Well, now, I leave it to Joe," began Murdock again, but Joe only pointed his long bony finger toward the stage, which for once had stopped up the street a spell, while Mead beckoned to the doctor, who came over from his shady vine-covered piazza where he sat in the rocker, reading *The Lancet*.

"Guess Lizzy's doughnuts haint agreed with him, and he's stopped to get a blue pill," conjectured the apprentice. "It reminds me of the time French Mary give me the 'gidlet' gravy and I had to go to Doc Burke's to get a stomach pump."

Madge and her mate were by this time sauntering on towards the office, feeling a certain weight of responsibility to make up for the three minutes lost in talking with the doctor, who now walked alongside in quiet converse with their master.

Why the men ceased chaffing, or their banter fell unspoken, they could not themselves have told, but as Mead climbed down from his seat and looked at no one save the doctor, now at the door of the old stage, they felt awed.

Mead lifted the curtain flap of the door and buttoned it back. The doctor stepped into the stage, and with tenderest care lifted out in his strong arms a young woman, apparently dead.

Behind them, with wonderful agility, sprang a small negro servant, her

arms filled with shawls and small hand-baggage. Her little head was topped with short curly gray hair; her eyes were alert, and every motion betokened anxiety for her mistress.

As if these surprises were not enough for one day in this dreamy little village, there remained yet a third. For the doctor and Mead stalked into and through the post-office to the little room of the post-master's sister, where they laid their burden gently upon the bed, the negress close at hand.

It was Murdock who discovered that in their anxiety for the mother they had overlooked the little girl asleep on the old slippery seat of the stage. He forgot all about the whiffle-trees and the consequent delay in work, as he followed with the child in his arms. Then the door closed on the wondering people outside.

When Mead came out ten minutes later he found that someone had given the team water, another had carried the mail bag in, the tub of butter had been taken across to the grocer's and the baggage they assumed belonged to the strange travellers had been taken off the rack behind and was piled upon the platform.

With a "Thank ye, boys," he gathered up the lines and was off.

That night at the tailor's shop, Mead told all there was to tell, as he sat smoking his black clay pipe.

He had made the trip out as usual and had found these three passengers waiting for him at Kilbourne. He had made them as comfortable as he could and when about half way home had stopped to ask if they were getting tired; the servant, "See-lesta" he said they called her, asked for some water from the bubbling spout at the water-trough, saying "Missis is most complete done out. It's her 'haht', suh, her 'haht' is weak".

She had fainted or become unconscious when they reached the bridge, and he feared "she would die on his hands", as he said.

Lucius had told him at the hotel

that they just intended to stay the night and would be going on to Montreal in the morning. Beyond this he knew no more than his audience, except that "that little younker is the smartest child I ever see. She ain't but seven year old and she can talk 'patway' to beat old Bonhomme here."

During the long burning summer days that followed natural curiosity gave place to genuine homely sympathy for the gentle sufferer in the rooms above the post-office. For the trio had moved, as soon as the old doctor thought it safe, to a comfortable living-room, with a sleeping-room adjoining, on the east side of the building.

The invalid could be seen at the window, propped up with pillows in an old rocking chair, often with a dainty bit of embroidery in her hands (those lovely hands!) or reading a book some kind friend had lent. She made friends quickly and held them. If Mrs. Taylor's bread was particularly good, a loaf must be taken across to her. The first raspberries from George Young's pasture found their way to her table. When Chauncey's wife drove in for the mail and some repairs for the rake in haying time, she glanced up at the window, and her grim face relaxed as she determined to bring her a print of butter next week.

One evening Mead put up an awning over the great window. Nobody in the village had ever seen such a thing before. "Seen a photograph of one in the 'Hurth en Home' and thought it looked kind o' cooling," was his embarrassed explanation.

After a particularly hot day Nat's Emmelina would hitch her chubby pony into the only basket-phaeton the village could boast of, and, half carrying the invalid down stairs, they would amble for an hour gently up and down the street, Celesta trotting along in the middle of the road with her eager step.

It was during these drives that the

child would come down to play on the platform with the other children of her own age, bringing that marvellous doll.

"Why, mother," said one, as she related its charms." Isobel says she has seen a doll much better than hers, that you could make say 'papa' and 'ruamma' by pulling strings under its arms; and I'd believe *anything* Isobel told me. Her doll has got the *loveliest* clothes in a little trunk just like a big one. It wears a green silk all ruffles on the skirt, and it's got an overskirt and a pleated waist with little lace frills in the neck. And there's a hat for that dress, a truly straw one, with green velvet on it, and it turns up at the side; and she's got a parasol and a fan and a brush and comb and a watch and some gloves, and Isobel lets us put the gloves on the doll and play with it all we like. And she is awfully polite; when Jimmy Ray asked her where she got her doll clothes, she said, 'Please excuse me, but I must go to mamma now, she may need me', and she went right in."

If the Parisian doll was a nine days' wonder to the children, their parents took a personal pride in the dresses Isobel herself wore.

"My, don't she step like a princess," exclaimed the neighbours, peeking from behind the curtains to watch her going demurely to Sunday school with the girls who had called for her.

This time it was a soft silk, embroidered by her mother's skill in wheat and poppies and corn-flowers; her hat, a wide leghorn with a simple wreath of field flowers around it, and—wonder of wonders!—her stockings were silk.

Sometimes she would wear a dress of Holland linen embroidered in brown, and brown stockings and bronze boots. The little Empire frocks she wore for every day the critics voted "almost too plain", despite the thread lace at the neck and wrists. "Looked too much like a 'shimmy'".

Then September 6th came, the darkest, saddest day we had known, for the little Creole woman, who never seemed to lose her presence of mind, ran down stairs and asked the operator to send a telegram to the address which was written on a small card; and the only word of the message was "Come".

"Are you quite sure that is the address?" ventured the post-master, kindly, for he was startled to see the name of a man of note whom few would have dared address familiarly.

"Oh! yes, suh, yes, suh!" cried the woman. She told me to send *at once* for Massa George if she died, and he would come like *de win*."

The usual offices were performed that day by the sympathetic and sorrowful neighbour women, as they pattered quietly about in their low prunella slippers.

The green paper shades were drawn down, and the room put to rights, after the village undertaker had measured for a coffin. Isobel was taken away for the day, and Celesta packed the great trunks, putting on her best dress and laying Isobel's out for travelling.

Then she sat down in silent expectation of one who she knew would come and on whom she could throw her heavy responsibility.

It was dusk now, and Isobel, spent with childish tears, was quieter, and, hand in hand with the gentle woman, was walking the length of the platform again and again, listening for the red coach which met the trains.

Presently a lighter rig came up and the stranger alighted. Isobel sprang into his arms.

"Oh! Uncle George! I knew you would come, but mamma is dead, and I am all alone. I won't have to be a real lady now, as Celesta said, will I? I can just be your own little girl, can't I?"

Sir George went in alone to the presence of the one who had been so dear to him.

Long he stood and looked at that

marvellous face, which everyone had come to love and upon which no trace of sorrow or pain rested.

He was conscious at length of someone beside him.

"She done told me to give you dis lettah—she just finish it when *de angel* come foh her."

Her voice was low and steady, but the pause was long between her sentences.

"Miss Blanche, she made that dress herself. She called it her weddin' dress, as she didn't have one when she got married. It ain't quite finished. There's her needle on that sleeve, but I didn't think it make no matter since she goin' change it so soon for her robe o' righteousness.

Those flowers—a little lame boy fetched em last night, and, oh, he cried hard when I told him Miss Blanche done gone to Haven, where *de Lord* wipe all tears from *de eyes*!"

The letter, written to the "dearest and best of brothers", breathed of love and gentleness and trust: "The knowledge that you would be in Canada for a few months has at last broken down all my foolish scruples, and I determined to return with you to the old home—dear, dear, home! It takes much less than eight years to make a wilful, headstrong girl of seventeen into a sober, thoughtful woman."

The letter touched briefly upon the foolish escapade in which she quitted forever the convent and her girlhood, and married, before leaving for India, her young lover, whom at the end of one short year of marked success in his profession she saw murdered in a native uprising.

"Then my Isobel came to awaken in me my dual responsibility to be both father and mother to my baby. The doctors say the shock of the massacre weakened my heart—perhaps it did.

"I have prayed constantly that I might live long enough to take Isobel to England, where she might in time fulfil the obligations her ancestry makes imperative. No one could guide

her in this more wisely than you."

The devotion of Celesta, who followed her to India in some way known only to herself, the simple love and service of the villagers where she had fallen ill, and particularly the comfort of Father Raymond were all recorded with tenderness.

"Ever since I was at Saint R. and witnessed the death of Sister Eulalie I have thought that when I died I should wish some candles to burn about my bed to guide my spirit to its haven of rest and that someone should pray for the repose of my restless soul."

Sir George walked slowly up the street, now almost deserted save for a store-keeper or late customer returning home, for it was now nine o'clock, until he came to the little building that had been indicated by Celesta as the place where the preparations for the burial were being made.

"I appreciate very much your great kindness," he said, as he shook hands in parting with the tidy little man in black.

"Don't mention it, sir, don't mention it!" the man replied, clearing his throat, for it seemed a little husky. "We all lov—it's just a mere matter of business, sir, merely a matter of business."

"There's just one thing more: it's customary to have the name engraved."

"Yes, certainly," and Sir George stepped back into the shop.

"The engraver is here, sir, in the back shop, and he has begun the plate in the usual way, so if you will just add the details—"

Sir George wrote with a steady, unfaltering hand:

"To the beloved memory of Blanche Evelyn Stanley, only daughter of Sir Jerrold and Lady Anne Campbell, of Great Malvern, England. Aged 25 years."

Sir George paused, then added: "*Confido et conquiesco.*" Then with another "Good-night", he passed out into the street.

"Lisha," called the undertaker to his helper, "cut up to lawyer Herbert's and get him to read that last line for you before he gets away to bed, for it's Greek to me."

The only other visit paid by the brother was to the presbytery of the parish priest, and Father Raymond himself accompanied him back to the post-office.

There were but two dim lights in the village that night; the one in the little undertaker's shop, where he pleaded, and trimmed, and nailed; and where the engraver plied his skill, not for pay but for love's sake. The other light was above the post-office and gleamed from two tall candles burning in stately silver candlesticks brought by Father Raymond, who knelt silently and alone by the side of the bed, and fulfilled the last wish of a sweet soul.

By four in the morning, with faint touches of dawn appearing, the little undertaker, his apprentice, the silver-smith and Sir George slowly began the descent of the long stair-case.

A dim, misty, gray dawn, yet a dozen carriages were waiting to accompany them to the station. Celesta came down with the sleeping Isobel in her arms; the procession silently formed and in a few moments was lost to sight.

Dainty cards, written in that well-known hand, lay on many articles that had been hers, the last token of her love for the village folk.

The curiously wrought jewel-box was bequeathed to the watch-maker. The Sistine Madonna, with its carved frame, was "For my friend and counsellor, Father Raymond".

The doctor and the gentle woman and many others were remembered; and a bulky envelope was "For Mead, to make the last payment on the happy cottage home".

Full morning came, the door was locked, the village began to waken. The train gave three long, low whistles at the Junction, and that was all.



MONTREAL HARBOUR

From the Painting by Maurice
Cullen, a Canadian Painter

Exhibited by the Canadian
Art Club

THIM FRINCH

By Ben Deacon

MR. DENNIS RYAN, senior, paused with the heavy brogan which he had just laboriously removed from his left foot suspended in the air. From the flat above there came the sound of a merry little tune played by light fingers on a rattling piano. Some responding chord in Mr. Ryan's being made him want to jiggle his unshod foot in time to the fascinating swing of the music, but he sternly repressed this desire.

"Thim Frinch!" he muttered savagely. "Thim dom Frinch!"

Through the ceiling there now came quite plainly the song which accompanied the jingling piano:

*Alouette, gentille alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.*

Mr. Ryan threw the weighty but useful piece of footwear which he was holding in his hand most violently into a remote corner of the room. It cannoned off the leg of a near-mahogany table and, skidding across at right angles, landed on a rubber-plant before the window with wholly unlooked-for results.

"Dom thim Frinch!" Mr. Ryan repeated, as he tugged at the other boot.

He deposited the second very carefully underneath his chair, but his anger was not less severe because repressed. His first display of passion had left visible traces, which might

in turn arouse the anger of Mrs. Ryan. Therefore he considered it prudent to take no further chances.

Je te plumerai la tête,

Je te plumerai la tête;

Et la tête—et la tête—et l-a tête!

The merry little tune continued. Mr. Ryan leaned forward in his chair as far as was possible without cap-sizing, and craned his neck until he was able to see down the long hall to the little bedroom at the far end of the flat.

"Dinny!" he called. "Dinny, bhoy, arre ye there?"

There was no response.

"'Tis the very divilment av th' dom tune thot gits me riled," Mr. Ryan admitted to himself. "An' ivry toime I come home some wan av thim do be startin' it up. 'Tis but small pace an' quiet ye'll hove, Dinny Ryan, since thim Frinch hove moved in over yer head. Divil take thim with their pianner an' their fashions. Anny wan would think 'twas one of thim swell appartments they was in, wit' stame heat an' a janitor man, an' not Casey's flats at all! Bad luck to Casey to rint a dacint house built fer dacent Irish folk to them seut Frinch! Faith they'd take the honest bread out of the mouths of dacint min."

"An' bad luck to Casey," continued Mr. Ryan, senior, after a brief pause, during which the music came from

the flat above louder than before. "What for didn't he build it wit' rale boards av wood an' wit' phlaster, instid av wit' paper an' mud? The confidinces av no wan is safe in this place at all. Ivry fambly is forivir knowin' the sacrits av ivry other fambly in th' block, wit'out it be the Frinch. There's no wan av us knows their sacrits for the rasin that they niver sphake thim in dacint Christian talk. 'Tis harrd to hove thim above av me head saying lib'lous things about me an' me fambly wit'out me understandin' thim at all. Bad luck to th' day I iver set me fut in Casey's house, an' me payin' twinty dollars ivry mont' fer rint."

The advent of Joseph Delisle and his family of pretty, dark-eyed daughters had brought dismay to the tenants of Casey's flats. Situated in the most exclusively Irish district of "the P'int", as Point St. Charles is popularly called, Casey's flats formed the centre of a little Celtic community that hitherto had been undisturbed by the intrusion of any other race.

The Celt is adaptable. When forced into contact with people of another tongue he can very readily get on something just a little bit better than speaking terms. The mastery of languages comes easily to him, and his natural "blarney" does not forsake him even when handicapped by an unnatural tongue. But this only when circumstances compel him to mingle with strangers. When comfortably settled among his fellows in the matter of clanishness he makes our old friend, the proverbial Scot, look like a Kowkash millionaire confiding the secret of his prosperity to a crowded bar-room. His belief then is that the Irish are God's chosen, and for all other peoples he does not give a jitney.

And so it was that when Mr. and Mrs. Terence Monagan and the five young Monagans moved out, Monagan having lost his job at the nearby brewery, and Joseph Delisle and the four Misses Delisle moved in, a

cyclone of indignation swept through the Casey block.

The public wrath increased when it was noticed that the Delisles had brought both a "pianner" and aristocratic airs. It was then that under coercion from the ladies of the Casey flats—in some cases under dire threats, indeed—the gentlemen of the block appealed to the great Casey himself.

"Frinch!" Casey exclaimed. "An' to be sure they're Frinch, but they're dacint people fer all thot, an' isn't their money just as good as any wan's? Fer what should I lave the flat impty just so you'd hove only Irish fer neighbours? I'm Irish mesilf, an' I'm proud av it, but fer all thot I'm not too proud to accipt th' good money av a Frinchman."

And so the Delisles remained. One thing that made this Gallic invasion harder to bear was the fact that the newcomers made absolutely no effort to worm their way into the good graces of the other tenants of the block, and the very apparent hostility of the latter did not seem to concern them in the least. The old man and three of the girls disappeared every morning citywards, and did not return until evening. The fourth girl, a pretty little olive-skinned creature of about twenty, evidently attended to the housekeeping. Her duties did not appear to be onerous, however. Every little while during the day she could be heard at the tinkling piano. The fact that this piano was the only one in the block did not by any means lessen the general unpopularity of her daily concerts.

If the cup of bitterness of the other tenants was full, Mr. Ryan's was spilling over. In the first place, it was his lot to be situated directly underneath the unwelcome newcomers. He found that this had particularly disagreeable features. For instance, when the other girls returned from their work in the evenings an impromptu and very informal dance

frequently was held above his head. This little function invariably resulted in the addition of several new cracks in the much-cracked ceiling above Mr. Ryan's head, also in the frazzling of Mr. Ryan's temper. Then, too, after he had retired, he could generally hear an animated conversation over his head. It was discomforting, he found, to be able to hear every syllable distinctly, yet not to understand a single word.

To add to his misery at this particular time, Mrs. Ryan's sister had been taken ill suddenly. Mr. Ryan did not much mind his sister-in-law taking sick, suddenly or otherwise, but he did mind her calling upon Mrs. Ryan to act as nurse. However, he had very wisely made no protest.

"An' fer why wouldn't we be gettin' along all right?" he exclaimed when Mrs. Ryan expressed some doubts as to his ability to manage the flat in her absence—also to keep away from the corner bar. "The bhoys will wash the plates an' coops in the mornin', bein' as he don't need to be at his wurk until eight o'clock, an' I mesilf will wash thim at noights. Sometoimes I mesilf will do th' cookin', an' sometoimes the bhoys will do it, but I'm thinkin' more aften I will mesilf."

This plan had worked well for nearly one whole day. That is, Mr. Dennis Ryan, junior, had dutifully washed up the dishes before starting for work on the first day of his mother's absence. In the evening, however, Mr. Ryan, senior, had decided that he would do his share of the washing-up after he had smoked a couple of pipes. Then it had occurred to him that he might as well leave the dish-washing until after he had taken a little run down to Hogan's, as he was unfortunately suffering from a severe attack of thirst brought on by his wife's absence. Consequently those first supper dishes were still unwashed, although Mrs. Ryan had been away more than a week. So were all the other dishes, in fact. Moreover,

many of them were deposited in strange out-of-the-way places throughout the flat.

The condition of the Ryan section of the Casey block had gone from bad to worse, and from worse to a state of bachelor chaos which made it impossible to find anything. Therefore it can be seen clearly that Mr. Ryan had several little things to irritate him on the particular evening when this story is supposed to commence, without counting the unwelcome music from the flat above. That was the last straw. For a full minute he sat still and cursed all his fellow-citizens of the Latin tongue with force and eloquence.

Then suddenly he darted out of the room, padding in his stockinged feet down the narrow hallway to the little bedroom at its far end. Groping under the bed, he dragged forth a narrow, oblong box. "I could mesilf fiddle betther music than thot," he muttered.

On evenings when Hogan's was forbidden to him by the militant head of the household, Mr. Ryan had been wont to while away the time by having Mr. Ryan, junior, instruct him in the art of playing "The Wearin' o' the Green" upon the latter's violin. His progress in musicianship had been painfully slow, however.

With grim, stern and every other possible sort of determination depicted upon his face he carried the violin to the front room and began. No musical expert would have been able to trace the slightest resemblance to "The Wearin' o' the Green" in the sound which he produced. He made a noise, a noise which he felt sure could be heard by those on the floor above; therefore he was content.

Suddenly, by chance, three of the notes which he produced corresponded exactly with a part of the tune that came to him through the ceiling.

"Fer th' love av Hivin!" he exclaimed. "I'll be learnin' to play thim Frinch tunes before I can dacintly play anny Irish."

He ceased his efforts for a moment to give his undivided attention to adjectives. Then he again deafened his ears to the sound from above and produced more soul-satisfying discord.

The hall door opened suddenly and Dr. Dennis Ryan, junior—who, by the way, is the hero of this tale—rushed into the room.

A description of the hero should, of course, be introduced at this point. Let us start by saying that he was broad of shoulder, which is the most approved style of hero this year, and add blue of eye—or eyes, for that matter—and very, very carroty of hair. Add also a broad and almost perpetual smile and a humorous eye-twinkle, and that will describe him sufficiently.

"An' arre ye tryin' to have th' place pinched, thin, or what is ut?" demanded the hero with filial severity.

"Dinny, bhoy, arre ye home?" inquired Mr. Ryan, senior, joyfully.

"I am," announced Mr. Ryan, junior, "if you can call this divil av a mess a home. An' phwat was the rasin fer the swate music, or is ut crazy ye arre, or dhrunk?"

"Dinny, bhoy, just play a little av 'Th' Wearing' will ye? I would like foine fer to hove ye show thim little Frinch divils phwat rale Irish music is like." And Mr. Ryan, senior, forced the violin into the hero's hands.

"An' would ye rather hove 'Th' Wearin' or yer supper?" asked Dennis, junior, with a grin.

"Whist! I'll tell ye," said Mr. Ryan, senior. "You be playin' th' old fiddle, an' I'll be afther gettin' the supper, bhoy."

Mr. Dennis Ryan, junior, tuned up, and in a minute the strains of the much-desired Celtic music were combatting with the French selection from above. With a grin of satisfaction Mr. Ryan, senior, started for the kitchen to make good on his end of the contract.

"Play ut agin!" he commanded when the tune came to an end. A

little later the command came from the kitchen: "Play ut agin, bhoy!"

Dennis Ryan was swinging into the opening bars for the fifth time when his father came rushing in from the kitchen.

"Sthop ut!" he roared. "Sthop ut!"

The violin gradually stopped, but the strains of "The Wearin'" were continued. They came from the flat above.

"Do you hear ut now?" demanded Mr. Ryan, senior. "Do you hear ut? Th' little Frinch divil was playin' ut wit' you. Take shame to be playin' good Irish music wit' a Frinch gurr!"

A grin spread over the entire lower half of Dennis Junior's face. "An' she can play ut, too," he remarked. "Ain't she more than hammerin' thim iv'ries?"

Dennis, senior, gave a loud snort of disgust. "Play ut!" he shouted. "Yis, like an iliphant can!"

Dennis, junior, drew the bow across the strings and in a minute the tune was again going in full swing with the piano accompaniment coming from the flat above.

"Sthop ut!" commanded Ryan the elder again. "Twould be better fer ye to be gettin' the flat elaned a little agin the toime yer ma—God bless her—will be comin' back agin, than fer ye to be tryin' to play dhuettes wit' a Frinch hussy t'rough a ceiling av phlaster. 'Tis meself that's wonderin' what she'll be sayin' about this flat."

"'Tis not me that's wonderin' thin!" declared the boy with conviction.

"Well, get stharterd at ut, bhoy! Get stharterd at ut!" ordered Mr. Ryan, senior, doffing his coat with considerable energy. "I'm thinkin' 'twill be no shmall wurrk for the both av us to make this bit av th' Casey block prisintable agin."

He flung his coat over the back of a chair and set to work quite recklessly, stacking up a pile of dishes which he garnered from every conceivable corner.

Dennis, junior, marched cheerfully out to the kitchen and a moment later his cheery whistle was heard to an accompaniment of clattering dishes.

The clatter that came from the kitchen was not nearly so loud as that which Mr. Ryan, senior, managed to produce, but it lasted longer. The younger member of the family had had barely time to stack up two huge piles of dishes before his father poked his head in at the door.

"I'll be goin' out fer a minute, or mebbe two," he announced. "I'll just stip down to Hogan's, where very loike I'll catch a shmall sight av McShane. 'Tis McShane that is the first cousin be marriage to a lady be the name av Mullins, who does sometoimes go out be the day wurrkin', fer the rasin that her man was killed dead be a brick, which a divil av a careless hodman misphlaced four storeys above his head."

"An' what fer would ye be talkin' wit' McShane, who has a cousin be marriage, who had a man killed wit' a brick?" inquired Ryan, the junior.

"'Tis but shmall perception ye hove fer a lad wit' such shmart parints," was the reply. "Sure wit'out th' hand av woman this same flat can nivir be made fit fer daicnt Christians to live in agin. I'll be sphakin' to McShane to see would his cousin be marriage come and clane up a bit agin your mother gets back. 'Tis nothin' we can do be ourselves."

"An' will ye be goin' wit'out anny supper?" inquired Dennis younger.

"I'll maybe be missin' McShane if I don't shart," Mr. Ryan, senior, replied. "I'll get a shmall bit av bread an' cheese from off av the free lunch."

Dennis, junior, grinned cheerfully as his parent hurriedly departed. He performed a hasty toilet and ten minutes later, with his face as shiny as a mirror and his red hair plastered down close on his head, he bounded up the steps leading to the flat above.

A pretty girl, with jet-black hair and dark brown eyes that appeared to reflect the twinkle which shone out

from the boy's blue Irish optics, opened the door.

"Ah, eet is M'sieur Dennis!" she exclaimed. "M'sieur Dennis, *le pere*, is then gone away?"

"He has thot!" Dennis admitted. "Sure he's gone to subsist fer wan whole evenin' on free loonch an' beer, wit' more beer than loonch I'm thinkin', an' he's laving' his only child behint him to starve to death."

"You have not yet dine, my Ireesh frien'? No? Ah, eet is too bad!" exclaimed the girl. "My father, he is out; my sister, they is out also. They have all depart for to see the movie peecture. Therefore eet is not possible for me to invite you for to enter in. Eet is not proper for me to do so. Me, I'm ver' sorry!"

"Sure, thin, I could maybe sthand here and talk wit' you fer a little bit," pleaded Dennis. "'Twouldn't be at all unproper jus' standin' at the door. 'Tis too bad ye can't ask me in, an' I was hopin' to hear ye play on the pianner."

"Poor man! Eet is too bad," sympathized the girl. "P'raps maybe you are ver' hongry? Yes?"

"'Tis hungry I've been all the day," the boy admitted quickly. "Hungry fer a soight av ye! If the ould man hadn't gone I was comin' up annyways."

"The m'sieur, *le pere*, is not like us moch because we are not Irlandais, is eet not? Ah, if he has become aware you have sometime come up here, he would be ver' angry, I t'ink maybe. He is ver' *fauche* to-night already because me I have sing 'Alouette'."

Dennis, junior, grinned. "The ould man'll have ta get used to thim Frinch tunes," he remarked, "fer ye'll be playin' thim in our flat some day, won't ye, Rosie darlint?"

The door, which had been gradually swinging wider, was quickly closed again until only a small section of Rosie's face was visible.

"Ireesh!" she exclaimed through the narrow crack. "Me, I t'ink you have maybe geeve to me som'—what

you call eet?—som' Ireesh blarnee. Is eet not so, my frien'?"

"'Tis no blarney," Dennis protested. "Tis the truth I'm tellin' ye."

"But, no! You are Ireesh! You are also ver' proud of t'at you are Ireesh! You would not take for your *femme* one Canadienne," said the girl, with mock solemnity.

"What do I care?" exclaimed Dennis. "Frinch or Irish, ye're th' prettiest girrl in th' block. 'Tis little difference ut makes to me. I intind to marry ye, an' the ould man can like ut or not! We'll be married, Rosie, jus' as soon as the ould lady is home agin from me sick aunt an' we clane up th' flat."

"Ah, these Ireesh! They are always too queeck! I do not t'ink, Mr. Dennees Ryan, t'at I have already said t'at I will marry you."

This rebuke had no effect upon Dennis.

"Ah, but ye will, won't you, Rosie?" he pleaded with some eloquence.

The girl gazed down the silent street.

"Eet is ver' qui-eet, is eet not?" she remarked. "Eet is too bad t'at you are hungry. Eet is, p'raps for t'at reason, t'at you t'ink soch fonny t'ings!"

"'Tis far from bein' funny I am," began the boy. "'Tis the rale truth."

"But wait!" the girl interrupted.

"If you will but seet still down there—on the step—you could maybe eat somet'ings outside. You mus' not be starve. Eet is not good for men to be starve."

Dennis's protest was cut short by the perfunctory order:

"Seet down, please—on the step!"

The door slammed, and she was gone.

Five minutes later she tripped down the steps to where the disconsolate and somewhat sulky Dennis was seated, carrying a big plate of sandwiches, a bottle of beer and a glass.

"An' now you maybe eat somet'ings," she announced as she handed over the provisions, "and me, I would

stan' here—so! An' talk wit' you maybe a leetle time."

Dennis placed the plate on the step beside him, opened the bottle and poured himself a drink. In a moment he was munching contentedly at the sandwiches.

"I'm thinkin' ye would take care of a man foine," he remarked, with his mouth very full. "Not since the ould lady wint have I ate such loike av this."

"Ah, eet is too bad t'at your good modder she have to go," said the girl sympathetically. "Eet mus' be with difficultee t'at you have manage."

From where she was standing she could just catch a glimpse of the interior of the Ryan flat. She moved over and peeked into the doorway.

"Holy Modder!" she exclaimed. "You have not wash the deesh!"

"There's not wan clane dish in th' flat," Dennis announced. "Though 'tis little it matters, for divil a thing is there to ate off av thim."

"Ah, poor man, eet is too bad!" said the girl. "T'ose man they cannot do soch t'ings. Eet is for womans to do eet."

"Me, I have t'ink of somet'ings!" she exclaimed after a brief pause. "You would seet still upon dis step. You would watch. If anyones is come, you would whistle. I would clean for you jus' one leetle bit."

She disappeared suddenly through the Ryan doorway. Dennis gazed after her, too astonished almost to eat. He was on the point of following when he bethought him that to do so were treachery. She was trusting him to warn her if danger, in parental form, approached. He sat down and attacked the sandwiches again.

"I must kape watch agin her ould man should come," he muttered to himself, biting off a huge chunk.

Mounting guard is a tiresome occupation, even for a hero. Dennis began to weary of it very soon after the last sandwich had disappeared. He lit a cigarette and waited another ten minutes. There was no sign of the

girl, though an occasional clatter of dishes denoted her presence inside.

"Rosie, oh, Rosie!" he shouted in through the open doorway in a husky whisper.

He heard her scamper down the hallway.

"Eet is someones have come?" she queried breathlessly at the door.

"No, 'tis no wan," he assured her. "But fer what should ye be washin' the dishes av two good-fer-nothin' min? Come on out on the stips, Rosie, an' lave the dishes be dirrty."

"To clean the deesh, for me eet is jus' plea-sure," she replied from the hallway. "But you mus' watch mos' close, please. For someones, maybe p'raps, should come."

She disappeared, and it seemed to Dennis that the only thing for him to do was to carry out instructions.

Only once again did he interrupt her, and that was to plead in the same hoarse whisper, "Rosie, dear, won't you marry me?"

"Eet may be sometimes I would t'ink of eet," came the answer from the kitchen, "but jus' now eet is not possible. I mus' clean the deesh."

Half an hour later she darted past him suddenly and ran lightly up the steps leading to the flat above.

"Eet is more better in t'ere now," she announced from above his head. "Me, I mus' return in. The peeecture they will have feenish, an' my father he will soon return back. You would please go in on your house also, M'sieur Ryan. Eet is more clean in t'ere now."

"Ah, don't go, Rosie," pleaded the boy. "Sure I wanted to hear you play on the pianner."

"I would play now," she replied. "Maybe p'raps you would hear if you would enter in below."

"Rosie," he called again, trying to catch her hand. She eluded him and a second later the door closed behind her, leaving Dennis lonesome but happy.

"'Tis a miracle," he murmured as he entered the Ryan flat. Everything

was in neat and tidy order. The dishes had been washed and stacked upon the shelves of the tiny kitchen cupboard, the floors had been swept and the furniture was properly placed.

The tinkle of the piano came from the flat above. Dennis listened approvingly for a time. Then he took up the old violin from the table where it had been neatly placed, and a moment later was painstakingly endeavouring to carry his end of an impromptu duet through the ceiling.

They had got well into the swing of "Alouette" when Mr. Ryan, senior, appeared.

"Fer the love av Hiven, bhoy!" he shouted, as he swung the door open. "Will ye be playin' Frinch tunes, too?"

Then he gazed solemnly around the room. Slowly he moved out into the hallway on a tour of inspection which led him to the kitchen. Dennis, junior, followed with the air of a good-natured but somewhat bored guide trailing a tourist over familiar ground.

"Holy saints above!" exclaimed the elder Ryan, as he gazed into the kitchen.

"'Tis a good guess ye made, fer 'tis the wurrk av a saint an' she come down from above," the young Dennis explained. "An' she can make san'-witches the loikes ye never tasted, ould as ye arre, an' 'tis her that's goin' to be yer daughter."

"Ye'll be marryin'?" asked the old man. "An' ye never tould us. Phwat's the girrul's name?"

"Whist!" murmured the boy. "Listen, an' ye'll hear her playin' a foine little tune at this minut."

The old man sank into a chair. "Thim Frinch!" he muttered in a dazed sort of way. "Thim dom Frinch!"

✱

Mr. Dennis Ryan, senior, sat with his back to the door of the little Ryan parlour. He held one of his heavy

brogans in his right hand and with it he beat time to a weird, discordant solo which seemed to give him unlimited enjoyment:

*Allerwetter, allerwetter, jontee allerwetter,
Allerwetter jettee plumeree.*

Mrs. Ryan paused in the doorway and gazed at him in astonishment.

"What's the matter, man," she

shouted at length. "Arre ye crazy, or arre ye drunk, or what is ut?"

"Tis glad I am to see ye," said Mr. Ryan joyfully. "Sure I was singin'."

"An' what kind av singin' do ye call thot?" demanded Mrs. Ryan.

Mr. Ryan tugged hard at the other boot.

"Tis a little bit av a Frinch tune that yer fuchure daughter-in-law plays foine upon th' pianner," he explained.

BY THE FIRE

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

THE gray wind calls in the dark to-night,
At my window it beats and peers;
It cries as if this year to-night
Were the last of all the years.

The leaves are driven in packs to-night;
They rustle and huddle and go
Down the dim streets about the town,
While the pipes of the gray wind blow.

And the gray wind's spirit is mine, I know;
Together we roam to-night,
The gray wind abroad in the leaves and trees,
And I in the red firelight.

THE CHICKEN OATH

By Rene Norcross

BOB FORSYTHE told me this story as we sat smoking our after-dinner cigarettes on the verandah of his house overlooking English Bay, and as Bob never had imagination enough to add frills to anything, I knew that what he now said was true. Also it was in the papers at the time, though not the real inwardness of it.

A chance comment of mine on the wonderful smartness and adaptability of his celestial butler (I was new to the coast) brought Bob out of a short, smoke-filled silence.

"They are a very efficient people within certain limits," he said thoughtfully; "and a very puzzling people to the Anglo-Saxon mind. A rum crowd, very rum crowd. Used to think I knew them pretty well, as white men go, but I was mixed up in a case about four years ago—yes, four years last April—that was a bit of a revelation to me."

"Tell me," I said, putting my feet up on the low rail of the verandah and settling myself comfortably to listen.

"Sure you wouldn't rather have a game of billiards?"

"Quite. Fire ahead."

"All right, blame yourself if you are bored." The victim in the affair was an old Chinaman named Hop Yen, who lived in a little shack a mile or so outside of Steveston. Raised vegetables and peddled them round

the town. Did so well at it that after awhile he hired another man to do the peddling, a chap named Mah Foo, of the coolie grade, of course, just out from China.

"Well, about fourth months after this Mah Foo had gone on the vegetable round, on Saturday—the fifth of April, to be exact—the chief of police here was notified over the telephone that a dead Chinaman had been found under very suspicious circumstances in a shack out on the Steveston road. It proved to be Hop Yen, and it was Mah Foo who had found the body and was the chief witness at the inquest, which was held the next day."

Forsythe paused long enough to light a fresh cigarette.

"Mah Foo knew practically no English, so his evidence was taken through Quong Lee, the provincial interpreter. I wasn't at the inquest. Didn't come into the case until the preliminary inquiry the next day; but I heard all about it. Great chap, Quong Lee—a Cantonese, and as clever as they make 'em. Wore tweeds and cropped his hair and spoke colloquial English even to the slang. He only interpreted in capital cases, and in the five years he'd held the berth up to then he'd been the means of hanging several of his fellow-countrymen, and as a consequence he never ate or slept in the same place twice running—for all his Americanized outside he was

Chinaman enough to size up his risks too well for that. But he had the satisfaction of knowing that every judge and magistrate in the Province had absolute confidence in his integrity.

"Well, to get back to Mah Foo. His evidence amounted to this: He had come back from his usual afternoon round with the vegetables a little earlier than usual, and on reaching a turn in the road about three hundred yards to the east—that is to the Steveston side—of Hop's place, he met two Japanese, running. When they saw him they immediately slowed to a walk, and so passed him, going towards Steveston.

"Mah Foo knew them both by sight as men who had been employed for about a month at ditching on a ranch two miles west of Hop's shack. About three weeks before they had come to Hop Yen, just after dusk, and asked him for some vegetables, but as they refused to pay, Hop refused the stuff, and they had gone away to the road and from there stoned the shack, breaking the only window. Mah Foo was positive that they were the same two men he had met. When he arrived at the cabin he set down his baskets and yoke at the back door, as usual, and went into the shack expecting to find Hop Yen at his supper.

"It was then about seven in the evening. Not finding him in the back room, he went into the other, and there saw the poor old chap crumpled up behind the door, with the side of his head simply bashed in. He was very much frightened, and immediately ran out from the cabin and down the road westward to where he knew another Chinaman named Yuen Ling was clearing some land on contract. The spot where he was working was only three or four hundred yards from Hop's place and in plain sight of it. He was still working."

"At that time—past seven at night?" I interrupted.

"Certainly. He was working on

contract, you see; catch a Chinaman quitting contract work before he positively has to. Well, when Mah Foo told him what had happened he ran back to the cabin with him, and on the way told him that two Japanese had passed along the road a little while before and gone through Hop Yen's gate and round to the back door, and a few minutes after they had run out again and down the road.

"Yuen Ling had been in British Columbia about ten years and knew enough to make for the nearest house with telephone wires going into it, and that was how the police came to be notified so quickly. He was a young fellow, quick and alert, and knew enough English to tell his tale for himself. He confirmed everything Mah Foo had said, but stated that he had never seen the Japs before and was not sure that he would know them again, as they had passed at some distance. Added what Mah Foo had not mentioned, that they both had packs on their shoulders. Asked if he thought the Japs could have seen him, said no, as he was far back from the road and screened by a bunch of young alders, and as he was resting at the time they passed they had not heard him either. That was all of his evidence, but it was enough to start the police after the two Japs, armed with a description from their late employer, and they landed them that same night—in a rooming-house in the Japanese quarter here in Vancouver. They came up for the preliminary hearing before the stipendiary magistrate, next morning, and I was put on to defend them."

Forsythe paused and meditatively flicked the ash from his cigarette.

"Talk about hard-looking cases," he said after a moment; "those two held it over anything I'd ever seen before. One, Tamura, was a hulking, brutal looking chap who had two D. & D. convictions against him already, and the other, Inumara, was a fishy-eyed beggar you wouldn't trust as far as

you could throw him, and the circumstances were nearly as black against them as their looks. I'd had a faint hope of establishing an alibi, but when I interviewed them before they were called up I found that wouldn't work out. They admitted, and in any case the police could prove, that they had been paid off by the rancher at noon on the fifth of April, had spent most of the afternoon packing their kits—they had camped by their work—and had finally started for Steveston at about six o'clock, which would bring them to Hop Yen's place about the time stated in Mah Foo's and Yuen Ling's evidence. There was no other road by which they could reach Steveston to take the interurban car to Vancouver. Up to Hop Yen's place the stories agreed, but there they differed. The Japs strenuously denied having gone into the shack at all, either that day or on any previous day; denied having ever tried to get vegetables off him or having had any dealings or any unpleasantness with him at all, and declared that the first knowledge they had of any harm having befallen him was when they were charged with his murder. That was all they had to say, and curiously enough, hard bitten cases though they were, I had a sort of a hunch that they were telling the truth. I couldn't for the life of me imagine who had killed Hop Yen, but I felt sure the two Japs hadn't; but I couldn't quite see myself inoculating a level-headed magistrate with my beautiful belief unsupported with any proofs, and I felt pretty blue when my clients lined up in court that morning. There was the usual crowd of white loafers present, and a lot of Orientals—mostly Chinese—at the back, and a howling swell in full native get-up, sitting on the front seat in solitary state. I wondered why he'd been allowed above the salt, until the chief of police whispered to me that he'd introduced himself as a nephew of old Hop's and had asked to be put forward so he could see what went on.

He was a big fellow, piggishly fat, with cruel, little, glinting eyes, and a sweet look he gave the Japs when he sighted them.

"Brenthell read the charge, and the two prisoners were sworn British fashion—they both spoke and understood English very well—and pleaded not guilty; and then Brenthell produced his witnesses, whom he had kept locked up since the inquest—oh yes, they have to do that with Chinese witnesses; they're a casual crowd and apt to disappear just when they are most wanted.

"Yuen Ling was called first and sworn on the paper oath, which means that he wrote his name on a slip of paper which was then lighted, and while he held it until it burned up to his fingers he repeated after Quong Lee in Chinese a formula expressing the hope that he might burn everlastingly if he did not tell the truth. Then he gave his evidence exactly as he had given it the day before, and when I came to cross-examine him I could not confuse him or get him to contradict himself at all; he was certain the Japs he had seen had entered Hop Yen's garden; thought that the prisoners looked like the same men, but could not be sure, as he had not had a good view of their faces that evening; thought that it was about half an hour after they had passed him that Mah Foo came running with the news that Hop Yen was killed.

"I asked if he did not think it possible, since the back door of the shack was out of his line of vision, that some one other than the two Japs might have got into the garden and into the cabin from the rear without his seeing them. He agreed they easily might have done so without his seeing them, but did not think anyone would try it, as the ground behind the garden was very swampy and thickly covered with wild rose-bushes, and the fence itself was of eight-foot pointed palings with wire netting on top, the ground having originally been a chicken run; all in the same bland,

impersonal way, without a trace of regret for or malice toward the Japs, which really made his testimony twice as damning. If he had shown any personal animus, and still more, if he had been ready to declare that the prisoners were identical with the Japs he had seen entering Hop Yen's place, which was what I had half expected him to do from excitement and a desire to enhance his own importance, I might have worked up some theory of a private grudge, but as it was he stepped down with all the honours of the encounter, and the fat chap in front, Sim Kee, grinned at my unhappy Japs like a dog at a chicken bone.

"Mah Foo came next, an awful scare-crow in his old blue jumper and overalls; it was a slower business with him, as Quong Lee had to interpret every question and answer, but his evidence was even more damaging than Yuen Ling's. He had no doubt at all about the identity of the prisoners with the Japs he had met running away from Hop's place, and he swore again to the row over the vegetables; I could no more shake him than I could Yuen Ling, and I began to see pretty plainly that my luckless clients were booked to be committed for trial the way things were shaping, and were likely to escape hanging only for lack of sufficient evidence to convict on, if they escaped at all; and at last, more to gain time really than because I really expected to elicit any more facts, I turned to Magistrate Marsden and said that I was not satisfied that all the truth had been told, and requested that the chicken oath should be administered to the two Chinese witnesses.

"Now, the chicken oath, my boy," said Forsythe, raising an impressive forefinger, "is the most binding oath the Chinese have that we know of. To those Chinamen who regard it at all it is absolutely sacred, and I suppose that is the reason we whites meddle with it as little as possible, as we usually find that the paper oath and

the perspicacity of the police suffice to bring the truth to light. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that it has very seldom been administered in this Province, and either the magistrate thought the evidence satisfactory enough or believed I was just marking time, for he began to demur, when up gets old Brenthell and says as coolly as you please that he quite agreed with me that the facts had not been got at and was going to suggest the chicken oath himself if I had not done so. By Jove, to say he took everybody's breath away is putting it mildly. You see, he was to all intents and purposes in the position of prosecuting the Japs, and the Chinese were his witnesses. A regular gasp went through the Orientals at the back, and Marsden suddenly sat up and—"supposed the Chief of Police had a reason for his belief".

"Brenthell indulged in the nearest approach to a wink with the eye nearest me that he could venture; he certainly enjoyed the little sensation he had prepared for the court; he had the cheek to tell me afterwards that he'd purposely kept his guns masked to see what kind of a mess I'd make of the thing. As a matter of fact it was one of my first cases and the old chap was too good-natured to cheat me of any practice by springing his mine earlier.

"Well, he told a very attentive court that his suspicions had been first aroused by the readiness of the two Chinamen to give evidence, and it's a fact that as a rule a Chinaman is about as chatty as an oyster in any matter the police are mixed up with; so he gave orders to have them locked up separately, just on spec. but—and there he really did wink—as they were merely witnesses he wanted to make the confinement as pleasant as possible, especially to such an intelligent fellow as Yuen Ling, so he had him supplied with a copy of their own newspaper that they get out down in Chinatown.

"Before three hours had passed mas-

ter Yuen developed great uneasiness, and asked to be allowed to speak to Mah Foo—something about vegetables, he said—and the warden, who had his instructions, explained that the chief had left no orders that the two might see each other; but what was the matter with Yuen writing down his message on a slip of paper, and the warden would see that it got to Mah Foo? And Yuen walked straight into the trap, tore a strip off the edge of the newspaper as naturally as you or I would use the back of an old envelope, borrowed a pencil off the obliging cop, wrote his note and handed it over. Brenthell produced it from his pocket-book in a silence you could feel all down your back, and handed it to Quong Lee, just a narrow, curling, six-inch slip of paper with half a dozen Chinese characters on it, one below the other, and Quong Lee, who had already seen it once, read it out at a sign from the magistrate—four words, in English:

“Stick to your story.”

“That was all. Beautifully simple, wasn’t it? A year’s rhetoric from me would not have removed the dangling rope from over the Japs’ heads as that little message about vegetables—merely about vegetables—did.

“There was a jabber at the back like a shingle-mill in full blast, and in the middle of it I bethought myself to look at the author of that interesting note. Marsden had remembered him a second earlier, for a big bobby was just taking him gently by the arm, and Yuen brought his eyes reluctantly away from the door and stayed put, his teeth showing like a snarling dog’s and his knees shaking under him.

“Let the chicken oath be administered to Mah Foo,” said his worship briskly.

“Mah Foo was still standing patiently in the witness box, where I had left him. The note had never reached his hands, and not knowing any English, the significance of what had

passed was entirely lost on him, but when a policeman went out at a word from Brenthell and returned in a minute with a large, live, black rooster, a hatchet, and a small block of stove-wood, which he placed on an old newspaper on the floor, Mah Foo’s eyes seemed to suddenly wake up, and when Quong Lee ordered him to come forward he stood and looked at him for a moment as if he were going to balk. But Quong Lee repeated the order with a threat in his tone, and the old fellow shuffled down in a dazed sort of way, took the legs of the rooster, which was already in position across the block, in one hand, and the hatchet in the other, and slowly repeating the words of the oath after Quong Lee, struck off the chicken’s head at one blow, and went back into the witness-box without waiting to be told, while a policeman cleared up the mess.

“Tell the witness to tell all he knows of the murder of Hop Yen, and the truth this time,” said Marsden, and in a dead silence Quong Lee put a question, but Mah Foo did not answer. He stood humped together, his yellow, bony hands gripping the ledge before him, his eyes staring straight in front, and on his face a look of the most abject terror and suffering you ever imagined in your worst nightmare.

“Quong Lee stared at him—we were all staring at him—and started to repeat his question sharply, when Mah Foo spoke almost under his breath, and Quong Lee’s jaw dropped.

“What did he say?” Marsden demanded like a flash.

“Quong Lee looked round at him in a half-dazed way. All his usual coolness had deserted him. Never saw the fellow so knocked out of time before or since.

“He said, ‘I feel as if I were being sawn in two,’ he answered, and even we whites knew we’d got a literal translation that time.

I think Marsden’s eyes and mine must have jumped simultaneously in

the direction in which Mah Foo was staring so weirdly, and, by Heaven, there was that fat scoundrel Sim Kee leaning forward, his hands clenched on his knees, his ugly jaw set like a vise, and his wicked eyes boring into that luckless coolie like a gimlet into cedar! Sawn in two, indeed! With his unbreakable oath on one side and these eyes daring him to tell the truth on the other! The poor devil couldn't have chosen a better simile.

Marsden's fingers snapped like a whip-lash.

"Here, you," he said to the tyhee, and, Lord, but his voice was grim! "Take your eyes off the witness. Officer, remove that man to the rear of the court where he cannot see the witness, and don't let him escape. Quong Lee, kindly repeat your question."

"And then the diabolical little plot fell to pieces like a card house. It took Mah Foo just about three minutes to flatly contradict every word he and Yuen Ling had said about the Japs.

"The murder had been part and parcel of one of the tong wars that crop up in Chinatown every now and then, and the story putting the blame on the two Japanese was a deliberate frame-up between Sim Kee, who was no more a nephew of old Hop's than I was, and Yuen Ling, both high-binders. Poor old Hop was slated to be made away with and Yuen took the land-clearing job in the vicinity as an easy way of studying out the problem, and made use of the perfectly innocent movements of the Japs to screen himself and his accomplices from suspicion. At least that was how we figured it out, for they had not taken Mah Foo very deeply into their confidence. He had been met at the turn of the road all right, but it was by Sim Kee and Yuen Ling, who had coolly told him that Hop Yen was dead, and given him his choice between learning the tale they

were ready to tell him, off by heart, and sticking to it, or figuring as the murderer himself with an innocent and horrified Yuen Ling to inform against him.

"So it was not Inumara and Tamura, after all, who were committed for trial at the next assizes, but Sim Kee and Yuen Ling. I am glad to say they were convicted and comfortably hanged about three weeks afterwards.

"But what provoked my admiration in spite of myself was the amount and quality of the brains those two artful devils put into the thing. They had every inch of the ground covered, every contingency foreseen, except one—it had never occurred to them that the witnesses would be separated. They hadn't prepared Mah Foo for that, and Yuen Ling immediately jumped to the conclusion that the solitary confinement would give him cold feet. You see, there was a chance that Sim Kee would not secure such a seat as would enable him to hold the poor old chap with the threat of his eyes; so he risked the note to buck him up. But for that the chances are they would have got away with the whole thing."

"And what became of Mah Foo?" I asked.

"That," said Forsythe, tapping a fresh cigarette on his palm, "is a question that the remaining members of the tong of which Sim Kee and Yuen Ling were such shining ornaments can answer better than anyone else."

"You mean?"

"I mean that some of them would make Mah Foo their particular care after his evidence that day. Not a doubt of it in my mind, and, what is more, there would not be a doubt of it in Mah Foo's while he was giving that same evidence. As I said before, they're a rum crowd, a very rum crowd. I vote we go in and have that game of billiards."

THE LOST STATE

By Ernest Green

A FORGOTTEN INCIDENT OF THE WAR IN CANADA A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

THERE was once a State in Upper Canada of which we know not even the name. Its form of government, its population, and even its exact location are forgotten. It came into being in October, 1813, and passed away in December of the same year. It was in the Niagara district, near the Niagara river, and its founder was James Martin Cawdell. That is the sum of our information regarding one of the most picturesque enterprises in the history of Canada.

May, of the second year of the war of 1812-14, saw Niagara town and the whole peninsula fall to the enemy; June saw the invaders discomfited at Stoney Creek and Beaver Dam, while the later Summer and early Autumn saw them wonderfully blockaded in Fort George by an inferior body of British and Canadian troops. But September and October brought news of disasters on Lake Erie and beside the Thames; and Vincent, forced to abandon his blockade and fall back in haste to the head of the lake, found himself, with the remnants of his own and Procter's divisions, huddled in the Burlington entrenchments and in daily expectation of attacks from both east and west. The rich but war-worn peninsula was again

abandoned, and its Loyalist population, left unprotected against the horrors of irregular partisanship, was excited by ancient feud and recent conflict into a savage frenzy. That was the darkest hour in all the history of Upper Canada!

Then up rose James Martin Cawdell, late ensign in the 100th Regiment, whose chief claim on the attention of commanders-in-chief, since he had purchased his commission in 1810, had been in connection with applications for leave to "sell out" and "re-sign" each duly granted but later revoked because not acted upon. In what capacity Cawdell happened to be in the Niagara region, at this time, I have not discovered. He springs from obscurity into a picturesque and fleeting prominence through the writing of a letter to Noah Freer, military secretary to Sir George Prevost. This letter, preserved in the Archives, sums up all we know of a most remarkable enterprise. It is dated at Stoney Creek, 26th October, 1813, and reads as follows:

Sir,—I beg leave to acquaint you for the information of his Excellency the Governor-General that, having taken a step of an extraordinary nature, I think it my duty to make my design known to his

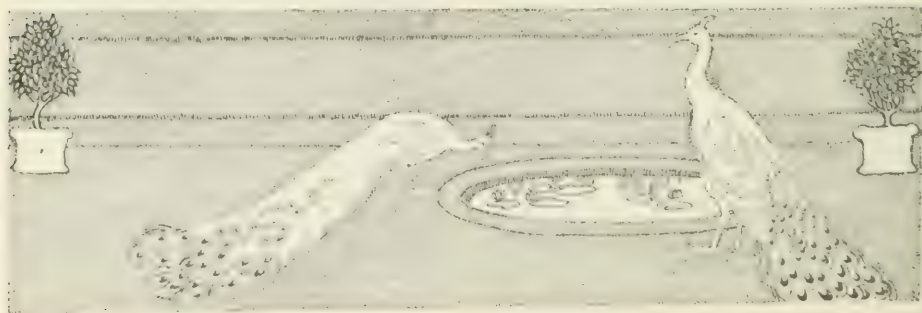
Excellency. The country between Stoney Creek and Fort George, being abandoned to the enemy, I have presumed (induced by personal ambition and a desire to be of service to my country) to select a township in the neighbourhood of Fort George, and erect it into an independent district pro tempore, and declare it in a state of neutrality, in this manner to prevent the marauding of the enemy, and to organize it, so that when our army advances in the spring I shall be able to join it with two or three hundred men. When that happens, the nominal and temporary independence will, of course, cease. Should it happen (which heaven forbid) that that part of the country is to be totally abandoned to the enemy, I hope to continue its independence, and, forming an English party, make the possession of the country never cease to be a thorn to the Government of the States. By this means I am confident I can be of more service to myself and country than if I remained a humble subaltern without a name and without distinction.

Cawdell's scheme calls up a curious mental picture. Imagine this British officer gathering about him a band of sturdy, implacable Lincoln militiamen of the old United Empire Loyalist stock from the ravaged hamlets and farms of the district, retiring into some naturally strong position, such as the Short Hills, and there resisting with the desperation of a forlorn hope the whole might of the United States army! For we cannot suppose that his attitude of "neutrality" would have been accepted for one minute by the invaders. It would have been a foolish and futile struggle, yet what a story for Canadian

history! What "township" did Cawdell select? How many men joined him? How long could they have held out? Would they have surrendered with honours or died to the last man? Events furnish no answers to such questions as these.

What reply, if any, Cawdell received from the Governor-General I have not discovered. Fortunately for Cawdell and for Canada the tide of war turned just then. The menace of Harrison's army faded, and Vincent's little force, issuing from its trenches, drove the execrated McClure from Canadian soil, and from the blackened ruins of the First Capital sped their errands of vengeance beyond the Niagara. So Cawdell's enterprise came to an end and but for his letter to Freer would now be utterly forgotten.

What became of this man of strange inspiration, rare enterprise and outstanding loyalty I do not know. He remained, it seems, "a humble subaltern, without name and without distinction". He appears to have been engaged in some military capacity at a later date, possibly in connection with the 10th Royal Veteran Battalion. There is mention of his having commanded on the Holland river in January, 1815, when that was the route from York to the naval base at Penetanguishene. Further than this I have found no mention of this evidently peculiar character of the war a hundred years ago.



A BOY'S ADVENTURE WITH QUEEN VICTORIA

By Richard Dobson

I AM going to tell you, the boys and girls especially, about my wonderful ride with Queen Victoria in the highlands of Scotland a good many years ago. It came about as follows:

In 1853 I contracted a disease, or something of the sort, that is styled in common parlance the wanderlust.

Of course, I was only a boy, but the opportunity for pacifying the disease came to hand, and so, full of the desire for adventure and travel, I started from my home in South Lancashire, England, to see the sights, lights and sidelights of this world.

The wild and rugged moors of old Scotland exercised a charm over me in particular. So I set out afoot to satisfy that natural curiosity, which is more or less implanted in the nature of every boy.

I had become for a boy of thirteen years of age quite proficient as a player on the flute. So with this musical instrument tucked away in my jacket pocket I started out to attain the object of my ambition. I needn't tell you that sometimes I went hungry, tired, fatigued and footsore. But undiscouraged I went on staying at the little villages over night. About sundown I would go to the village inn and commence to play on my

flute some of those sweet Lancashire airs that I had learned, and it took me no time to get quite a crowd of boys and girls and men and women also.

After playing a few tunes, I usually succeeded in capturing the sympathy of the curious and simple hearted villagers and quite a smart amount of change would sometimes be handed over to me, ending usually with the kind-hearted landlady of the inn taking me in to supper and giving me a nice clean bed to lie down on during the night. In this way I journeyed through Lancashire and the lake country of Westmoreland and Cumberland.

I visited the place where Wordsworth the great English poet lived and died, and continued my journey into the lowlands of Scotland. It was a journey replete with the most exquisite pleasure, I think, that any boy of my age ever experienced.

I had read enough of Scottish history to be familiar with some of the historic incidents and scenes of Scottish chivalry and daring that had been the wonder of the world.

In my journey I passed through and visited such places as the Castle of Kildrummie, where Robert Bruce,

King of Scotland, left his Queen wife while he fled to the wild Isle of Rathlin (called Rathleen) off the north coast of Ireland, to escape from the English army that was pursuing him. Also the old town of Ayr and the country round about where Bobby Burns lived and died.

I also visited Lochleven Castle and Bothwell Castle and the beautiful Loch Lomond. I travelled over the bloody field of Bannockburn, and the old Castle once occupied by Macbeth, famous in history as being the place where he had lured good, old King Duncan to visit him. Macbeth had gained the favour of the old King, because of his great battle and victory over the Norwegians and Danes, at which time he drove them from Scotland.

It was late in the summer of 1853, one of those ideal days that are rare indeed in the British Isles. I had been journeying along the road that ran parallel with the river Dee, in Scotland. Well, I was journeying along the bank of this river Dee when there came into full view the famous Balmoral Castle.

It lies at the base of a lofty crag, and its great tower topped with a pinnacle rising at least twenty feet above the tower, came into full view, being quite an imposing sight. I was attracted toward it, not knowing at the time that it was the far-famed Castle of Balmoral.

As I jogged along the moor road, a pony team rattled up along side of me driven by a rugged looking Scotsman. There was a lady, a boy and two girls besides the driver. The lady was plump, short and not handsome, but ordinarily good-looking. She might have been taken for a country merchant's wife, or the help-mate of a well-to-do crofter.

One of the girls was of my own age, the boy a year younger, and the other girl younger still. I had walked that morning about twenty-four miles, or half-way from Aberdeen, starting about five o'clock a.m., and

I suppose I looked wistfully at the rig as it came along.

The old Scotsman, the driver, looked straight ahead, but the lady looked toward me with a kindly eye, and I took hold of the neck of my cap and raised it, bowing graciously at the same time.

"My little man," said the lady in a sweet musical voice, "you look quite tired; John, stop and let the lad get in, he looks tired."

John stopped the Scotch ponies, and I climbed in alongside of the boy, and as I sat down the end of my flute stuck out of my jacket pocket.

"Oh, see," said the boy to his elder sister, "he has got a flute in his pocket."

"Oh, yes," said the pretty girl, "I see."

"Do you play on the flute?" she said, addressing me in such a sweet, winning way and manner. I said that I did sometimes. Then the two girls said, "Do play for us," and the boy said, "Yes, we would like to hear you; we are very fond of the flute."

The kindly, motherly-looking lady said, "My children, the little man is too tired, wait until he gets rested." But I answered the kind lady, saying that I was getting rested and could easily play as we rode along. Without further urging I commenced to play some of my sweetest Lancashire tunes, and they all listened with astonishment, even the hard-visaged Scotsman softened down and smiled.

The two girls clapped their hands with glee. Said the lady, "May I ask where your home is?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "I live in South Lancashire, not very far from Manchester."

"Indeed," and the fine motherly-looking lady looked astonished. "And how did you get so far from home?"

Then I told the lady how I had travelled afoot day by day through Lancashire, Westmoreland and Cumberland and the lowlands of Scotland up to that present time and place.

Soon we arrived at the great Castle. I asked if they went farther.

"Oh, no," said the lady, "we live here during the latter part of the summer and early fall."

"What is it called?" I said to the boy.

"This," said he, "is Balmoral Castle."

"And where do you live the other part of the year?"

"Oh," said he, "at Buckingham Palace, London, and Windsor Castle."

I was dumfounded. "Who are you?" I asked.

"They call me the Prince of Wales."

I didn't know what to say.

The Queen looked at me in a kindly way and said, "You didn't know that I was your Queen, did you? Well, when you get home tell your mother that you had a nice ride with the Queen of England."

I said, "Yes, ma'am, shall I get out now?"

"No, no, my little man, you must go with us into the Castle and lunch with us and rest yourself, and then, if you will, you can play a little more for us on your flute."

The sweet musical ringing voice of the Queen of England seems to be now ringing in my ears, as I relate this story never before told, as she said the above that I have just stated, by her Castle at Balmoral.

So, I, a poor Lancashire lad, entered Balmoral Castle with the Queen of England, the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII., as well as the Princesses Victoria and Alice, all of whom have become since that time prominent as great world characters.

Well, it seems like a dream to-day. Yet it was a reality. After a refreshing bath, I was ushered, or shown, into the great banquet hall and sat down to a great feast of good things. It, perhaps, would be vanity to enumerate or describe the menu.

After lunch, or dinner as I called it, the Queen said to me, "Now, my

little man, you must write your mother a letter and tell her where you are and then I will add just a line or two, if you will permit me." I bowed assent and soon had my letter written to mother and father, sister and two brothers.

It was not a very long letter. Then I said to the Queen, "Queen Victoria of England, will you please read my letter now? The Queen read, I think, my first letter ever written away from home, and she said it was nicely written. Then the Queen taking the pen in hand wrote postscript as follows: "Your little son is all right and safe here with the Queen of England and her children. He will spend a few days with us here at Balmoral Castle and then I will see that he is started for home."

I stayed at Balmoral Castle for ten days. Those ten days were replete with the greatest amount of pleasure I think that any boy ever experienced. It was rich and rare.

We romped and roamed and rode together over those Scottish moors and through the dells and dales of Aberdeen to our hearts' content. Many things, very many things, of my early boyhood days I have forgotten, but the happy ten days at Balmoral Castle I think always will be remembered.

It was a happy family, and I seemed for the time being one of them. I entertained with my flute the royal family every day. At the end of the ten days, when I was ready to depart for my Lancashire home, the Queen of England got me a through ticket for my native Lancashire village and handed me at the same time a brand new leather purse with ten bright English sovereigns inside, and patting me on the head, said, "My little man, spend that money in helping to make you a good musician, and perhaps some day we will meet again. Be a good boy and God bless you".

Some years after, seven or eight, I think, I was in London, a member of

the famous "Julian Band" and visited Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace. She (the Queen) did not recognize me, or call me to mind until I produced a well-worn leather purse, which I said that my Queen had given me when a boy at Balmoral Castle.

Then she smiled sweetly and said. "Ah, I remember now, now I remember you. You are the little Lancashire lad who had wandered away far from home, and who stayed with us at Balmoral, and who delighted us so much with his playing on the flute. Have you got your flute yet? And may I ask what's brought you here to London?"

Queen Victoria, I said, I have the same flute which I had when a boy and when I was your much delighted guest at Balmoral Castle. I have made, I think, good use of those bright sovereigns that you gave me, when I started for home. I have studied music, and I am now booked with Julian to make the tour of Europe in his famous band.

"Well, well," said Queen Victoria, "I am so glad that you have made such good use of your opportunities. I shall be glad to help you. Wait, I will give you a letter to the Emperor of Germany and one to the Emperor Alexander the II. of Russia. You may have the opportunity to present them and they will help you, I'm sure, in many ways. And now my little man—Oh, but you are a man now"—and she laughed in the old ringing way. "Though," said the Queen, "you are yet little in stature, but come," she said, "You must lunch with us," and I was ushered into the private reception room.

And it so happened that the Prince of Wales was there then, and the Princesses Victoria and Alice. The younger one was not yet married. The Prince of Wales, and the ladies, daughters of the Queen, couldn't place me until the Queen asked them if they didn't remember the Lancashire

lad who had played for them on the flute at Balmoral Castle ever so many years ago?

The old smile played over their features as the incidents one by one came to their memory. I was introduced to Prince Albert, Consort to the Queen, and it was but a few months after this incident that he was called suddenly away from earth.

Of course there was more of formality at Buckingham Palace on that occasion than I had witnessed at Balmoral. Still, I was not confused, neither did I feel ill at ease, as the saying is, but I think I made a favourable impression, for I was given a general invitation to stay at Buckingham Palace while in London.

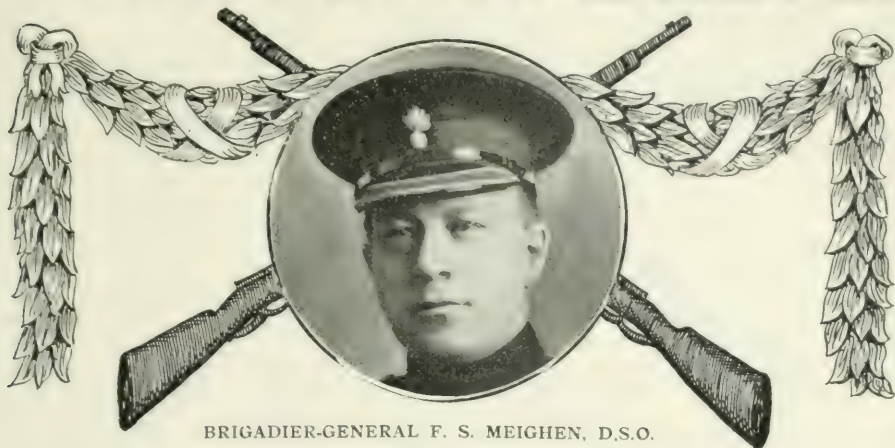
I had attained much more skill as a musician than when a lad at Balmoral, and the Royal family were much pleased with my performance on the flute. However, I stayed at Buckingham Palace until my departure from London as a member of the Julian Band.

The Queen gave me her blessing and wished me God speed, and as I was leaving, she handed me a sealed letter, which she said I must not open until well abroad, which injunction I obeyed. When I opened the sealed letter at Antwerp, what do you think I found therein?—five ten-pound Bank of England notes!

The Queen said that she was sure the letters of introduction would help me in many ways, and sure enough they did, especially the one to the Emperor of Russia, Alexander II. He was so pleased with my skill on the flute that he equipped me with a side arm, with the freedom of St. Petersburg and made me special Musician to the Court at St. Petersburg, with the privilege to go and come at will.

I was there for a period of seven months, and no doubt would have become a permanent citizen but for an untoward event which necessitated my departure, and from that time to this, the present, I have never visited St. Petersburg.

OUR NATIONAL HEROES



BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. S. MEIGHEN, D.S.O.

Whose Battalion (the Fourteenth) faced unflinchingly almost entire annihilation by the Prussian Guards

ONE of the most notable figures to cross the stage of Canada's war drama is Brigadier-General Frank Stephens Meighen. General Meighen, who, by the way, is a cousin of the Honourable Arthur Meighen, Dominion Solicitor General, earned his military reputation and promotion in the army by distinguished conduct in the terrific ordeal of the second battle of Ypres. When the Prussian Guards rolled over Langemarek on their dash to Calais, the Fourteenth Battalion, commanded by General Meighen (he was then a Colonel), met the full force of the enemy's onrush. Gassed, unsupported by artillery and decimated by shell fire, the Fourteenth held on when almost certain annihilation was the price of being brave. For three long days and nights the battalion fought on against overwhelming numbers. Three times surrounded, they as often cut their way through the German lines, and it fell to their lot to make the desperate charge which recaptured the four big guns taken by the enemy when the Canadian division first bent back to conform with the French lines.

Throughout the whole of the fighting in these memorable days Colonel

Meighen remained with his regiment, his example of devotion and self-sacrifice inspiring his men to deeds of the utmost heroism. On the fourth day, when the roll was called, less than one hundred men of the Fourteenth answered "here". More than a thousand had paid the price to "save the day" for the Empire and bar the way to Calais. Colonel Meighen's grand leadership and splendid heroism was rewarded with special recognition from his superior officers and the conferring upon him of the D.S.O. At the request of General Sir Sam Hughes he was later brought back to Canada to confer the benefit of his experience and organizing ability in the training of new Canadian units. A new crack Montreal battalion and efficient organization work at Valcartier are among the results of his work in this connection; and the other day his achievements received recognition by his well-earned promotion to the rank of brigadier-general. In private life Brigadier-General Meighen is a business man of the highest standing. Born in Montreal and educated at McGill, he has lived all his life in Canada and is the very finest example of the Canadian citizen soldier.

OUR NATIONAL HEROES



BRIGADIER-GENERAL WATSON, D.S.O.

A hero of Langemarck and St. Julien

CANADIAN journalism has the distinction of having given two of the finest soldiers in the Canadian army to the Empire's cause. Brigadier-General Morrison, commander of artillery in the First Division, was formerly an editor of *The Ottawa Citizen*. Brigadier-General David Watson, than whom there is no finer soldier in the Canadian forces, is proprietor and editor of *The Quebec Chronicle*. Before the war there was hardly a cub reporter in all Canada who had not heard of "Dave" Watson, of Quebec. Since the war there is hardly a Canadian home that has not heard of the name and fame of Colonel David Watson, D.S.O., hero of Langemarck and St. Julien, and lately promoted to the rank of brigadier-general. Recently he returned to the front at the head of the Fourth Canadian Division, to face the foe in Flanders.

Colonel Watson, it is but fair to say, was one of the pets of Sir Sam Hughes. And when everything got confused and troubled in the days of desperate haste at Valcartier, the Minister of Militia was wont to lean upon his old friend "Dave". It was confidence not misplaced. Colonel

Watson went overseas in command of one of the Quebec battalions, went to Flanders with the First Division and was in the thick of the fighting at St. Julien, Langemarck, Givenchy and Festubert.

No commander of any Canadian battalion who went through those awful engagements acquitted himself with greater gallantry than that displayed by Colonel Watson, and his conduct was rewarded by eulogistic mention in despatches and the coveted D.S.O. Upon the reorganization of the Canadian forces following the arrival of the Second Division in Flanders, Colonel Watson was singled out for the command of a brigade. Later, when it was decided to send a third and a fourth division to the front, Brigadier-General Watson was appointed to its command. The other day the cables announced that his division had arrived in Flanders. Though a newspaperman all his life, General Watson always took a keen interest in the militia. Before the war he was major of the 8th Royal Rifles, Quebec. General Watson was born in the City of Quebec forty-seven years ago, and has been a resident there all his life.

OUR NATIONAL HEROES



MAJOR-GENERAL A. W. CURRIE, D.S.O.

Whose Division (the Second) met the full force of the German Impact at Hooge

FROM the ordeal of Langemarck emerged the men who are now the brains and genius of Canada's fighting forces in Flanders. Among these none is greater than Major-General Currie, of Vancouver, commander of the Second Canadian Division. The fine achievements of General Currie are a tribute to the soldierly discernment of General Sir Sam Hughes. At the outbreak of the war General Currie (he was then a colonel in the militia) was not known to a dozen Canadians outside British Columbia. But he had attracted General Hughes, and he had the unique distinction to be the first Canadian officer commissioned to go overseas by the Minister of Militia. The offer was wired to him from Ottawa by General Hughes the day after the outbreak of war and was just as promptly accepted. Colonel Currie happened to be a Liberal in politics, and General Hughes received many reminders of the fact by the type of politician in British Columbia who thought that the war was an adjunct of a certain political party. But the Minister stuck to his choice, and Canada in consequence sent a soldier of the greatest distinction.

The present commander of the Second Division went to the front as head of a Vancouver Highland battalion, fought through Langemarck, St. Julien and other battles, earned a reputation for leadership and courage of the highest order, received highest praise from General Alderson, won the D.S.O., and the command of a brigade. As a brigade commander he proved to be an unqualified success, so much so that his work attracted the attention of the British Headquarters Staff, and when there came a reorganization of the Canadian commands, as a result of the arrival of two new divisions in the field, he was made a major-general and given command of the Second Division. He was in command of this division when it met the full force of the German impact at Hooge, in what has been so aptly described as "that particular hell at Hooge", and his skilful handling of an admittedly critical situation in a position of great difficulty in the bloody Ypres apex won for him the unstinted praise of British military experts. And when those in high places in the British army give praise it can be relied on generally as being well merited.

CURRENT EVENTS

By Lindsay Crawford.

Germany only prolonging her defeat

The past month has witnessed the uninterrupted progress of the Allies in every important sphere of operations. Military experts at Washington have expressed the view that the Allied offensive on the western front cannot be sustained and must lead to a return to the stalemate of previous years. There is no indication so far of this indecisive conclusion to the big drive. The remarkable progress of the Russian armies and the recent collapse of the Austrian defence of Goritz against the attacks of the Italians point rather to the entry upon a new phase of the war, in which Germany is no longer able to take the initiative or to shuffle the cards and transfer troops from the east to the west, or vice versa, as her needs dictate. The day of her superiority in reserves and guns has gone for ever. She may prolong indefinitely the hour of her defeat but must now regard her ultimate collapse as a foregone conclusion. The citizen soldiers of Kitchener's Army have astonished the world by their dash and bravery. With no war experience to their credit, they have established a moral ascendancy over the enemy that augurs well for the success of the final acts in the great drama. The Allies hope, as one important result of the present drive, to secure greater freedom of action,

and restore open fighting in the last stages of the conflict. Although on a minor scale, the use of cavalry in the recent capture of German lines renews the hope that the long period of trench warfare is coming to an end. This does not imply a return to the methods of Napoleonic days, but only a modification of the system that condemns the armies to siege warfare.

A remarkable testimony to the heroism of the British soldiers is found in an article in *La Liberté* of Paris, whose correspondent writing of the fighting at Pozières says:

The assailants hurled themselves upon one another with equal fury. The Germans, whose bellicose ardour had been stimulated by doses of ether, attacked with great resolution, but the brave Tommies, particularly the Australians, covered themselves with glory, resisting the enemy with heroic tenacity. The rifle played no part in that terrible mêlée. Knife, bayonet, Browning revolver, and hand grenade were the only weapons used. The Germans supplemented these by a sort of bludgeon, consisting of a long stick, the end of which was studded with nails—the weapon of an Apache, not of a soldier. I saw a German officer make use of one against one of our wounded, whom he endeavoured to kill off by means of this monstrous contrivance. However, he had not the time, as a revolver shot stretched him out by the side of his intended victim. A German detachment which hoped to find shelter in a ruined house with its machine gun was bayoneted to the last man by the Australians. When they broke into it the officer witnessed a sensational duel be-

tween two officers. A British lieutenant, while charging at the head of his men, was confronted by a Bavarian captain, whom he struck with his sword full in the chest, and at the same time he received from his opponent a bullet in the abdomen. Overcoming his pain, the British officer summoned sufficient strength to strike the Bavarian a second blow with his sword, which this time proved mortal. But the Englishman shortly afterwards died himself.

Here for the first time the official despatches record the doings of the South Africans who fought for several days amid an inferno of shells and machine gun fire in Devils Wood. Their parting words when they went in was: "If the South Africans do not gain their objective, it will only be because there are no South Africans left." Another incident of the opening days was the thrilling charge of the Deccan Horse and Dragoon Guards. An Irish officer who was through the daring ride relates his experiences in a letter home that is of such gripping interest as to deserve publication:

At 6.30 we started our famous ride into the enemy country, every now and then coming under heavy shell fire—shrapnel and high explosive. No one can believe, without seeing, what a state the ground is in; there is not room for a table cloth on any part of the ground there without some part of it touching a shell hole, so you can imagine the regiment galloping over it at full gallop, barbed wire—well cut by shell fire—old trenches, dead bodies, and every sort of débris lying in every direction. Words fail me to describe it. That was for about three miles; then full tilt down a steep bank like the Haggard field, but steeper, into a very famous valley, where the shrapnel got worse, as we were spotted by one of their sausage balloons. This was soon driven down by the fire of our batteries, which just smothered it with shrapnel. Here we went through our infantry, who cheered us madly as we galloped by, all wishing us luck. On we went past the remains of guns and everything—tons of ammunition and abandoned material and dead Huns everywhere; and we passed here an enormous gun they had left behind, so really I suppose it was we that took it. We were under cover here for half a mile, but suddenly, coming out

of the valley, we had to turn sharp to the right up another little valley, and here we came under terrific, but rather inaccurate, machine-gun fire from two directions. I cannot tell you anything about casualties, but it was here my chestnut mare was killed. We went about a mile up this valley, and then got some cover under a bank—by "we" all this time I mean the regiment and our British regiment. Here we stopped for ten minutes, and then we got orders for our squadron to go on as advance guard in a certain direction.

It was now about 7.30 in the evening, and there were twenty-four aeroplanes hovering over us, and one monoplane came down to about 200 feet and fired his machine guns on the Huns just over us—going round and round—the finest sight I have ever seen. Well, we moved out under a heavy fire, and got on about half a mile. During this advance we rounded up eight prisoners, while between us and the British regiment, I suppose, we stuck with sword and lance about forty of them—a glorious sight! Our men were splendid, and didn't want to take any prisoners, but these eight had chucked away their arms, so we couldn't very well do them in. They were simply terrified, and one clung on to my leg and kept calling "Pity! Pity!", his eyes starting out of his head. Poor devil, I pitied him, and we sent him back to the regiment.

You see, our job was to push on as far as we could and hold the line to give "the feet" time to get up. So we did our job all right.

We then rode back—"but not the six hundred."

Are Carson
and
Redmond
no longer
leaders

The collapse of the Irish negotiations recalls Parnell's famous saying that "Asquith will never give Ireland Home Rule". Nationalists maintain that so long as Irish votes were necessary for the carrying out of Liberal advanced legislation Mr. Redmond was courted by Asquith and Lloyd George and promises made that have been broken. What the result may be in Ireland it is difficult to forecast. There is something in the argument that but for the Irish vote Lloyd George would have failed to carry his reforms during the past ten years. The only gleam of hope is the rapprochement between Carson and Redmond. True, neither of the leaders has retained his hold on his fol-

lowers. Carson is bitterly assailed by his friends for deceiving them, while Redmond is accused of abandoning the National platform of Parnell. Lord Hugh Cecil, M.P., one of the clever sons of the late Marquis of Salisbury, writes to *The Times*:

I listened with profound surprise and regret to Sir Edward Carson's speech. It seemed to be altogether inconsistent with itself. He declared that he was still as much opposed to Home Rule as ever, but the whole of the last part of his speech appeared to assume that Home Rule is in the main a healing and tranquillizing measure. What, for example, is the sense of saying that it would not be a bad day for this country, for Ireland, or for the war, if he and Mr. Redmond shook hands on the floor of the House? The sentimental ritual indicated, if it means anything, means a joint assent to the setting up of a Home Rule Parliament, but, if Home Rule be as bad and pernicious as Sir Edward Carson has always said that it was, and as he still professes to think that it is, such an agreement would be a bad day for this country, and for Ireland, and for the war. Sir Edward Carson's speech, eloquent as it was, was essentially incoherent. It was the rhetoric not of reason, but of undisciplinist sentiment. The most salient point which emerged in the debate was the surprising folly of those who had laboured so hard for a settlement.

The way has been paved to a settlement of the Irish problem, and the Unionist no less than the Nationalist knows that the conditions are ripe for a settlement were Irishmen free to take the matter into their own hands. But, as *The London National* observes, it is England that prevents Irish unity by dividing the people.

War has thrown the reins of government once more into the hands of the English bureaucracy. Lord Lansdowne and his irreconcilable friends in the Cabinet have for the moment deprived the Irish nation of the results of the Veto Bill. The insurrection of the Sinn Feiners was due to the widespread belief that Asquith would betray the Irish cause. It could be argued that there is no moral difference between the action

of the Sinn Feiners who were tried by courts-martial and shot and the conduct of the Jameson raiders, for whose lives Britain interceded with Kruger, and not without avail. There is no Irish Nationalist who does not regard the betrayal by Asquith and Lloyd George as a justification for a return to Parnell's policy of making Castle rule in Ireland impossible. It is to be hoped that wiser counsels will prevail and that the Asquith pledge to Ireland will not be recounted in the history of these times as another "scrap of paper".

Those who oppose Home Rule on the ground of the instability of Irish character and the incompetence of the people in administrative affairs will find some difficulty in explaining away the continued stability of Irish stocks despite the rebellion and the abortive negotiations. *The Times* prints the following:

A correspondent, who signs himself "V. K.", writes to us, recommending anyone who is alarmed for the present or future of Southern Ireland to refer to the recent dealings on the Dublin Stock Exchange. Alarm, he says, as to the consequences of Home Rule caused a heavy fall in 1886 and 1893. There is no such alarm, or, at least, no such fall, now. Great Southern and Western Railway 4 p.c. Debenture Stock was recently dealt in at 84¾, showing a yield of £4 14s. 4d. per cent. This is practically the same as the yield on London and North-Western Debenture Stock at the present price. For the first time in history, Irish Railway Stocks stand on as high a level as English, and higher than Scottish. Dublin Corporation 3¼ p.c. Stock was recently dealt in at 98.

Representative Government in Canada

Does representative government exist in Canada? That there is profound dissatisfaction with the tendencies of party government is apparent to all save those who will not see. Canadians sometimes stand in the temple and thank God they are not as those decaying nations of Europe in which governing classes rule the people. It is true the Family Compact is a thing of the past, but it

is equally true that Canada has but substituted one class for another in the control of her national affairs. So long as unrepresentative party caucuses dictate terms to the voters so long is it impossible for Canadians to pretend that all is well with their country. There is no desire on either the Liberal or Conservative side to strengthen the hold of the masses of the people on the machinery of government. On the contrary there is an increasing tendency to regard as factionists all who refuse to yield a blind obedience to self-appointed party leaders.

Social reforms are in the air and are bound to come. These reforms touch the lives of the toilers, of those who are denied a fair distribution of the wealth they help to create. Canada is to be asked to adopt the Lloyd George platform. As a temporary expedient the Lloyd George programme has served its special purpose, but few pretend that it is accepted by labour as the last word in social legislation. Speaking recently to a working man on the subject I was surprised by the warmth with which he criticized what many will regard as a really advanced policy of social reform. I do not pretend to give his exact words, but his attitude may be briefly summed up in the following viewpoint:

<p>A Work- ingman on Social Reform</p>	<p>Men who have waxed-fat at the expense of the workers, he contended, see in the Lloyd George schemes of old-age pensions, etc., an opportunity to side-track their own responsibil-</p>
-----------------------------------------------------------	-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

ities, and to foist upon the taxpayer the heavy burden of maintaining the wounded and outcast soldiers of industry.

All who have studied the Lloyd George legislation, and who are conversant with the conditions in the United Kingdom, know that old-age pensions and other measures of the same beneficent character were put forward as palliatives, designed as a temporary readjustment of the relations between capital and labour in a country where the chasm yawned wide and deep between excessive wealth and debasing poverty. But these measures are regarded by the intelligent worker as a badge of servitude that tends to stereotype, instead of effacing, the class distinctions that obstruct the progress of the common people.

In a country like Canada, where the independence of the individual is jealously asserted, it is open to grave doubt whether such a scheme of social reform will bear intelligent criticism. The conditions in the two countries are totally dissimilar. What Canadians should demand is not the brand of State pauperism, but a fair share in the distribution of the wealth created.

This war has added to the number of Canadian millionaires. Can it be said that the worker is better fitted to face the rising cost of livelihood and to provide against old age? Should this responsibility be transferred from the employer to the State? These are questions that will be eagerly debated when peace returns.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

APRIL AIRS

BY BLISS CARMAN. Toronto: McClelland, Goodechild and Stewart.

THIS little volume of seventy-seven pages, containing seventy-six poems, is still another reason for giving the author not only first place among Canadian poets but also a high place among English lyric poets of his time. Strictly speaking, he is no longer a Canadian poet, although he was born and reared in Canada, for he has become by actual contact and sympathy a New Englander, and this present volume is described on the title page as a book of New England lyrics. But, even at that, this sweet singer has not become entirely alienated from his native land, for we find here and there admissions of clinging memories, as in the last stanza of a delightful poem entitled "Garden Magic":

Soul of undying rapture!
How love's enchantment clings,
With sorcery and fragrance,
About familiar things!

Then again, and more so, in "A Remembrance":

Here in lovely New England
When summer is come, a sea-turn
Flutters a page of remembrance
In the volume of long ago.

Soft is the wind over Grand Pré,
Stirring the heads of the grasses,
Sweet is the breath of the orchards
White with their apple-blow.

There at their infinite business
Of measuring time forever,
Murmuring songs of the sea,
The great tides come and go.

Over the dykes and the uplands
Wander the great cloud shadows,
Strange as the passing of sorrow,
Beautiful, solemn and slow.

For, spreading her old enchantment
Of tender, ineffable wonder,
Summer is there in the Northland!
How should my heart not know?

But we should not pass thus lightly the poem entitled "Garden Magic", for apart from its merits as fine music it reveals a side of the poet's nature that too often is hidden, the personal side, the side that gives on the affections. Likewise in "Garden Shadows", where in the third stanza we read:

When the twilight silvers
Every nodding flower,
And the new moon hallows
The first evening hour,
Is it not her footfall
Down the garden walks,
Where the drowsy bossoms
Slumber on their stalks?

Still, we must come back to "Garden Magic", where

Within my stone-walled garden
(I see her standing now,
Uplifted in the twilight,
With glory on her brow!)

I love to walk at evening
And watch, when winds are low,
The new moon in the hill-tops,
Because she loved it so!

And then entranced I listen,
While flowers and winds confer,
And all their conversation
Is redolent of her.

And then he goes on to say that because of her he loves the trees, the brook, the golden jonquils, the blue-gray iris, the small wild roses, because



BLISS CARMAN

Whose latest book contains poems that are notable for sheer lyric beauty

These were her boon companions.

But more than all the rest

I love the April lilac,

Because she loved it best.

Then follows the last stanza, which we have quoted near the beginning.

The garden wall has a poem all to itself, entitled "The Old Gray Wall", which contains one striking stanza, the last:

Ah, when will ye understand,

Mortals—nor deem it odd—

Who rests on this old gray wall

Lays a hand on the shoulder of God.

James Whitecomb Riley was a poet very different from Bliss Carman, and yet to Riley, on his birthday, we find

Carman paying this tribute, under the title of "Lockerbie Street":

Lockerbie Street is a little street,
Just one block long;

But the days go there with a magical air,
The whole year long.

The sun in his journey across the sky
Slows his car as he passes by;
The sighing wind and the grieving rain
Change their tune and cease to complain;
And the birds have a wonderful call that
seems

Like a sreet-cry out of the land of dreams;
For there the real and the make-believe
meet.

Time does not hurry in Lockerbie Street.

Lockerbie Street is a little street,
Only one block long;
But never a street in all the world,

In story or song,
Is better beloved by old and young;
For there a poet has lived and sung,
Wise as an angel, glad as a bird,
Fearless and fond in every word,
Many a year. And if you would know
The secret of joy and the cure of woe,—
How to be gentle and brave and sweet,—
Ask your way to Lockerbie Street.

We think of portraits as the work
either of the painter or the photo-
grapher, yet one could not wish for a
better visualization than this, which
is entitled simply "A portrait":

Behold her sitting in the sun
This lovely April morn,
As eager with the breath of life
As daffodils new-born!
A priestess of the toiling earth,
Yet kindred to the spheres,
A touch of the eternal spring
Is over all her years.

No fashion frets her dignity,
Untrammelled, debonair;
A fold of lace about her throat
Falls from her whitening hair.
A seraph visiting the earth
Might wear that fearless guise,
The heartening regard of such
All-comprehending eyes.

Ungrudging, without grief, she lives
Each charged, potential hour,
Holding her loftiness of aim
With agelessness of power.
Immortal friendship, great with years!
She shames the faltering.
And heartens every struggling hope,
Like hyacinths in spring.

But of all these beautiful lyrics the
one that stands apart from the others,
the one indeed that in any collection
of poems would have no mean place,
is "The Tent of Noon":

Behold, now, where the pageant of high
June
Halts in the glowing noon!
The trailing shadows rest on plain and
hill;
The bannered hosts are still,
While over forest crown and mountain head
The azure tent is spread.

The song is hushed in every woodland
throat;
Moveless the lilies float;
Even the ancient ever-murmuring sea
Sighs only fitfully;

The cattle drowse in the field-corner's
shade;
Peace on the world is laid.

It is the hour when Nature's caravan,
That bears the pilgrim Man
Across the desert of uncharted time
To his far hope sublime,
Rests in the green oasis of the year,
As if the end drew near.

Ah, traveller, hast thou naught of thanks
or praise
For these fleet halcyon days?—
No courage to uplift thee from despair
Born with the breath of prayer?
Then turn thee to the lilled field once
more!
God stands in his tent door.

Yet when we turn again to "A
Mountain Gateway" we are impelled
to divide the honours between it and
"The Tent of Noon". "A Mountain
Gateway" is blank verse of the high-
est order. It is so metrical that one
scarcely realizes the absence of
rhyme. But, besides, it possesses
those indescribable qualities of which
the last stanza, which we quote, gives
proof:

And in that sweet seclusion I shall hear.
Among the cool-leaved beeches in the dusk,
The calm-voiced thrushes at their twi-
light hymn.
So undistraught, so rapturous, so pure,
They well might be, in wisdom and in joy,
The seraphs singing at the birth of time
The unworn ritual of eternal things.

The book begins with "April", as
seems fitting to the title, but it ends
with "Winter Streams":

Now the little rivers go
Muffled safely under snow.

And the winding meadow streams
Murmur in their wintry dreams,

While a tinkling music wells
Faintly from their icy bells,

Telling how their hearts are bold
Though the very sun be cold.

Ah, but wait until the rain
Comes a-sighing once again,

Sweeping softly from the Sound
Over ridge and meadow ground!

Then the little streams will hear
April calling far and near—

Slip their snowy bands and run
Sparkling in the welcome sun.

THE GREATER TRAGEDY

BY BENJAMIN ARTHUR GOULD. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THE author of this remarkable book, an American living in Canada, here deals mostly with the attitude of the United States towards the war. He attacks the wisdom of the Wilson administration and concludes with these words:

But if before the end of this huge struggle the iron shall enter our souls, if we shall learn to see broadly and sacrifice for the cause of progress, we shall save our national soul and keep our place at the forefront of the powers for good in the evolution of mankind. By worthy war the connected and twisted filaments of our population may be beaten upon the anvil into a homogeneous and mighty whole, and the future of our nation be assured. Nothing can so unite a people as the spirit of service which is quickening the souls of other nations; with us up to this time it has been entirely lacking as a nation, however splendidly it may have manifested itself in individuals. If we are not to be a drag on civilization, we must serve civilization. Think, think, think, my countrymen, and arouse yourselves to compel nobility of action. You have looked in vain to Washington for inspiration; now let your voices swell in such a mighty chorus that Washington must of necessity give ear and obey. So shall you serve your country and your world, and bring to accomplishment the high destiny of our land and the traditions of duty which we have inherited hitherto uncantered and unstained.

*

THE ANZAC BOOK

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED IN GALLI-POLI BY THE MEN OF ANZAC. Toronto: Cassell and Company.

OF the thousands of books written because of the war this one deserves to be called unique. The word "Anzac" has been coined from the initial letters of the words Australian, New Zealand Army Corps. The men of Anzac, so called, certainly distinguished themselves during the dis-

astrous expedition to Gallipoli, but should their fighting be forgotten their memory should be kept green by the merits of this book. The editor writes that practically every word in it was written and every line drawn beneath the shelter of a waterproof sheet or a roof of sandbags—either in the trenches or, at most, well within the range of the oldest Turkish rifle. But it is not on its merits as a curiosity that it appeals, but on its sheer merits as a production of literature and art. It is an extremely interesting book, in reading matter and illustration, from cover to cover.

*

DEGENERATE GERMANY

BY HENRY DE HALSALLE. Toronto: Thomas Allen.

OF all the arraignments of Germany, this perhaps is the most severe. It is dedicated to "those few yet too many Britons who still harbour the mischievous illusion that the Germans are an estimable, peaceful and kindly people, utterly misled and misrepresented by their wicked government." The chapter on "Germany's Scarlet Scourge," if published as romance, would be forbidden by the moral censors.

*

—*The Studio* (London, 344 Leicester Square) for July contains two particularly attractive articles, one on the water-colour drawings of George Henry, with eight illustrations, two of which are in colours; the other, on the etchings of Andres Zorn, with nine illustrations. The writer of the article on Henry (J. Taylor) says that it would not be too much to say that "the sparkling purity of the artist's palette is a national as well as an individual asset; in the days of ancient Greece it would have been a dedication to the State."

TWICE-TOLD TALES

OBSERVANT CHILD

Teacher: "What is water?"

Willie: "A colourless fluid that turns black when you wash your hands."—*Panther*.

✱

Judge: "It seems to me I've seen you before."

Prisoner: "You have, my Lord, I used to give your daughter singing lessons."

Judge: "Fourteen years."—*Exchange*.

✱

HE KNEW IT

It is said that a perfect stranger to the town approached one of the habitual loungers, commonly called a loafer, and inquired: "Do you live here?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply.

"Know the town pretty well?"

"Every hole and corner."

"All the public buildings?"

"Of course," said the loungeer, scenting the price of a few drinks owing to the number of particular questions asked.

"Well," drawled the stranger, "where is the postoffice?"

The loungeer was visibly disappointed. After hemming and hawing for a moment or two he answered, "Well, to tell the truth, I never do much writing."

✱

PERFECTLY TAME

To say of a man that he will make a good husband is much the same sort of a compliment as to say of a horse that he is perfectly safe for a woman to drive.—*Puck*.

TOO MUCH BACON

Phil Morris, the eminent portrait painter, who died when his fame was at its height, had a very unpleasant experience whilst visiting a wealthy merchant who had commissioned him to paint his wife and baby for the sum of seven hundred pounds. The first evening Mr. Morris and his "employer" were discussing the "pose", and the artist, thinking he had hit on a brilliant suggestion, said it would be effective if the child were lying on the hearth rug with just a vest on, and his mother leaning over, playing "This little pig went to market."

"How dare you, sir! Do you wish to insult me? I've half a mind to countermand my order," roared the irate wealthy magnate. Poor Phil Morris couldn't think what harm he had done until a few days later he learned that his patron had made his money in "pork," and was known as the "bacon king".

✱

ON THE LEVEL

"Stout people, they say, are rarely guilty of meanness or crime."

"They can't stoop to anything low."
—*Stray Stories*.

✱

COURAGE, FRITZ

"Dose Irish makes me sick, always talking about vat great fighters dey are," said one German to another on the train.

"Why, at Berta's vedding der odder night dot drunken Mike Mulligan butted in, und me und mein brudder und mein cousin Frit und mein friendt Louis Hartmann—vhy, ve pretty near kicked him oudt of der house."—*Boston Transcript*.



From the painting by Bertha Des Clayes.

BEAR RIVER

Quite apart from its peculiar merit of producing some of the most luscious cherries in the world, this quaint spot in Nova Scotia is justly famous for its general picturesqueness and charm. The river, from which the village derives its name, is a flow of some consequence when the tide is in, but when the tide goes out it is scarcely more than a trickling stream protected by wide reaches of terra-cotta tinted alluvial soil. Some of the houses overhang the river and are supported by piles driven deep into the earth. The bridge, the high wooden gates, the hills, with their cheery orchards, all form a picture of much colour and picturesqueness.



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLVII

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1916

No. 6

THE FIRST CANADIANS IN FRANCE

By F. McKelvey Bell

The chronicle of a military
hospital in the war zone.

WE were a heterogeneous lot—no one could deny that—all the way down from big Bill Barker, the heavyweight hostler, to little Huxford, the featherweight hustler.

No commanding officer, while sober, would have chosen us *en masse*. But we weren't chosen—we just arrived, piece by piece; and the Hammer of Time, with many a nasty knock, has welded us.

One by one, from the farthest corners of the Dominion, the magic magnet of the war drew us to the plains

of Valcartier, and one by one it dropped us side by side. Why some came or why they are still here God only knows! Man may merely conjecture.

Divers forces helped to speed us from our homes: love of adventure, loss of a sweetheart, family quarrels, the wander spirit, and, among many other sentiments—patriotism. But only one force held us together: our Colonel! Without him, as an entity, we ceased to exist. His broad-minded generosity and liberal forbearance closed many an angry breach. His love of us finds its analogy only in the

love of a father for his prodigal son.

Long after we reached France, when the dull monotony of daily routine had somewhat sobered us, one early morning the sweet but disturbing note of the bugle sounding the reveille brought me back from dreams of home. I lay drowsily listening to its insistent voice. The door of my room opened softly, and the orderly stole in.

He was a red-cheeked, full-lipped country lad, scarce seventeen years of age. He knelt down before the fireplace and meditatively raked the ashes from its recess. He was a slow lad; slow in speech, slower in action, and his big dreamy blue eyes belied his military bearing.

I turned over in bed to get a better view of him.

"What freak of fancy brought you so far from home, Wilson?" I queried.

"Dunno, zur," he drawled. "Not much fun hustlin' coals in the mornin' nur pullin' teeth in the afternoon." For Wilson, among his multitudinous duties, was dental orderly, too.

"There's such an air of farm and field about you, Wilson, that sometimes, at short range, I imagine I get a whiff of new-mown hay."

He sat up on his haunches, balancing the shovel upon his outstretched hand. The pool of memory was stirred. A hazy thought was struggling to the surface. He looked dreamily toward me for a moment before he replied.

"I wuz born an' raised in the country, zur," he said. "When the war broke out I wuz pickin' apples on dad's farm. I didn't like my job. Gee! I wish't I'd stayed an' picked 'em now."

How we ever taught Wilson to say "Sir" or even his corruption of the word must remain forever shrouded in mystery; but it was accomplished at last, just like many other great works of art.

The Canadian spirit of democracy

resents any semblance of a confession of inferiority, and the sergeant-major's troubles were like unto those of Job. Military discipline commenced in earnest when the ship left the harbour at Quebec, and has hung over us like a brooding robin ever since.

It was an eventful morning to us (and to England) when our fleet of thirty ocean liners, with its freight of thirty-three thousand soldiers, steamed slowly into the harbour at Plymouth and dropped anchor.

For two glorious October weeks we had bedecked the Atlantic. His Majesty's fleet night and day had guarded us with an ever-increasing care. I can still look over the starboard rail and see the black smoke of the *Gloria* prowling along in the south, and afar off, in the north, the *Queen Mary* watching our hazardous course. The jaunty little *Charybdis* minced perkily ahead.

There were other battleships, too, which picked us up from time to time; and the *Monmouth*, on the last voyage she was destined to make, steamed through our lines one day. The brave fellows, who were so soon to meet a watery grave, lined up upon her deck, giving us three resounding cheers as she passed by, and we echoed them with a will.

Captain Reggy, our dapper mess secretary, was pacing the hurricane deck one day. From time to time his gaze turned wistfully across the waves to the other two thin lines of ships steaming peacefully along side by side. Something weighty was on his mind. Occasionally he glanced up to the military signalling officer on the bridge, and with inexplicable interest watched his movements with the flags.

"I say," Reggy called up to him, "can you get a message across to the *Franconia*?"

"She's third ship in the third line—a little difficult, I should say," the signaller replied.

"But it *can* be done, can't it?" Reggy coaxed.

"Yes, if it's very important."

"It's most important. I want to send a message to one of the nurses."

The signalling lieutenant leaned both elbows upon the rail and looked down in grinning amazement upon his intrepid interlocutor.

"What the d—l! I say, you're the sort of man we need at the front—one with plenty of nerve!"

"Be a sport and send it over!" Rebby coaxed.

"All right—I'll take a chance."

"Ask for Nursing Sister Marlow. Give her Captain Reggy's compliments and best wishes, and will she join him on board for dinner this evening, seven o'clock!"

There was a flutter of flags for several seconds, while the ridiculous message passed across from ship to ship. Reggy waited anxiously for a reply.

In less than ten minutes, from across the deep, came this very lucid answer: "Nursing Sister Marlow's compliments to Captain Reggy. Regrets must decline kind invitation to dinner. *Mal de mer* has rendered her *hors de combat*. Many thanks."

On the last day of our journey the speedy torpedo boat destroyers rushed out to meet us, and whirled round and round us hour by hour, as we entered the English Channel. Soon the welcome shores of dear old England loomed through the haze, the sight of which sent a thrill through all our hearts.

We had scarce dropped anchor when from the training ship close by a yawl pulled quickly toward us, "manned" by a dozen or more naval cadets. They rowed with the quick neat stroke of trained athletes, and as the boat came alongside ours they shipped their oars and raised their boyish voices in a welcoming cheer. We leaned over the side of our ship and returned their greeting with a stentorian heartiness that startled the sleeping town.

Showers of small coin and cigar-

ettes were dropped into their boat, and the way in which they fought for position, scrambling over or under one another, upsetting this one or knocking down that, showed that these lads were quite capable of upholding all the old fighting traditions of the British navy.

A tug-boat soon steamed alongside, too, and down the accommodation ladder scrambled those of us who were lucky enough to have permission to go ashore.

"Come along, Reggy," I shouted. But Reggy shook his head sorrowfully, and his handsome face was clouded.

"Just my rotten luck to be orderly officer on a day like this!" he replied. "To-day I guard the ship, but to-morrow—oh, to-morrow!" Reggy held out both hands in mock appeal to the shore: "Me for the red paint and city lights!"

Progress up the streets of Devonport was slow. Thousands of troops already landed were marching to the time of "The Maple Leaf Forever," and every foot of pavement or sidewalk was packed with struggling but enthusiastic humanity, shouting itself hoarse in delirious welcome.

We were on the upper deck of a tram-car, leaning over the throng, and eagerly looking for the faces of friends in the ranks of a passing battalion. They swung along to the music of their band—a clean-cut, well-set-up, manly lot, who marched with the firm independent step of the free born. Suddenly our colonel discovered a familiar face among the khaki-clad below. There is no military precedent for what he did; years of training fell away on the instant. He leaned from the car and shouted:

"Hello, 'Foghorn'! What cheer?"

"Foghorn" looked up. His right arm was somewhat hampered, from a military point of view, by reason of being about the waist of a pretty girl, who accommodately marched along with the battalion in general, and "Foghorn" in particular.

"Hello, Jack," he bellowed in a voice which easily accounted for his nickname. "Lots of cheer. Can't salute. One arm busy! Other is glass arm from saluting the brass hats. See you later. Good luck!"

And thus our cosmopolitan and ultra-democratic battalion passed on.

Someone has said that the Englishman is temperamentally cold. It can't be proved by Devonport or Plymouth. His temperature in both towns registered ninety-eight degrees in the shadiest and most secluded spots. And the women and children! Banish all thought of British frigidity! The Canadians in England never discovered it.

The passion of the Devonport children for souvenirs in the shape of pennies and buttons became so violent in a few hours that our small coin was likely to become extinct and our buttons merely things that used to be. For every time a soldier appeared upon the street he was instantly surrounded by a bevy of insistent and persistent mendicants.

Once we sought refuge in a cooling spot where glasses tinkle and the beer foams high—and children might not follow there. The pretty barmaid smiled. The second in command twirled his long moustache and fixed the maiden with his martial eye.

"What will you have, sir?" she inquired sweetly.

"The senior major was always galling to a *pretty* girl. He drew himself up to his full six feet, two, and saluted. A mellow line from "Omar Khayyam" dropped from his thirsty lips:

A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness.

How much further he might have gone one cannot say. The girl held up a reproving finger and exclaimed:

"Ah, I see it is black coffee the gentleman requires."

But the major's poetic spirit was aroused.

"Avaunt coffee," he cried:

Shall I distress my ruddy soul
With dusky dregs from coffee urn?
Far sweeter, sweet, to quench its fire
With wine for which the 'innards' yearn.

"A glass of beer, please."

The adjutant leaned over toward me and hazarded, in a hoarse whisper:

"I presume they have no ice."

The barmaid's red cheeks dimpled and two straight rows of pearly teeth shone upon him, as she answered for me:

"Your presumption is ill-founded, young man. We have plenty of ice with which to temper the hot young blood of the Canadians."

The adjutant looked helplessly up, bereft of repartee; then apostrophized the ceiling:

"And these are the stupid English women we have been led to expect!"

Our education was going on apace.

A few moments later we emerged and discovered ourselves in a veritable whirlpool of young monetary gluttons.

"Penny, sir! penny! penny!" they shouted in staccato chorus. Our supply of pennies had long since been depleted. An idea struck me—it will sometimes.

"See here," I said in serious tone. "We're only a lot of poor soldiers going to the war. We can't always be giving away pennies. We need pennies worse than you do."

A sudden hush fell upon the little circle. Some looked abashed, others curiously uncertain, a few sympathetic. The silence lasted a full minute. We all stood still looking at one another.

"Can any little boy or girl in this crowd give a poor soldier a penny to help him along to the war?" I asked quietly.

Again silence. Finally a little ragged tot of about eight years of age, carrying a baby in her arms, turned to her companions and said: "Here, hold the baby for me and I'll give the poor fellow a penny." She dived deep in the pocket of her frock, brought

out a penny, ha'penny (her total wealth) and held it out to me.

Lieutenant Moe stepped forward.

"Look here, major," he said sternly, "do you mean to say you'll take that money from a youngster?"

"I do," I replied, without a smile.

"I won't permit it," he cried.

Here was an embarrassing situation. I couldn't explain to him without confessing to the child as well. I wished to gauge how much patriotism beat in those little hearts, what sacrifice they were prepared to make for their country; and here was one measuring up to the highest ideals. I daren't either withdraw or explain.

"I must have the pennies, Moe, and I am going to take them," I replied firmly. "Stand aside, please!"

Military discipline came to the rescue. Moe saluted stiffly and stepped back. The little girl gravely handed over the pennies and took back her baby.

"Any others?" I asked.

Some of the children declared they had none; a few looked sheepish and hung their heads. I slipped a sixpence into the hand of the little lady.

"Well, I'll be damned!" exclaimed Moe. "Here's another penny for you," and he handed the bewildered child half a crown.

A shout of surprise and dismay went up from the other children, who realized too late that they had failed in the test.

"The drinks are certainly on me!" Moe cried. "About turn!"

Sometimes when I feel that the world is sordid and mean I go to my trunk and look at those two coins, and I know that somewhere, in a frail little body, beats a generous heart, and I feel that after all part of the world is worth while.

II.

Reggy was on shore at last. He said he felt much better walking alone up street—more as if he *owned* the town!

It's a strange sensation stepping on

solid ground after weeks on ship-board. There is a lack of harmony between oneself and the ground. You rock and the ground stands still. You stand still and the ground rocks, like a drunken sergeant.

The senior major was on the corner, holding an animated conversation with a beautifully gowned young lady, to whom he bid a hasty adieu as Reggy hove in sight.

"Corking girl, that," said Reggy mischievously.

"Where?" demanded the major, looking about.

"The young lady to whom you just avoided introducing me."

"It's rather a remarkable coincidence," said the major, avoiding controversy, "that I should run across a relation in this far-away place!"

"Very!" Reggy replied dryly. "Family's fond of travel, I take it."

A tall, well-knit young subaltern elbowed his way through the crowd and joined the pair. Reggy greeted him:

"Better come and have dinner with your brother and me, Tom. I feel he needs good company and a chaperon or two!"

The trio entered the rotunda of the *Royal*.

A distinguished looking gentleman and a prepossessing lady of middle age stood chatting together. Their voices were agitated, and the three officers could not avoid overhearing snatches of the conversation.

"He is on the *Cassandra*, and in this medley of ships no one seems to know where his is anchored," the man was saying.

"Dear me," sighed the lady. "To think that our boy should be so near and that we should not be able to see him! It's dreadful!"

"But we must find him," the man declared reassuring. "Surely there is some way of reaching the ship?"

"They tell me no one is allowed on board; and when the battalion disembarks they will be marched away. What shall we do?" she cried in great distress.

Reggy's impulsive heart was touched. He approached them and respectfully saluted.

"A thousand pardons, sir," he said, "for breaking in upon a private conversation, but I couldn't help overhearing your words. Can I be of any assistance to you?"

"It is very kind of you, indeed," the man answered in a rich voice of unusual gentility. "Perhaps you can help us. My son is aboard the *Cassandra*. We haven't seen him since he went to Canada four years ago. He is only a Tommy, so cannot come ashore, and it seems impossible to get into communication with him."

"What luck!" Reggy exclaimed. "His ship and ours are anchored side by side; so close, in fact, that we have a connecting gangway."

"Oh, do you think we could get out to him?" the mother asked anxiously. "We have no permit to visit the ships."

"If you can get authority to enter the dockyards, I'll see what I can do to get you aboard to-morrow noon," Reggy answered. "I'll meet you at the quay."

"God bless you!" exclaimed the lady, with tears in her eyes.

The following day, true to his word, Reggy, with a written permit in his pocket, ushered Mr. and Mrs. Hargreaves aboard the ship.

"You will stay and lunch with me," said Reggy. "I'll get your boy across, and we'll all lunch together."

"But I was under the impression that Tommies were not allowed to dine with officers," protested Mr. Hargreaves.

"The deuce! I'd forgotten all about that," Reggy exclaimed, as he scratched his head perplexedly. "Ah, I have it," he ejaculated a moment later; "he shall be an officer during the meal. I'll lend him a tunic. No one else on board will know."

"But I don't wish you to get yourself into trouble," Mr. Hargreaves remonstrated.

Reggy laughed.

"I love such trouble," he cried, "and the risk fascinates me. I'll be back in a moment." And he dashed off in his impetuous way.

In a short time he returned, bringing with him a handsome but much embarrassed youth, wearing a captain's uniform. But the sight which met his eyes banished all thought of clothes.

"Mother! Father!" he cried; and in a moment was clasped in his mother's arms, while tears of joy she didn't strive to hide rolled down her cheeks. The old gentleman turned his head aside to hide his own emotion, and Reggie, feeling *de trop*, slipped quietly away.

A few days later our ship was dragged slowly into dock by two small but powerful tug-boats. The boys who had been caged on board for a full week in sight of but unable to reach the land shouted and danced for joy. The noise of the donkey engine pulling our equipment out of the hold was to us the sweetest sound on land or sea.

We were almost the last ship to dock, and a thousand boys were impatiently awaiting their turn to step on English soil. Machine guns, boxes of rifles and ammunition, great cases of food and wagons came hurtling through the hatchway, vomited from the depths below. With great speed and regularity they were deposited on the quay, while heavy motor lorries, piled high with freight, creaked from dock to train.

From across the quay, and in awesome proximity, the great guns of the battle cruisers *Tiger* and *Benbow* yawned at us. As far as one might look heavily armoured men-of-war, ready to sail or in process of construction, met the eye, and the deafening crash of the trip-hammer stormed the ear. Britain may well be proud of her navy. Its size and might are far beyond our ken. Patiently, in peaceful harbour, or on sea, she lies in wait and longs for Germany's inevitable hour.

The hospitality of the citizens of Devonport and Plymouth will long remain a pleasant recollection. First impressions linger and our first impressions there still stir up delightful memories.

"Now, then, look sharp, there! Stow them adoos an' get aboard!"

It was the raucous voice of Sergeant Honk which thus assailed his unwilling flock. The boys were bidding a lengthy farewell to the local beauties, who had patriotically followed them to the train.

The sergeant was hot and dusty, and beaded drops of sweat dripped from his unwashed chin. His hat was cocked over one eye, in very unmilitary style. The Tommies, under the stimulating influence of two or more draughts of "bitter" purchased at a nearby bar, were inclined to be jocular.

"'Ave *another* drink, 'Onk!" cried one, thrusting a grimy head from the train window and mimicking Honk's Cockney accent. This subtle allusion to previous libations aroused the sergeant's ire.

"Oo said that," he shouted wrathfully, as he turned quickly about. "Blimey if yer ain't got no more discipline than a 'erd uv Alberta steers! If I 'ears any more sauce like that someone 'ull be up for 'office' in th' mornin'!"

The culprit had withdrawn his head in time, and peace prevailed for a moment.

"What's that baggage fatigue doin'?" he cried a moment later. "D'ye think y'er at a picnic—eatin' oranges? Load them tents!"

The orange-eating "fatigue," looking very hot and fatigued indeed, fell reluctantly to work.

Sergeant Honk was not beautiful to look upon. His best friends conceded this. His nose was bent and red. He had one fixed and one revolving eye, and when the former had empanelled you, the latter wandered aimlessly about, seeking I know not what. He was so knock-kneed that his feet could

never meet. I think it was the sergeant-major in *Punch* who complained that "It was impossible to make him look 'smart,' for when his knees stood at attention his feet would stand at ease."

To see Honk salute with one stiff hand pointing heavenwards and his unruly feet ten inches apart has been known to bring a wan sweet smile to the face of blasé generals; but subalterns, more prone to mirth, have sometimes laughed outright.

Someone had thrown a banana peel upon the station platform. Honk stepped backward upon its slippery face. He didn't fall, but his queer legs opened and shut with a scissor-like snap that wrenched his dignity in twain.

"Fruit's the curse of the army," he muttered.

Somehow we got aboard at last—officers, non-commissioned officers and men. The crowd cheered a lusty farewell, and amidst much waving of pocket handkerchiefs and hats, Plymouth faded away, and the second stage of our journey began.

It was midnight when we pulled into Lavington station. There is no village there—merely a tavern of doubtful mien. Rain was falling in a steady drizzle as we emerged upon the platform and stood shivering in the bleak east wind. The transport officer, who had been awaiting our arrival, approached the colonel and saluted.

"Rather a nasty night, sir," he observed courteously.

"Bad night for a march," the colonel replied. "My men are tired, too. Hope we haven't got far to go?"

"Not very, sir; a matter of eight or nine miles only."

The colonel glanced at him sharply, thinking the information was given in satirical vein; but the Englishman's face was inscrutable.

"Nine miles!" he exclaimed. "That may be an easy march for seasoned troops, but my men have been three weeks on shipboard."

"Sorry, sir, but that's the shortest route."

"Thanks; we'll camp right here." The colonel was emphatic.

"What, in the rain?" the Englishman inquired, in some surprise.

"Yes. What of it?"

"Nothing, sir; but it seems unusual, that's all."

"We're unusual people," the colonel answered dryly. "Quartermaster, get out the rubber sheets and blankets. The station platform will be our bed."

The transport officer saluted and retired.

The adjutant was weary and sleepy. He had vainly tried a stimulating Scotch or two to rouse his lagging spirit.

"Fall in, men," he shouted. "Shun! Right dress. Quartermaster, issue the blankets, please."

The quartermaster was disposed to argue the point. The blankets would all be wet and muddy, and damaged with coal cinders, but he was finally over-ruled.

The adjutant turned to look at the men. Their line had wobbled and showed strange gyrations.

"Will you men stand in line?" he cried. "How do any of you ever expect to succeed in life if you can't learn to stand in a straight line?" With this unanswerable argument and much pleased with his midnight philosophy, he relapsed into his customary genial smile.

At last the blankets were distributed, and in an hour the station platform and bridge over the tracks looked like the deck of an emigrant steamer. Wherever the eye reached, the dimly-lighted platform showed rows of sleeping men, rolled up and looking very like sacks of potatoes lying together.

Five of us officers turned into the expressman's hut, and in the dark fell into whatever corner was available. Reggy and I occupied either side of an unlighted stove, and throughout the jumpy watches of the night bruised

our shins against its inhospitable legs.

Dawn was breaking, and breaking darkly, too, as the dim shadow of the expressman came stumbling across the platform through rows of growling men. At last he reached his office, and, all unconscious of our presence, stepped within. He stepped upon the sleeping form of the adjutant, and the form emitted a mighty roar. The expressman staggered back in amazement, giving vent to this weird epigram:

"Every bloomin' 'ole a sleepin' ole!"

"You'll 'ave to get up," he cried indignantly when he had recovered from his astonishment. "This ain't a bloomin' boardin'-'ouse!"

"Could you return in half an hour?" Reggy queried in drowsy tones, but without opening his eyes.

"No. I couldn't return in 'alf an 'our," he mocked peevishly.

"Run away like a good fellow, and bring some shaving water—have it hot!" Reggy commanded.

"Oh, I'll make it 'ot for you alright, if you don't let me into my office," he retorted angrily.

Might is not always right, so we reluctantly rose. We had had three hours of fitful sleep—not too much for our first night's soldiering. Hot coffee, cheese and biscuits were soon served by our cooks, and we prepared for our first march on English sod.

No one who made that march from Lavington to West Down North will ever forget it. Napoleon's march to Moscow was mere child's play compared with it. Reggy said both his corns were shrieking, and when Bill Barker removed his socks (skin and all) it marked an epoch in his life, for both his feet were clean.

Every fifteen minutes it rained. At first we thought this mere playfulness on the part of the weather; but when it kept right on for weeks on end, we knew it to be distemper. By day it was a steady drizzle, but at night the weather did its proudest feats. Some-

times it was a cloudburst; anon an ordinary shower that splashed in angry little squirts through the canvas, and fell upon our beds.

And the mud! We stood in mud. We walked in mud. We slept in mud. The sky looked muddy, too. Once, and only once, the moon peeped out—it had splashes of mud on its face!

Reggy loved sleep. It was his one passion. Not the sweet beauty sleep of youth, but the deep snoring slumber of the full-blown man. But, oh, those cruel "Orderly Officer" days, when one must rise at dawn! Reggy thought so, too.

Six a.m. The bugle blew "Parade." Reggy arose. I opened one eye in time to see a bedraggled figure in blue pyjamas stagger across the sloppy floor. His eyes were heavy with sleep, and his wetted forelock fell in a Napoleonic curve. The murky dawn was breaking.

Outside the tent we could hear the sergeant-major's rubber boots flop, flop across the muddy road.

"Fall in, men! Fall in!" His tones, diluted with the rain, came filtering through the tent. It was inspection hour.

Reggy fumbled at the flap of the tent, untied the cord, and through the hole thus made thrust his sleep-laden head.

"Parade, 'shun!" shouted the sergeant-major (a sly bit of satire on his part). The warning wasn't needed. The sight of Reggy's disheveled countenance was enough; Bill Barker himself "shunned". Somewhere from the depths of Reggy's head a sleepy muffled voice emitted this succinct command:

"Ser'gnt-major; dish-mish th' parade."

"Right turn! Dis-miss!" With a shout of joy, the boys scampered off to their tents.

A moment later Reggy tumbled into bed again, and soon was fast asleep. And within two hours, at breakfast, he was saying, with virtuous resignation: "How I envied you lucky dev-

ils sleeping in this morning! I was up at six o'clock inspecting the parade." And the halo of near-truth hovered gently about his head.

Thus passed three weeks of rain and mud. In spite of ourselves we had begun to look like soldiers. How we ever developed into the best hospital unit in the forces none of us to this day knows—and none but ourselves suspects it yet. We had, and have still, one outstanding feature—a sort of native modesty. Whatever in this chronicle savours of egotism is merely the love of truth which cannot be suppressed.

And then, one eventful day, the surgeon-general came to inspect us. He seemed pleased with us. Presently he passed into the colonel's tent, and they had a long and secret conference together. Finally the pair emerged again.

"What about your horses?" the general queried.

The horses had been our greatest worry. They came on a different boat, and the two best were missing or stolen. Once Sergeant Honk discovered them in the lines of another unit, but was indiscreet enough to proclaim his belief to the sergeant-major of that unit. When we hurried down to get them they were gone. No one there had ever heard of a horse of the colour or design which we described. We were discouraged, and in our despair turned to the senior major, who was a great horseman and knew the tricks of the soldier horse thief.

"Don't get excited," he said reassuringly. "They've only hidden away the horses in a tent, after you chumps recognized them. To-morrow, when they are not suspicious, I'll go down and get them."

And on the morrow *mirable dictu* he secured them both.

So the colonel answered: "The horses are here, and ready, sir."

Ready for what? There was a tenseness in the air—a sense of mystery that could not be explained. We listened again, but could only catch

scraps of the conversation, such as "Transport officer," "Nine a.m.," "Don't take the mess tent or any tents but hospital marquees."

Something was brewing and brewing very fast. At length the colonel saluted, and the general left.

"What news, Colonel?" we cried breathlessly, as soon as discretion allowed. And he let fall these magic words:

"We are under orders to move. We shall be the first Canadians in France!"

III.

It was exactly 10 p.m. as Bill Barker and Huxford, with the heavy team and wagon, drove up to the colonel's tent.

"Do you think you can find your way to Southampton in the dark?" the colonel asked Barker somewhat anxiously.

"Yes, sir. I've never been lost in my life—sober." The afterthought was delivered with a reminiscent grin.

"Remember, no 'booze' until the horses are safely in the town; and a glass of beer will be quite enough even then," the colonel admonished him.

"Never fear, sir," Bill replied, as he saluted. With a last long look at the camp, he said: "Good-night," and the horses started down the muddy road.

Why we should still have any affection for that camp in which none of us ever wore a dry stitch of clothes or knew a moment's comfort is merely another illustration of the perversity of human nature. Like Bill Sykes's dog, our love is stronger than our common sense. For a moment we stood watching the team pass down through the lines toward the unknown south, and then we turned in to sleep.

At 3 a.m. our camp was all astir, and the dull yellow glow of candles and lanterns shining through the tents dotted the plain. Here and there brighter lights flitted to and

fro, as the men proceeded rapidly with the work of packing up.

And what a medley of goods there was! Blankets and rubber sheets were folded neatly into their canvas covers; stoves and pots and pans were crated; boxes of cheese, jam and bully beef, together with bags of bread, were carried out of the tents into the open. At one side stood large boxes of medicines and surgical instruments, beds, mattresses, portable folding tables and chairs, and a hundred other varieties of hospital necessities, all packed and ready for transport.

By 9 a.m. the motor lorries commenced to arrive. How the boys worked that morning! The pile of forty tons of goods which represented our home, and soon would be the home of many others, sick and wounded, melted away before their united effort.

We had come to Salisbury Plain in the rain; it was but fitting that we should leave in a similar downpour. And we did.

The soldier is a strange creature, a migratory animal whose chief delight in life is moving. Put him in one place for months, be it ever so cheery and comfortable, and he frets like a restless steed; but give him the rein, permit him to go, he cares not whither, and he is happy. It may be from sunshine to shadow; it may be from chateau to trench; it may be from heaven to hell—he cares not if he but moves, and, moving, he will whistle or sing his delight.

The road was lined with envious Tommies who came to see us start.

"Yer colonel muster had some pull with Kitch'ner t' git ye' away so soon," said one of the envious to Tim, the colonel's batman.

Tim was quite the most unique of all our motley tribe. He was born in Ireland, educated (or rather remained uneducated) in the Southern States, and for the past ten years had lived in Canada. He was a faithful servant, true to his master and to all

his friends. Like many another "original," he was permitted to take liberties which shocked all sense of military discipline, as well as every other sense; but he amused us and was forgiven. He was a prize fighter, too, of no mean ability, and carried the scars of many a hard-fought battle. No other being in the world used a dialect like Tim's. It was a language all his own, and negroid in character.

"Pull wit' Kitch'ner!" he replied disdainfully. "Wit George hisself, ye' means. D'ye s'pose my kernel hobnobs wit' anyt'ing lessen royalty? De king sent fer him, an' he goed to Lunnon a' purpose."

"'Wot is yer Majesty's command?' sez de kernel."

"'Kernel,' sez he, 'wen I seed yer men on p'rade las' Sunday, I turned to Lord Kitch'ner an' sez: 'Kitch'ner, it ain't right t' keep men as good as dat in England; dere place is at de front!'''"

"'You was sure needed there,'" Tim's vis-a-vis interjected sarcastically, "good thick-headed fellers t' stop a bullet."

Tim ignored the remark, and continued:

"'So he sez: 'Kernel, yer unit 'ull be de first t' leave fer France, an' good luck t' ye!' Wit dat de kernel comed back, an' now we're goin' to see de Pea-jammers."

"'Wot's them?'" the other growlingly inquired.

"'Don't ye' know wat Pea-jammers is yet? Ye muster bin eddicated in night school. Pea-jammers is Frenchmen.'"

By what process of exclusion Tim had arrived at this strange decision with reference to the French, none but himself knew; and he never by any chance alluded to them otherwise.

"'All in, men!'" shouted the sergeant-major, and each man scrambled up to his allotted place.

To look at the rough exterior of our men one would not suppose that music lurked within their breasts—

nothing more unlikely seemed probable; and, yet, listen to the vibrant harmony of their chorus as they sit upon their bags and boxes! It rolls in melodious waves over the camp, and crowds of soldiers come running toward the road to listen. Oh, you may be sure they had their good points, those lads of ours—so many good points, too!

The lorries started, and the boys lifted their voices to the strains of "Good-bye, Dolly, I Must Leave You". The little crowd which lined the road on either side raised their caps and gave three cheers in kindly token of farewell. As we looked back upon those stalwart soldier boys, many a wistful glance was cast toward us, and many a longing eye followed the trail of our caravan.

Night had fallen before our train puffed noisily into the railway sheds at Southampton. How hungry we were! And the sight of the crowded buffet and its odour of steaming coffee gave us a thrill of expectant delight.

There are times in life when it takes so little to please or interest one. In the ornate grandeur of a metropolitan hotel such coffee and cake as we received that night would have called forth a clamour of protest; but in the rough interior of a dockyard shed no palatial surroundings mar the simple pleasures of the soul. What delicious cheese our quartermaster produced out of a mud-covered box, and how splendidly crisp the hard tack, as we crunched it with hungry teeth! Seated on our bags and boxes, we feasted as none but hungry soldiers can, and the murky coffee turned into nectar as it touched our lips.

Through the big doorway, too, the eye could feast on the towering side of the ship which was so soon to take us to our great adventure, as she lay snuggled against the quay. But as we rested there, another train pulled in to the sheds and stopped. The doors were opened from within, and we

were surprised to see hundreds of great horses step quietly and solemnly out upon the platform. There was a marvellous dignity about those tall, magnificent animals, with their arched necks and glossy coats. They drew up upon the platform in long rows like soldiers. There was no neighing, no kicking, or balkiness. They seemed to be impressed with the seriousness of the mission upon which they were sent. A little later, as they passed up the ship's gangway, and were marched aboard, no regiment ever stepped upon the deck with finer show of discipline.

Our saddle horses were already aboard; but what had become of Barker and the team?

"Where's Barker?" the colonel suddenly demanded. No one present knew; but, as if in answer to his question, little Huxford came running down the platform. By the look of distress upon his face, we knew something serious had happened.

"What is it, Huxford?" cried the colonel.

"Barker's been arrested, sir, by the military police, and the team are in the detention camp, four miles from here," he gasped.

"Drunk, I suppose?" the colonel queried angrily.

"Well, sir, he *had* had a drink or two, but not till after we got to town," Huxford answered reluctantly.

"I might have guessed as much," said the colonel with some bitterness. "It's useless to depend upon a man who drinks. Here, Fraser," he called to Captain Fraser, "take a taxi and make the camp as quickly as possible. The boat sails in two hours. Don't fail to bring both Barker and the horses—although, Lord knows, Barker would be no great loss."

It was characteristic of the colonel that no matter what scrapes we got into, no matter what trouble or humiliation we caused him, he never forsook us. More than once in the days that were to follow he saved

some reckless youth from being taken out at early dawn and shot; not because he did not feel that the punishment was deserved but because his big, kindly heart enwrapped every one of his wayward soldier boys with a father's love.

An English regiment was embarking upon the same ship with us. The donkey engine was busy again hauling their accoutrement and ours aboard. Great cases swung aloft in monotonous yet wonderful array. Sometimes a wagon was hoisted into the air; again a motor truck was lifted with apparent ease, swayed to and fro for a moment high above our heads, and then descended to the depths below. By midnight the ship was loaded, but Barker and the team, with Huxford and Captain Fraser, had not returned.

The transport officer addressed the senior major:

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I can't hold the ship more than ten minutes longer. If your men don't arrive by that time they'll have to remain behind."

The colonel had gone to meet the train on which the nursing sisters were to arrive. They were coming from London to join us, and were to cross upon the same boat. But the colonel returned alone.

He was a tall, well-built man, very handsome; and his winning smile was most contagious. It took a great deal to ruffle his genial good nature, and his blue-gray eyes were seldom darkened by a frown, but this was a night of unusual worry.

He called out to Captain Burnham: "Bring your luggage ashore, Burnham. You and I will remain behind to chaperone the nurses. They can't possibly make the boat."

"What's the trouble, sir?" Burnham inquired, as he descended upon the quay. "Was their train late?"

The colonel laughed, a trifle impatiently.

"No; the train was quite on time, but I have been having a new experi-

ence. I underestimated the baggage of thirty-five women, that's all. It's astounding! I don't know how many trunks each nurse has, but the *tout ensemble* makes Barnum's circus train look foolish. I ventured to remark that we were only going to the war, not touring Europe, but this precipitated such a shower of reproach upon my innocent head that I made no further protest. I was never able to oust one woman in an argument. Imagine then, where I stood, with thirty-five! The trunks, every one of them, will cross with us to-morrow, and if they wish to bring Peter Robinson's whole shop you won't hear a murmur from me!"

At this moment the sound of horse's hoofs coming at the gallop broke upon our ears; and Captain Fraser, himself driving the team, with Barker and Huxford clinging to the seat for support, dashed upon the quay. As the horses pulled up, Barker descended and stood sheepishly awaiting the inevitable.

"Barker, I'm ashamed of you," the colonel said in a tone of stern reproach. "You have been the first to bring disgrace upon our unit, and I hope you will be the last. In future Huxford will have charge of the team. I shall have something further to say when we reach France. Get aboard!"

Barker hung his head during this speech.

"I'm sorry, sir, I—I didn't mean to disgrace you, sir!" With these words he saluted and shuffled humbly and contritely aboard.

It was many a long day before Barker tasted liquor again. The colonel's words burned with a dull glow in his heart, and kindled a spark of manhood there.

Crossing the channel in those days was not as comparatively safe as it is

to-day. Under the water, always prowling about, lurked the German submarines. Every day reports of their dastardly deeds came to hand. Being torpedoed was not the sort of end which one might wish. There was no honour or glory in such a death, and besides, the water looked dreary and cold. In spite of oneself the thought of being blown suddenly into the air recurred occasionally to mind. It was not that we had any real fear, for any form of death was part of the game of hazard on which we had embarked. But we stood for some time upon the deck and peered inquisitively into the darkness as we steamed rapidly out into the channel.

What was the dull glow at some distance ahead? Perhaps a ship—it was impossible to say. We looked astern, and there in the darkness we could just discern a ghostly shape which followed in our wake, and, hour by hour, ahead or behind, these two mysterious phantoms followed or led our every turn.

Dawn was breaking; the hazy shapes became more real. Slowly the daylight pierced the mist, and there revealed to our astonished gaze, were two sturdy little torpedo boat destroyers. It was a part of that marvellous British navy which never sleeps by night or day.

What a sense of security those two destroyers gave us! The mist closed round us again, and hid them from our view, but ever and anon the roar of our siren broke the silence and presently, close by, a sharp answering blast told us that our guardians were near. By and by the fog closed round about us so densely that further progress was unsafe, and so the engines were stopped, and for another day and night we remained at sea.

CHILD of the MORNING LIGHT

By Nancy Rankin.

AS the first faint streaks of dawn lightened the eastern sky, and afar off in the gray distance a prairie wolf, startled by the wail of the new-born child, howled its way across the prairie, an Indian mother gazed into the face of her first-born, and whispered, "Men shall call you Child of the Morning Light."

So was born Mary Murphy.

She was old. How old no one knew. Perhaps one hundred, perhaps even more. One thing was certain, she could remember the birth of the oldest man on the reserve, and well could she remember the days when the buffalo roamed the prairie in thousands, and when the Blackfoots were lords of all and slaves to none, not even to the arrogant white men who yearly pushed farther west and nearer to their hunting-grounds. No thought of fear entered their bosoms then. Were not the prairies theirs? Had not the God of their fathers given it to them and to their fathers before them as their own? Such was the faith of the Indians.

Many a tale would she tell to the young men at evening of the courage and strength of their fathers, and bitter was her tongue when she spoke of the shame of their children. Where was their manhood? Where was their pride? What miserable, cowering creatures, watching always for money from the white men! She could remember when upon the face of the

Indian was not stamped that look of fear and humiliation, when he looked at the white man proudly and haughtily as man to man. That was before the craving for whisky, which the white man gave him, had entered his soul, and ruined his manhood. All this and more she told them, and they learned to avoid the cottage of Mary Murphy.

Before the white man she said nothing. She was as one dumb, and silently came and went in her duties as washerwoman to the white women in the town close to the reserve.

It is true that the Indian women are more adaptable than the men. While the red man loathes the work that the white man gives him to do, such as digging ditches or working on the railroad with the construction gangs, and in most cases refuses to do it, his squaw stoically sets to work to make the best of the new life, and clumsily washes clothes and scrubs floors.

Such were the duties of Mary Murphy.

On a June evening she sat on the steps of the little wooden house the Government had given her, gazing silently into the distance. In her mouth she held tightly a small black wooden pipe, from which occasionally came great puffs of smoke. Her small body was so bent and shrunken that, from a distance, except for the puffs of smoke, one would have thought her

a big bundle of rags. The purple dusk of evening was creeping over the horizon, and the long twilight was reluctantly giving way to darkness. Sullenly and silently she smoked, watching the distant shadows draw nearer. Suddenly a silver star twinkled into place. Slowly, as if the twinkling star was a signal, the old woman's body began to sway to and fro as one rocks a child.

Katherine Kirby walked quietly across the prairie in the direction of Mary's house. She had been sent by her mother to give some instructions about the next day's work. As she drew nearer, she fancied she heard someone chanting in the weird solemn intonations of an Indian song. She walked quietly and stopped in amazement as she came in sight of the huddled form and heard the words of a curious, unrhymed Indian lullaby:

Oh, where is the sun, my Awassisah?

The great black night has swallowed the sun.

And where is the day, my Awassisah?

Faded and sad as a ghost is the day.

What is the night, my Awassisah?

A big black bird with wings of down.

Here the old voice trailed off into a crooning tone, and Katherine crept softly around the end of the house.

"Why, Mary, I heard you singing. I thought you were singing a baby to sleep."

"Yes, my baby." She spoke abruptly, using only those words that were necessary to make her meaning clear.

"Your baby, Mary! Oh, you must mean Big Joe, of course, but then Big Joe's grandchildren are men and women. Did you think of the time when you held Big Joe in your arms a tiny baby?"

"No," she answered. "Big Joe he grow big man—get old and wrinkled. My girls they grow old, too—have babies—die—they not babies; they men and women. But I have baby, too, right here," and she beat her bosom with her wrinkled old hand. "Every night she come. I sing to sleep."

It was quite dark now, and from over the prairie came the soft sounds of the Indian children at play. Afar off a dog barked, and the mellow tinkle of a cow-bell floated to where they sat. Katherine sat on the ground beside her, and the old woman blew several puffs of smoke before she spoke again.

"My baby, she never grow up. She die. She still baby."

She drew a long breath and straightened her shoulders ere she went on.

"She my first baby. Born before Joe. White man come that year. Buffalo he go. Not much food for Indians. No skins for tent. Very cold on prairie. I hug my little one close. I not mind if little one get enough to eat. Soon no food at all. My breasts dry—dry. Little one she cry hard all night sometime—all day sometime. I cry, too. I not know what to do. Black Robe he come. See us there hungry and cold. Give us food. No good. My little one lie very still and cold. I know she dead. My heart broken."

She pointed into the little room behind them. "That her cradle hanging there."

Katherine looked and saw a tiny Indian cradle hanging inside the door—a tiny cradle with wooden poles and soft deerskin body.

"Some nights I think I go soon. I put cradle on my back. I know she waiting for me. She needs cradle. She just tiny little baby. Can't walk. I come to her with cradle. I carry her always."

Once more her old body swayed backwards and forwards, and her hoarse voice chanted softly.

Katherine crept quietly homeward. She went directly to her room. She could not tell her father and mother what she had heard. They would not understand, and would say that at last poor old Mary was quite crazy.

The sun rises early on the prairie in June, and just at sunrise a knock

was heard on the Kirbys' door. Katherine listened while her father, only half awake, answered it. She heard a voice which she knew belonged to Big Joe.

He said simply, "Old woman, I think she dead," and walked away.

Nothing of sorrow, nothing of pain. Such is the way of the Indian with the white man.

Katherine dressed quickly, and hurried to the little cottage. There was no need. Huddled in a corner of the room, face downward, and strapped to her back the little Indian cradle, lay the body of old Mary. There was nothing to be done. The Child of the Morning Light was in the house of her forefathers, where she will carry her little one always.

THE FAIRY GARDEN

By MARGARET YANDIS BRYAN

THERE'S a spot in my garden for dreaming,
Where only the good fairies play;
They whisper such beautiful stories,
I never can tell what they say.

But they always are there when I need them,
Each glad little face nods to me,
And whispers a kind friendly greeting
Of things as they really should be.

And I'm sure that no matter how crowded
My dear little garden may grow,
I'll still find a place left for dreaming,
With only the fairies to know.





THE TRINKET

From the Painting by
Wm. Brymner, C.M.G., P.R.C.A.

One of the Canadian Exhibits at the
Canadian National Exhibition



"To the Plough in her league-long furrow with the Gray lake gulls behind"—*Kipling*

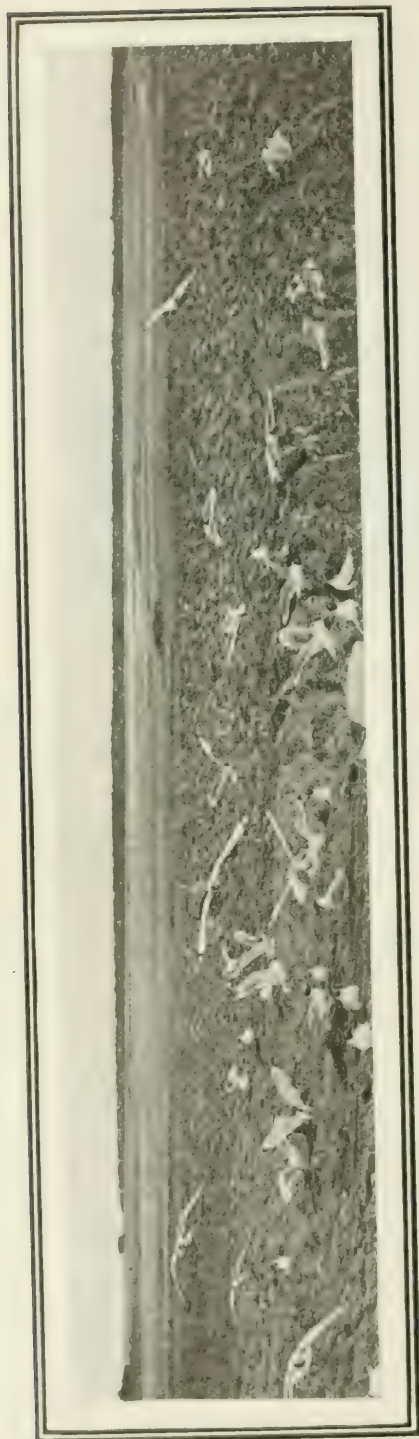
A LITTLE WARDEN OF PRAIRIE FIELDS

By Hamilton M. Laing

THOSE of us who have made acquaintance only with the gulls of the ocean harbours, or met them out at sea, where on lazy wing they follow the wake of the ocean liner, are likely to think of them as idlers, pensioners, taking an easy toll wherever chance throws them. But how different is the impression gathered when we come to know some of the inland gulls. Of these (gulls that spend only their winter on salt water) none perhaps is better known than the little Franklin, and verily he is known not as an idler

but by the work of his busy bill.

The Franklin gull prefers the inland lakes and marshes, and breeds from Iowa and Minnesota northward to Great Bear Lake. The greater number make their summer home in the western Canadian provinces. Throughout this region the bird is well known; for wherever a colony finds a marsh suitable for a nesting-site, they become the busiest little bird policemen that ever rounded up 'hoppers or gave short shrift to grubs, beetles and other insect undesir-



Gulls giving short shrift to the grasshoppers

ables. They are smaller brothers of the gulls (California gulls) of Utah fame, the saviours of the crops of the early settlers there when the devastating crickets threatened disaster. But while this incident has become historic, and deservedly so, the constant good work of the Franklin gull goes on without ceasing. Doubtless it was of this little warden that Kipling was thinking when he said:

To the plow in her league-long furrow
With the gray lake gulls behind.

For this gull, more than any other, is the friend of the prairie plowman.

This beautiful little fellow has a pearly gray coat, pinky white vest, sooty black hood and red beak and shoes. He begins his summer season early. By the 20th of April he has come from his winter quarters about the Gulf of Mexico, and the advanced scouts have reached the international line and entered Canada. From this date till late in September his loosely scattered flocks may be found working about the Manitoba and Saskatchewan fields, camping on the trail of insect quarry. True, as a nesting resident his range is restricted somewhat to the vicinity of the home lakes and sloughs; but so wide does he travel in his daily hunting that he is met roaming far and wide.

Like most of the gulls, the Franklins are extremely gregarious. They migrate en masse, they nest in colonies, they set off hunting in the morning in strong companies and return in the evening in flocks often strung out in lines and V's much after the manner of geese. Like most gregarious species also, if the water conditions about the nesting-ground remain suitable, they will return year after year to the same location.

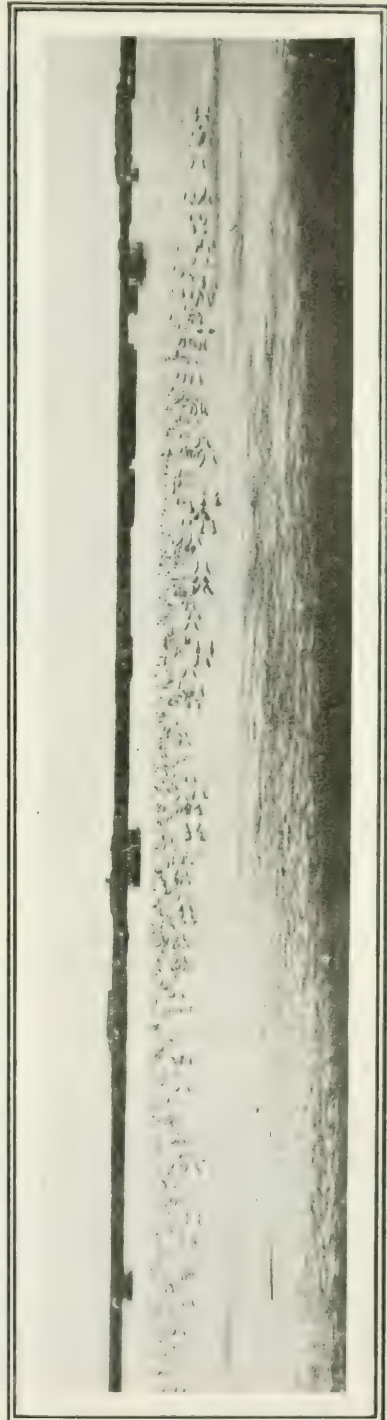
Early in May they seek out their nesting-site in some large slough or lake, and then they settle down to be the noisiest company in the countryside. "Kic-kic! Ki-ee-a!" they shout, or "Ki-ee-a! Kic-ke-ke-ke-

ke!" and they reiterate the harsh call no matter where they find themselves, whether hunting afield or circling dizzily in companies, indeed so far up in the blue that often the eye scarcely can discern them among the fleecy, high-drifting spring clouds. Nor do they confine their noise to the daylight hours. At this season often their calls come down through the night; and at their hatchery during the entire summer pandemonium reigns always.

Nest-building begins early. The nests are built of bits of dead reeds, and the floating structure is moored in two or three feet of water, though placed usually in a sheltered spot in the rushes so that the wash of a storm cannot wreck the cradle. The nests are seldom less than four or five feet apart, and in large colonies the nesting-site covers a wide area. The eggs, three in number, are dull white, and though apparently at the mercy of the elements on such a raft, they seldom seem to meet disaster.

As with most birds, June is the month of youngsters, and an expedition then into a Franklin colony well repays the visitor. Usually he needs a boat or canoe. He will find it a stirring place, the air filled with the old birds wheeling here and there and sweeping up with angry cries against his intrusion. The rushes will be peopled with youngsters—little gray chaps that swim lightly about among the abandoned nests and scurry for cover when approached. The air above will be filled with the din of the parents, the rushy fastnesses below echo with the equally harsh cries of the young. And in such apparent confusion it will strike the visitor as a miracle that the adult birds in the throng are able to keep track of their own nests or young or even of one another.

Few insectivorous birds have such a range of method in the capture of their prey as have these little gulls. Early in the spring they secure a goodly part of their food upon the



Gulls settled for the night

ground. Then, as the warmer weather brings out the flying insects, they are pursued far aloft. When the grasshopper season comes round, these nimble chaps are captured in the fields and meadows. In his aerial hunting the gull glides along on his long, tireless wings, and every moment or two, according to the prevalence of game, he makes a little curving flutter upwards—always upwards—and one, two, three victims have been bagged in perhaps twice as many seconds. And who has seen him miss and turn back? Either he is a deadly marksman or a huge bluffer.

One may see a kingbird in mid-air make a dozen ineffectual strikes at a speedy dragon fly; but apparently the gull never does such a thing. It cannot be that his speed is greater than that of the kingbird, for often he may be seen with this bully upon his back and getting his crown roughly mauled. His easy powers of flight and his keen eye are perhaps responsible for his skill in the air. Even when he alights upon the fields and gives chase to the skipping hoppers, it is his wings and not his legs that bring him to the correct spot at the exact moment to catch the jumper between his wild leaps.

He has another rather clever method of taking care of 'hoppers. The

latter love the warm sun, and in the chill of the early summer mornings they delight to climb aloft at sunrise and thaw out from vantage point of weed-stalk or swaying wheat-head. The gull is an early riser. He comes skimming low just over the grain, and, darting zig-zag, gobbles the eaters of grass and grain before they have had time to think about springing down to cover.

It is during June and July that the gulls are most conspicuous at their hunting. Then the young are most insistent in their demands upon the parents for supplies, and also it is 'hopper time. Now the farmers are busy plowing the fallow lands—broad acres well covered with green stuff, the abode of innumerable skipping gentry. The gulls know it well. They come to these fields, drop down behind the plowman, and follow him on his rounds. Flying and lighting, those falling behind always working up on the wing over the heads of their comrades, they work along the furrow, and no grub turned up by the share or 'hopper driven out upon the bare earth escapes.

But it is at the finish of each land that these little hunters get in their most telling work. Always as the plough goes around, the insects retreat toward the shelter of the weeds. Knowing full well the welcome that



Gulls keeping a lonely vigil



Gulls going to their night's resting-place on the lake

awaits them without, they keep to their stronghold to the bitter end; but finally the last foot of their refuge goes down, and they are forced to make a scurry out upon the plowed land. Then there is a direful slaughter or glad time, according to the respective viewpoints of hopper and gull, and scarcely an armour-clad knight of the green grass escapes.

But much as the gulls seem to love this pulpy pest, they have even a greater fondness for the mouse. Woe unto the little vole or prairie deer-mouse turned out of house by the ruthless share. Instantly there is a chase, and the mouse has about one chance in ten thousand. The gull that gets him first darts off, followed by a score of less fortunate brothers, each bent on robbery and piracy. If the mouse is large, he is likely to be passed round, but if small the chase usually is short; for the gull has a wide gape and gulps down his quarry

while dodging and twisting amongst his pursuing fellows.

The gulls are not always alone at their good work upon the plowed lands. Usually among the gray-coated policemen may be found a few cowbirds or grackles or red-winged or yellow-headed blackbirds. Even the rascally crow often comes along, also, and does here the best work of his otherwise shady career. The little black marsh tern, too, often follows the lead of his big cousins, and darts along after the plowman. Occasionally all gather in one little band and work in harmony.

Though the parent birds in their quest of food during the summer travel far from the nest, it is in August that they roam to the greatest degree. Then the flocks of old and young ramble miles from the nesting-site, and return only in the evening. Then by day they are found—and it may be twenty miles from their night-roost—in a loose congregation



A GULL HATCHERY

A fledging in the foreground

hunting upon the plowed land or upon the green summer fallow or the mown meadow, or even in the stubble among and upon the shocks of grain; and always they are busy. When stuffed to repletion they gather in a compact throng, and, all heading up wind, form an orderly array upon some plowed field or mud-flat. In the evening they file off homewards, and the night roost is always upon the water.

As the Autumn advances, what a change comes over them. Slowly during the busy season the pink vests and black caps vanish, till by August 1st old and young are gray-headed alike. And with a change in their plumage comes a change in their tempers. From the noisiest of the

marsh folks they become the most silent. No longer do they circle on high and make the air discordant with harsh cries; instead they keep near the ground, wander about with a sad preoccupied air and maintain an unbroken silence. Thus do they drift about till they steal off to southward to carry out their good work in warmer latitudes.

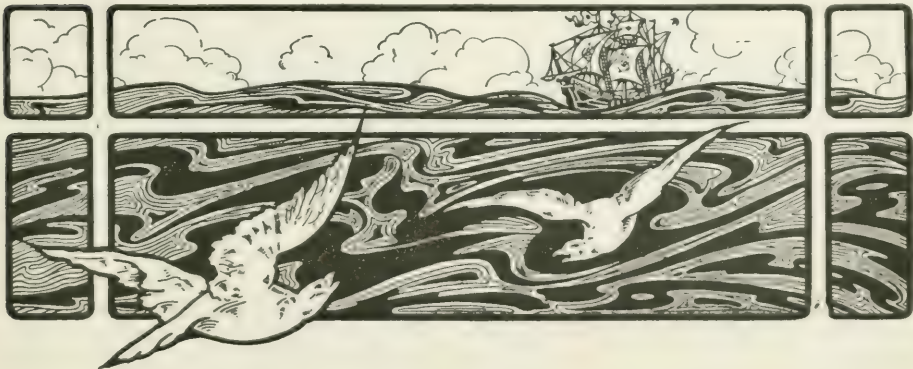
And it is indeed a good work. The amount of benefit bestowed upon the Manitoba farmer who is fortunate enough to have a nesting colony of these birds close at hand can scarcely be appreciated. Systematized research and classification of the contents of the stomachs of dead specimens give figures which are startling even to those who have seen the busy

bird at his work by the hour and day. We quote the following statistics:

"Of the animal food the most important item is grasshoppers. These amount to 43.43 per cent. of the food of the season, and in September and October constitute more than four-fifths of the whole diet. As an example of the number these birds can eat at a single meal, the following may be cited. Stomach A contained seventy entire grasshoppers and jaws of fifty-six more, with remains of three crickets. Stomach B contained twenty beetles, sixty-six crickets, thirty-four grasshoppers and three other insects. Stomach C contained ninety whole grasshoppers, the jaws of fifty-two more, with eight crickets, one bug and one caterpillar. Stomach D contained eighty-two beetles, eighty-seven bugs, 984 ants, one cricket, one grasshopper and two spiders, or 1,157 insects in all. Stomach E was filled with 327 nymphs of dragon flies. Several other stomachs were completely filled with grasshoppers and crickets too far advanced in digestion to be counted. Adults and larvae (grubs) of May beetles were also a large component of the food, and these were probably taken upon cultivated ground. Stomachs collected in Louisiana during the fall migration contained in addition to grasshoppers and beetles large numbers of true bugs (Hemiptera), including several species which are injurious to cotton, tobacco, and squashes. From this brief statement of the food of Franklin's gull, farmers will readily perceive that these birds are very desirable neighbours and will do all in their power to protect them."*

Yet are they protected? How often are these little chaps murdered in cold blood by the irresponsibles who, thanks to the lax game laws or lax enforcement, go abroad with guns. How often on the duck marshes do we find this useful bird floating dead in the rushes, cast up on the shore, or see him swinging by with a dangling leg—he whose crime was that he was tame and confiding and made an easy target. Hundreds of them perish in this way, to the shame of sportsmen, be it said. After spending several seasons in the vicinity of large nesting colonies, the writer is convinced that in the north, at least, man is their greatest foe. A few are killed and eaten by the hawks, especially the villainous duck hawk; a few meet accident in collision with fence or telegraph or telephone wires; but it is the wantons among the gunners in the autumn, those who take a shot just to see if they can hit it, who are responsible for the largest death toll. And such conditions probably will prevail till those who shoot have been taught somehow to see a little gull, not as a target, but as a useful little policeman of the fields, a crusader against the insect foes of man.

*Farmers' Bulletin 497, U.S. Department of Agriculture.



COERCION & CO-OPERATION

By John Lewis

ALTHOUGH this article is suggested by Mr. Curtis's "Problem of the Commonwealth",* it is not intended as a criticism or review in the ordinary sense. The book is selected because it contains the clearest available statement of the aims of those who advocate a definite reorganization of the British Empire, as contrasted with those who would be satisfied with the development of the present plan of co-operation.

This definiteness is the distinctive quality of the book, and to interpret it in any other way is to destroy its value as a contribution to the discussion of an important question. It is not a mere plea for greater unity. Mr. Curtis, I am sure, would repudiate any such interpretation. Not only does he put forward his own proposal frankly, but he rejects other proposals in order that his own may be more clearly distinguished. For this he is entitled to our thanks, and we should be equally frank. If a change is to be made in the mode of governing the British Empire, Canadians ought to know exactly what it is. The decision rests with them, so far at least as Canada is concerned, and they should come out and say plainly what they want. We should say it, too, while the proposals are in a plastic state.

This is all the more necessary because an impression is being created in England that Canada, with other Dominions, is loudly demanding a change in the Imperial relation and a voice in foreign policy and in the settlement of the terms of peace after the present war.

So far as I can see, this description of Canadian feeling is exaggerated. There is a mild, academic discussion, confined to a small circle of students. The Canadian people as a whole are not interested. There is no general, popular discussion. Just for that reason there is danger that their views may be misrepresented. Their silence may be taken as giving consent to proposals that may seriously impair self-government.

Mr. Curtis proposes a new form of government, a new representation for the so-called self-governing nations of the Empire, and a new taxation. I say so-called, because he contends that Canada and its peers in the Empire are not really self-governing. They lack one important element, a voice in the foreign relations and in the making of peace and war.

This defect he would remedy by the creation of a new Parliament for the Empire, which would control foreign relations, the making of peace and war, and the government of India

* Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

and other dependencies. In this Parliament the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa would be represented; the representation would be by population, with some modifications which need not at present be considered. The present British Parliament would surrender the powers to be conferred on the new Parliament; or, to put it in another way, there would be a new Legislature for the United Kingdom, having powers similar to those of the Parliament of Canada.

The new Parliament would not be a mere consultative body. It would be a governing body, with full powers of taxation. Tables are given showing the amount which might be collected from the United Kingdom, from Canada, etc. Mr. Curtis is not bound to the actual figures of these tables. The real taxation would be determined by a board of expert assessors, and would vary from time to time, as our municipal taxes vary. But the tables are important as showing that Mr. Curtis has a definite scheme in mind, and is not merely expressing beautiful thoughts as to unity.

Moreover, he says very emphatically, that the taxation must be legally binding, so that an investor lending money to the Empire would be sure that the money necessary to pay principal and interest would be forthcoming. Compulsion would be substituted for voluntary co-operation. The Dominions would be compelled to contribute, and the individual taxpayer would be compelled to contribute, and if he refused he could be sued and his property seized.

A lawsuit against the individual taxpayer, however, would be the last resort. Each Dominion would be expected to pay the amount fixed by the new parliament or its experts, and would be allowed to raise the money in its own way; for instance by customs and excise duties such as now supply the bulk of our revenue in Canada or by income taxes, land tax-

es or succession duties, if we should choose to adopt those means.

But pay somehow we must—"The all-important question," says Mr. Curtis, "remains how the Imperial treasury is to get the actual cash from the taxpayers" (page 187). And again, "no financial system is sound which does not enable a government to collect the revenues to which it is entitled from the taxpayers themselves in the last resort" (page 188). Further on this point is elaborated. The Imperial Government, it is said, must have "the right to distrain on the goods of the individual taxpayer in the last resort" (page 191).

Mr. Curtis then describes the process of litigation by which the money would be raised. The Imperial Government would be entitled to appeal to the supreme court of the empire. "The court would be empowered to transfer the control of the union customs or of any other revenue department to the Imperial Government, and therefore to collect those revenues from the taxpayers themselves" (pages 191 and 192).

Again, "If the Dominion Government still found the means of avoiding a remedy so drastic the court should in the last resort be able to declare the Imperial Parliament authorized to raise the necessary revenues from the taxpayers of the defaulting dominion by Imperial statute and to take whatever steps should be necessary" (page 192).

Finally in order that no doubt may be left in our minds Mr. Curtis says (page 193), "Passive resistance nothing avails, and the financial system outlined above is designed to leave no room for passive resistance on the part of Dominion governments."

In a speech quoted by Mr. Curtis Sir Clifford Sifton says that Canada has sent the greatest army to England that has ever crossed the Atlantic. Without exaggerating this service it would seem to be a strange result of this action if another army not of soldiers but of tax collectors

and bailiffs should be sent across the Atlantic to Canada to force us to pay our share of Imperial defense.

This is not a matter merely of dollars and cents. If the power of our parliament over taxation is lessened our liberty is impaired. The control of taxation and expenditure is a vital part of self-government.

I do not believe that Mr. Curtis means to speak in a harsh or menacing way. It is the proposal, not the language, that needs to be criticized. Never was a warning more plainly given. If the fish is caught it will be with the naked hook. Mr. Curtis simply carries his proposal to its logical conclusion. He is practically giving us the converse of the old saying "no taxation without representation". He says in effect "no representation without taxation". The question is whether such representation as his scheme would give would be an adequate return for the surrender of our present control over a very large part of our taxation. In discussing taxation Mr. Curtis is in the realm of certainties. He leaves no room for doubt as to the surrender of our control over a large measure of taxation or as to the legal compulsion which will be used if we resist. But our promised control over foreign affairs, the making of peace and war, and the government of India and Egypt is a matter of opinion and speculation.

My own opinion—and I give it only as one of eight million people—is that our control over these matters would be very slight and shadowy, would be a control in name and not in fact. It would perhaps make the Imperial relation more logical. But I doubt whether it would make it more satisfactory in practice.

Foreign relations are not determined, peace and war are not made, by resolutions and acts of parliament. Parliament does not suddenly resolve that our relations with France shall be friendly, or that we shall declare war on Germany. Friendly or hos-

tile relations depend on a long series of events and upon various and complicated circumstances. For instance the war in which we are now engaged is not due solely to Germany's attack upon Belgium, important as that factor was. It is due to the relations between Austria and Serbia, to the rule or mis-rule of the Turk, to the rival ambitions of Germany and Russia in the Balkans and in Asia Minor. In a word to the general condition of Europe for a period extending over many years.

It is a tangled skein and will remain so no matter what settlement may be made. In order to control a situation of that kind there must be a constant study of all the races and nations of Europe and their relations one to the other. I doubt whether the people of Canada after this war is over will be prepared to make any such study of Europe, of Asia or of Africa. Our own affairs will engross our attention when the excitement of war disappears. We shall have to depend, as we do now, upon the foreign office, and upon the diplomatic service throughout the world. Similarly for the maintenance of peace and content in India and Egypt we shall have to depend upon civil servants living in intimate relations with the people of those countries.

It is no answer to this objection to say that we shall have as much control in these respects as the people of the United Kingdom. It is a matter of general complaint in England that the real control of the people over foreign policy is very slight. There is a demand for a more democratic diplomacy; but no satisfactory proposal has been made for achieving that result.

In other words what is offered to us is a very insignificant share of a very insignificant popular control.

What then is to be the real, substantial result of the efforts which Canada is now making? The answer is that we hope for increased secur-

ity and increased freedom to manage our own affairs and develop our own country.

We are told that in this war we are striving not merely to help England or Belgium, but to place Canada itself beyond the reach of German ambition. The declared aim of the war is to secure the free development of Canada and other parts of the British Empire and of the allied countries. If this object is achieved, surely the next step is to take advantage of the security we have won; to proceed with the work of national development, which will bring increased strength not only in peace but, if necessary, in war.

Canada is a country nearly as large as Europe and upon a very modest estimate capable of sustaining fifty million people. Its present population is perhaps eight millions or about as much as that of Belgium, an area of ten thousand square miles. Here surely lies our work. It is better for us to concentrate our energy upon this task than to dissipate it by dabbling in the politics of Europe.

New Canadian problems are created by the war. When peace is restored provision must be made for several hundred thousand returned soldiers who must be pensioned and employed. The sudden stoppage of work in munition factories will throw another army of men and women out of employment. Heavy taxes will be required to pay our war loans. All this means vastly more to us than what is vaguely called "a voice in the terms of peace". We shall hardly turn from our own great tasks to consider what is to be done with Mesopotamia or the precise manner in which the map of Europe is to be re-drawn.

There is nothing sordid or selfish or narrow in going back to our own business after the war. There is room for chivalry and altruism and breadth of mind in Canada. There is room for diplomacy and broad statesmanship in a country whose population is drawn from every race

in Europe. It is just as much a task of high statesmanship to strengthen the bond of friendship between Ontario and Quebec as to strengthen the bond of friendship between England and France. And we can do far more here than we can do in Europe. When we receive the immigrant from Europe and convert him into a good Canadian citizen, we do far more effective world-work than we could ever do by electing a delegate to go to London and cherish the delusion that he is playing a tremendous part in world affairs. If we think we are capable of governing the natives of India, let us invite some native Indians to Canada and ask them to join with us in our great task of nation-building. If we cannot co-operate with Sikhs in Canada, how can we expect to co-operate with them in India?

But it may be said that in the event of another world-shaking conflict Canada may be involved in a war which it did not provoke and could not prevent. I admit the difficulty. I confess that I see no way of meeting it except to build up Canada, and by all means increase its strength and influence in the world. But at least let us deal with realities. Let us not deceive ourselves. If we cannot really control foreign affairs or prevent the nations of Europe from going to war, there is no use in playing or pretending that we do so. Sham representation does not accord well with real taxation. Sham control over world affairs is a poor substitute for real control of our own affairs.

Not only has Canada grown strong under freedom but the British Empire has astonished the world by its strength and unity. That is the result of free co-operation. It would be an ill result of our struggle with Germany if we should borrow the Prussian ideas which we condemn; if we should abandon free co-operation for a system resting upon force and upon Imperial bailiffs and collectors of taxes.



PROUD INDIAN MOTHERS OF THE BLACKFOOTS

CHILDHOOD IN AN INDIAN WIGWAM

By W. McD. Tait

FAMILY life amongst the Indians is radically different from that of white people. But it is alike in that the great epoch-marking events of birth, christening, marriage, and death in the life of the white man are reproduced in the life of the red man.

The event, perhaps, of greatest importance in the Indian tepee is the appearance of a tiny papoose, and the occasion is one for great rejoicing. Amongst most Indian tribes there is an old custom still adhered to. The

father of the newly-arrived papoose rushes from the tepee in search of a name. The first thing that attracts his attention suggests the name for his baby.

Amongst the Hopi Indians, the little fellow is strapped to a board for twenty days after birth and is kept in perfect darkness, but is visited constantly by admiring neighbours. To make the darkness more complete a large blanket or robe of braided rabbit skins is hung over the door. The



A SCHOOL GIRL
OF THE BLOOD RESERVE

skin of every rabbit killed by any member of the family, after the birth of a girl, is carefully preserved for her, and just before her wedding-day these long-preserved skins are cut into strips, braided together in something of a crochet stitch, and become

one of the most prized articles of the bride's outfit.

Very early in the morning of the twentieth day, the friends of the family assemble for the naming feast. The little martyr is taken out of the swaddling clothes, and his head washed by any and all who may care to do so, and a name is given to him by everyone. Sometimes the poor little fellow will struggle under two or three dozen such names as Cooch-ven-te-wa, Scos-nim-te-wa, To-wal-its-te-ma, Coo-ches-ni-ma. If the baby is a boy, the final syllable is usually "wa"; if a girl, the last syllable is usually "ma". Luckily for the child, she sheds all but one or two of these names in a very few days. The name given by the maternal grandmother is usually the one that prevails.

The swaddling clothes are now discarded, and the little fellow, entirely nude, is carried about in all kinds of weather on the back of his mother or sister, covered only by the shawl that holds him in place, and when not thus covered he is perfectly naked.

In all cases an Indian baby takes its name from some extraordinary circumstance connected with its birth. One born a long way from home might be called "Born-a-long-way-from-home". Another whose birth occurs in sight of a bridge would probably be named "Un-ka-ma", which is one of the Indian words for bridge.

Perhaps the first object that strikes the father forcibly in his quest for a name for his baby may be an old squaw stretched out on the ground in front of her tepee, snoring loudly. Then his little one will bear the musical name "Da-ma-a", which means "sleeping woman". Or if his search for a name leads him far from the camp, and he espies a solitary coyote creeping stealthily across the prairie, the little redskin will straightway be dubbed "Lone Wolf". If the father's fancy is first attracted to a buck hobbling his cayuse on the grass, poor baby will be burdened with the queer name of "Horse Hobbler". Or per-

chance through the usually phlegmatic temperament of the father there runs a rare vein of sentiment, and he pauses in his hasty quest to gaze with pleasure upon a beautiful prairie flower, then the little girl will get the pleasing name, "Prairie Flower".

The naming of the little one having been accomplished, it is given over entirely to the mother's care, the father troubling himself no more in regard to his papoose. Fastened in her queer little cradle, ornamented by the clumsy fingers of loving mothers with beads, shells, elk's teeth, bright pieces of glass or tin, queer-shaped bones, and beaded trinkets, all hung within easy reach of the chubby brown fists, the Indian baby swings from the top of the brush arbour near her father's tepee. The wee brown face

smiles from out its trappings of gayly-beaded buckskin, and her sharp little eyes blink at the sunbeams shining through the leafy roof, or the flames of the nightly camp-fire leaping up to mingle with the moonlight.

Strange as it may seem, the Indian baby thrives in her cramped quarters and enjoys as a great treat a change to her blanket on her mother's back when the toiling squaws are sent to the scant timber stretches along the creeks to bring up firewood and water for the camp.

As soon as the little redskin can toddle about, she is taught to share the burdens of her mother. It is a common sight to see a tiny tot with a bundle of sticks strapped to her tiny shoulders, toiling up a steep river bank behind a groaning, sweating



"INDIAN BABIES ARE HAULED ABOUT ON THE TRAVOIS"



MRS. WHITE MORNING GLORY (AGED 16) AND PAPOOSE

squaw, bent double beneath her heavy burden of driftwood which she is carrying home for the camp-fire.

There is a good story told of an old squaw on the Blood Indian reserve in Alberta, being given an old baby carriage in which to wheel her papoose. Instead of putting the baby in the carriage she carried the tot in her blanket and wheeled the empty vehicle to the ration-house for her weekly supply of beef and flour.

The amusements of the Indian child are not many. Very early in life he makes friends with the wild things that have a home on the reserve. The story of Hiawatha illustrates well the diversion of the Indian boy in the little character living on the shores of the *Gitche Gumce* (Shining Big Sea Water). The good old grandmother,

Nokomis, made a cradle of the linden tree. When she went about her work she carried the cradle on her back, or hung it, with little Hiawatha in it, on a branch of a tree where the wind would rock it. At night the baby would lie in the wigwam and listen to the sounds of the animals in the forest.

As Hiawatha grew older he went to play with the animals in the woods at the door of the tepee, and with the big brown cones that fell from the big fir trees. As he played, he fed the birds and called them his chickens. The squirrels were so tame that they came to his hand for food, knowing that Hiawatha would not hurt them. One day, Iago, who was a friend of Nokomis, came to visit the wigwam. He said that Hiawatha should have a

bow and arrows, and made them for him. As soon as they were made, Hiawatha ran into the forest with them to show them to his little friends there. So he lived among them, and was their friend always.

In some Indian tribes there is a ceremony called initiation. About six or eight years of age, the child is soundly flogged in the presence of the whole village. It is said that this flogging is sometimes administered unmercifully. It is supposed to be to the Indian child what the ordeals passed through in making "braves" are to the adult Indian. The flogging is inflicted on boys and girls alike. Every band has initiatory ceremonies of some kind, many of them extremely curious and interesting as instances of racial tendencies.

About the age of initiation, Indian children enjoy the liveliest diversions. The girls are taught to unsaddle, feed, water, picket, hobble, and care for their father's ponies. They assist in preparing food, and wait upon their

fathers and mothers. The Indian boy is at home on the sturdy little ponies of the plains, and revels in a rollicking, happy freedom, as he canters across the wind-swept prairie. He paddles and dives in pebbly-bottomed creeks with the same ease as do wild ducks that fall as frequent prey to his ready rifle.

On the Canadian reserves, Indian children are considered of school age at six years, though reports show that only about sixty per cent. are enrolled at that age. First of all, they are cleaned. The boys have their heads shorn, and the girls' hair is carefully braided. School clothing is provided, and the children present a uniform appearance. The object of this school work of several years is to fit the boys to take their places as useful, self-respecting citizens, and to make the girls good wives and good mothers, that their homes may become centres from which good influences may radiate to every corner of our remotest Indian villages.





THE SPANISH SHAWL

From the Painting by
Dorothy Stevens

One of the Canadian Exhibits at the
Canadian National Exhibition

THE HEART OF WOMAN

By Francis Haffkina Snow

FRAU LUKS lived in a lodging house just under the Morningside Park. Eleven rooms she rented, and three (in the basement) she reserved for her own habitation. Year in, year out she had rented rooms for a living—in the neighbourhood it was rumoured that she had money deposited in several banks; the conjectures of amounts ranged from five to twenty thousand dollars..

Frau Luks was married. Her husband was a waiter in a German restaurant. He was younger than she by at least ten years. He had no money.

Though built on the scale of a female grenadier, Frau Luks was old and looked older. Her face was pasty in hue, and seamed with a mass of wrinkles which drooped down the corners of her mouth and formed little puffs and bags of flesh upon her cheeks; they weighted and sagged her eyelids, starting from the centre and developing progressively to the ends, so that only half of her eyes was visible. That half was blue, of German blue, and could be soft and gentle or hard and steel-like, as the exigencies of her existence demanded, as the tide of inner feeling waxed or waned.

Frau Luks came originally from Vienna. She spoke a curious German, intermingled with words of some Slavonic dialect. Her accent was harsh and sharp.

"*Ganz mutterseele alleine! Ganz*

mutterseele alleine!" she would say dramatically, as her neighbours grouped before her. "Not one of kith and kin—not one of my own blood!"

No mother, no father, no *geschwister*; only a brother who had gone into the war and now was dead. So, too, would *she* soon die, and the waves of oblivion would pass over her head, and she would be as though she had never been.

Often she brooded over this, sitting crouched in her spacious, spotless kitchen. Of this cleanliness she was proud, despite the labour that it cost her. All day she swept and dusted, made beds and cleaned and tidied. Her pail of water was first upon the stoop in the early mornings and last at night.

"One could eat off her sidewalk," said her neighbours, as they saw her sweeping and scrubbing on her knees.

"*Ach! die arme!* how she works!" said the slatternly housewives living all about her.

But when they spoke in this vein to Frau Luks herself, she only smiled, a naïf and childlike smile.

At night when she sat down in her big and empty kitchen, where one heard only the wooden and monotonous tic-toc-tic-toc of the cuckoo clock upon the mantel, she was *totmude*, like a dog which has run for many weary miles—and her ankles and feet were swollen—*Och! so weh!*—and she could

hardly keep awake over her *Staatszeitung*, with its crabbed black-lettered type which danced like a host of little black devils before her swimming eyes, over which her eyelids sagged deeper than in the morning. Then when her eyes closed, despite her efforts, she would put the paper carefully away in the drawer of the big German dresser which had come with her many years before from Vienna—take off and wipe her spectacles, and put *them* away, first in their velvet lined case, then on the mantel over the kitchen range. Finally, as to a religious ceremony, she would go into her front room, her bedchamber and living-room, furnished cleanly and hideously (not to her), with straight chairs and a sofa of horse-hair and a wooden bed, and bear forth solemnly and triumphantly a big box, which she deposited invariably on the red-naped kitchen table, where she ate her solitary evening meal. After some selection, the setting of the automatic self-repeating lever and a vigorous cranking, she would sit facing the flaring horn, in expectation while the preliminary deep sigh and cough began which heralded the advent of her only joy.

Frau Luk's phonograph was the only consolation of her dreary, galleyslave existence. She had bought it five years before from Trutelwitz and Company, and had paid for it one hundred and fifty dollars. She had bought it with Otto, in the golden days. *Gott!* The golden days! Her heart swelled as she recalled them. The days when she might still claim the attribute of youth, the days when Otto had loved her.

Among the round perforated discs Frau Luks had many favourites. She liked the Sousa's waltz and the *Schöne blaue Donau*. She liked the negro quartette, with its syncopated chatter of the "Moonlight in the Eyes of Lou." She was fond of a mysterious, wordless piece which bore the incomprehensible legend "*Le Cigne*". This piece, with its strange cadenc-

tial risings and fallings, gave her invariably a thrill down her back. It was as if she heard the crying of a child. She could never explain it. But most of all, and highest of all, she placed the "Chimes of Normandy", the melancholy, haunting pealings of the bells.

Ah, the bells! *They* made her think of the Austro-Hungarian village where she was born. As the bells rang solemnly, rang eerily through the echoing kitchen, with its chiaroscuro of light and darkness on the clean red bricks, she closed her eyes, swaying and nodding her head unconsciously from side to side in rhythm with the brazen throbbing, now high, now low, all fused and chimed in harmony. And as they pealed and beat, she could see the red gable roofs of the thatched cottages and the crooked little lanes and *gassen* and the rolling hills and sombre forest lands around.

And old faces swam vaguely out before her from the mist of years, faces and scenes and incidents of her early youth, which she had thought forgotten till the day that she had bought the phonograph and heard the bells.

The bells! Yes, it was like that they used to ring in Sonderhausen, when the sun set redly over the hills and fields, gleaming with the gleam of diamonds and rubies in the shining clean windows of the village houses.

Och! That was so very long ago.

Ja! It was a thousand years since Willie Toperl had walked with her across the fields in that sunset glow, while the bells pealed and pealed, and they had kissed behind a flowering sweet-scented thorn and had exchanged rings (his, of twisted silver, was now put carefully away in a box where she kept all her souvenirs, treasures of long dead days) and plighted troths, and then she had sailed, a girl of scarce sixteen, with her father and mother over seas.

So long ago! So very, very long ago!

Often Frau Luks would weep in the evenings in her big, empty kitch-

en—not as empty as her heart—as she listened so, with closed eyes, to the solemn pealing of the bells.

Then at last, heavily, she would rise and put away the *musikbuchse* in the front room, and go to bed.

*

Her husband never came home until two or three o'clock in the morning. Often he was drunk, stumbling over furniture, cursing and swearing, waking her with a start from her heavy slumber, only to quarrel with her and revile her as she spoke. Her heart would beat in the darkness, for she was, in her normal state, afraid of Otto when he was drunk.

For more than five years Otto had been like this. And it spoiled her nights. But in the daytime she did not care. And always in the morning, when, red-eyed and pallid, he would get up and dress, he would find his coffee hot on the stove awaiting him, and his rolls generously buttered (with butter at forty cents a pound) on the round table with its spotless cloth. And always his laundry was clean and plentiful. All he needed was to go to the drawer of the dresser and take it out.

Sometimes on Sundays he would eat at home, and Frau Luks would cook him his meals the like of which they would never give him elsewhere: *knackwurst*, all splitting with white and savoury juice, and hot and toothsome *sauerkraut*, and *rote ruben*, and *kartoffelsalat*, and Teutonic beer, with *kaffee* and cheese and *kuchen* to top it all. But Otto did not care. He ate everything in phlegmatic silence, growling out an occasional monosyllable, and then, after dinner, he would stick a big cigar into his mouth and go out, attired in a suit carefully pressed (by Frau Luks) and a white and spotless vest (purchased by Frau Luks) swinging jauntily a cane and eyeing the girls that passed him on the street. For if Frau Luks was old and ugly, he was still for a man, young, and tall, and well set up, and

good-looking in a coarse, blonde, animal way.

Why had Frau Luks closed her eyes so long and so patiently to the meaning which he had given to their married life?

If you ask *me*, you will surely not expect an answer. The heart of woman! Was it because she still remembered the time when he had assured her, a lodger in a room of a former house over whose destinies she had presided as she presided now over this one—that he “had her *gern*,” and plausibly demonstrated to her lonely, credulous heart that they would be happy in the sweet communion of wedded life? Was it because of the years of intimacy, engendering in the woman familiarity, in the man contempt? Or was it because of the little dead baby, whose soul, set free to wing its joyous way through the blue and infinite fields of heavenly space, had never incarnated itself upon this earth? The heart of woman! Surely you do not expect *me* to sink the plummets here?

Yet like the placid sea when lashed by wind and storm could be this woman's heart if you probed too deeply. Slow she was to anger, but furious when aroused. So is the lioness calm if you attack not her young. And every woman deep down in her heart and soul and consciousness has a child of sentiment. It may be her religion, which if you scratch you will scratch a panther. It may be her morality, which if you challenge you may catch a Tartar. It may be, as with the lioness, her maternity, which makes her wholly blind, and on occasion, ruthless. Whatever it be, wherever it lie, it is always fanatic, and she will die for it, as the Christian martyrs perished at the stake, with fervour and ecstasy, and utter self-oblivion.

In Frau Luks's case, this creature of sentiment, this religion, this morality, this maternity, this fanaticism was her phonograph.

So, when one morning, while she

was vigorously wielding the broom upon the worn-out carpet of her stairs and the door bell rang and the man at the door informed her roughly, while his team waited, that he had come from Trutelwitz and Company to get her phonograph, and pushed under her nose a scribbled order of delivery, she was forthwith a lioness called to defend her young.

"Vot you means, hey?" she asked, barring his already impatient way with her strong, broad amplitude. "For vy you comes to get mein *musikbuchse*, vot?"

"What's eatin' you, old girl?" asked the expressman, with odious familiarity, taking her evidently for the cook or servant girl, instead of the unchallenged mistress over thirteen rooms. "Come on, now and get busy. Show me where your phonograph is, and in a hurry, see? Don't you lamp the order?"

"Ja! I sees de order!" answered Frau Luks, four-square and uncompromising before him. "It voss some mistakes. I haff mine own *musikbuchse*, vot I pay hundert'n fafty dollar for, to Trutelwitz himself. For vy you comes for it, vot?"

"Oh, forget it! Forget it!" remarked the expressman wearily. I'm from Trutelwitz, see? Your husband sold him back your phonograph yesterday for thirty dollars. And he's paying me to come and get it—clutch?"

"Vot? Vot iss dat?" screamed Frau Luks, her blue demilunes of eyes suddenly blazing azure fire. "My husband selded back mein *musikbuchse*? For dreissig daller?"

"That's what, old girl," confirmed the expressman, shifting his quid, taken aback already by the steely sparkling of Frau Luks's eye.

"O, dot voss it, voss it?" rejoined Frau Luks, suddenly very quiet. "So you comes to get mein *musikbuchse*, ja?"

"That's what I said," remarked the expressman, eyeing her now uneasily. "Where is it, anyway?"

"It voss vare you neffer gets it in your lifelong!" screamed Frau Luks, suddenly raising her broom. "It voss vare your expressman's gompany unt Mr. Trutelwitz and the bresident aff the whole Ameri-ka neffer put dere hants upon it! You gett off mein house, now! Neffer come again! Weg, or I smashed you, see!"

The expressman, eyeing with disconcertment and dismay the upraised broom and Frau Luks's height and broad shoulders, and red and angry face, beat a hasty exit down the steps.

"Say you'll get yourself into trouble, old girl!" he called up angrily. "That phonograph ain't yours no more. Your husband sold it back for thirty dollars cash, see? Trutelwitz came special to see it the other day. You'll get yourself juggled for obtainin' money under false pretences, that's what'll happen to you! And for assault 'n battery on a respectable expressman in the pr-fesh'nl persoot of his duties," he added in an injured tone as he climbed upon his wagon seat and raised the reins.

"Yah!" jeered Frau Luks after him, shaking her broom undauntedly. "You comes to get mein *musikbusche*, ain't? For vy you no comes in and gets it, vot? I haff it alretty in the basement. For vy you no comes in und gets it, say?"

"Not on your life," replied the expressman, with great earnestness, to this cordial invitation, spitting a golden yellow stream of tobacco juice high over his horses' heads. "Oh, no, darlin', not for mine this trip!"

"Come in unt get it!" pleaded Frau Luks, beguilingly. "For vy you no comes in unt gets it?"

"Oh, shut up!" rejoined the expressman courteously, with a sheepish laugh, in which rang out both admiration and defeat. And clucking to his horses, he drove away, meditating sadly on the setness of woman's ways and on the hardships of an expressman's life in general.

Frau Luks remained master, or ra-

ther mistress, of the field. But as she stood there leaning on her broom, gazing down into the street as a great general surveys his victory, she suddenly discovered that she was trembling from head to foot, and her legs gave way beneath her. So, slowly she closed the door and tottered in to her front parlour, which was long and narrow like a railroad car—adorned as to the brightly-flowered walls with brilliant chromos in gilt frames—and sank upon the stiff, uncomfortable seat which reflecting the vagaries of furniture manufacture was a hybrid thing, which made convenient sitting or reclining equally impossible.

"*Mein Gott!*" ran her inchoate, astounded, outraged thoughts. "Otto selded mein *musikbuchse!* For *dressig* daller! Unt prought Trutelwitz to see it vile I voss away! Ach, *Mein Gott*, I fix him up for dat! *Herr Je!* I fix him!"

Her usually placid, monotoned existence was torn from its foundations as an anchored ship is dragged from its quiet roadstead and driven out to the wild and raging sea. Such anger she had never known since she was a chubby girl in Austria and Jan Milchsack, a neighbouring farmer's son, had slapped her face because she would not dance with him at Lotta Muller's.

All day she swept and scrubbed, and cleaned, trembling and waiting. Let him come home! She would fix him now.

In the evening, after the solitary *abendbrod* was over, and the dishes cleared away, the *Zeitung* read, and the spectacles placed carefully upon the shelf, she brought out the music box, and listened to the bells.

But her mood, as she harkened to their deep and solemn peal, was not the familiar mood. No longer did she feel the calm and gentle melancholy, the deep yet tranquil sadness of her recollections of dead days. In their place, there was an unspeakable, poignant *schmerz*. Her heart and soul felt bruised. *Herr je!* She had loved a

man—the only man in her woman's life since Willie Tolperl—and she had toiled and slaved for him, and made him happy in all material ways—she had taken him, a penniless, shabby waiter, lodging in the cheapest room of her own house, and made him master over all, and clothed and fed him for fifteen years like a *feiner Herr*. And he had soon tired of her, because she was older than he, and *nicht schon*, and he had taken to drink, and cared nothing for her, except as a means to an end, to sleep and drink and eat, and dress. *Och Gott!* was this *Gerichtigkeit?*

So she mused bitterly, as she listened to the solemn pealing of the chimes that night. Something pressed hard upon her breast within. She thought again how utterly lonely was her life. *Och Gott!* *So mutterseele alleine!* Only one man, one human soul, and he, and they, were base! base! base!

She found that silent tears were running down her seamed, wrinkled face. She stopped the phonograph, and brought it back. Then she put out the lamp in the kitchen, and went into the dark and stuffy sleeping-room in front. So she sat, fully dressed, by the window, gazing out over the little brick-paved yard with its two-foot wall, into the lamplit street. To her ears came the jangling disharmonies of a half-dozen pianos from various houses in her block. Chopin's "*Jada, Jada, gosce,*" had she known it, blended with the passionate eulogies of "Oh, you beautiful doll," the sensuous waltz of "The Pink Lady," with the flippant lilt of the popular "I See That You Are Married." Across the street there was a window brilliantly lighted, where a young girl was singing with great sentiment, and a little American heart as narrow and hard and empty as a thimble:

You are my garden of roses
Brushed by the morning dew,
Each pretty flower discloses
Secrets I find in you—

Ach, American music! It made her sick, gave her such a *heimweh* for

the old country, the open sky of her Austrian highlands, the grandeur of the rolling hills, which now she did not hope to see again, the ambrosial country air, the red ploughed hills creeping up the sides of the sloping lands, the browsing kine in the lowlands.

*

At twelve o'clock Frau Luks dozed, at one she slumbered heavily. At two-fifteen she woke with a start as an automobile crowded with "joy-riders" stopped a few doors up, with much shrill laughter and wild shouts of half-drunken men and women. Through the pane she saw a man get out and, standing on the kerb, lean up and kiss a woman whose hat was all askew. Then amid shouts and laughter the automobile moved away at a reckless speed. The man turned and walked unsteadily towards her house. With a sudden gasp, she saw that it was Otto.

The eyes of a panther, called to defend its young, surely never emitted such fire as the eyes of Frau Luks in the yellow lamplight before that window.

"So, so!" she said softly to the adjacent darkness, shrinking back into the inky shadow of the hanging curtains. She heard the tumblers of the iron basement door turn back; she heard him enter, and the closing of the door. Then he stumbled in, colliding with wall and furniture, breathing heavily, emitting an odour of bad cigars and whisky which nauseated her.

"*Mein Gott!*" he growled in German, in a raucous, hiccupping tone. "Why is it always so *dunkel* here? Another woman would leave the gas lit for a man to see."

"So, you voss a mans?" came in English the incredulous voice of Frau Luks from the enveloping darkness.

Half drunken, yet guilty as he was, he could feel the grim menace of her voice.

"Vere voss you, Millie?" he hic-

coughed in sweet conciliatory tones.

"I voss fere I voss und verry satisfied!" replied Frau Luks, biding her time, though her breast was heaving.

"Are you *bos*' mit me yet alretty?" asked Otto soothingly. "Don't pe mat offer de phonograph. I'll get you anutter vun. I voss hart upp und neeted de money."

"So, you voss hart upp and neeted de money!" iterated Frau Luks. "To rite in ottermopiles vile your vedded vife voss sleeping, I mean. To take choyrites mit female voomans, I im-machine. Und kiss dem beffore mein verry house, *nit*?"

Otto was a man; hence being tried and convicted and unable to reconcile, he became brutal.

"*Schweige, verpfluchte alte!* Shut upp, or I make you, see?" he roared at her through the trembling darkness, groping for matches.

"So, I voss a *verpfluchte alte!*" came to him Frau Luk's voice rapidly approaching him through the darkness. "So, you make me shut up, *ja*?"

He turned with a growl and curse to answer, but suddenly, to his utter stupefaction, a brawny fist shot out of the darkness like a catapult and struck him stunningly in the face. A whole galaxy of stars swam dizzily around him. In a moment he recovered, and rushed on her with a wild bull's roar, desiring and prepared to beat and overthrow and trample her underfoot the woman who had borne with him for fifteen years! His was the Berseker rage, the primitive blood impulse of the brute.

Then a whirling tornado, a blizzard, a simoon, a typhoon, a mountain fell upon him; a giant tossed and whirled him about in the darkness as easily as a magician juggles rubber balls. One moment he crashed over the bed; the next headlong over the table. Now he lay on the floor. Now he was lifted in arms of steel and thrown again. His head, still whirling with the fumes of liquor, swam in an ocean of terror.

"Millie! Millie! *mein Gott*, don't kill me!" he groaned, as the big inexorable fist struck him again and again in the face.

"*Ja! Ja!*" came as a snorting, infuriated cry in the darkness. "*Ja! Ja!* I voss a *verpflichtete alte*, nit? Und you makes me shut up! Und sells me mein *musikbuchse* pack for *dreissig* daller, nit? Un you goes choyriting mit female voomans, *ja?* I teach you vot iss! I shows you somedings I mean!"

And again he catapulted through spaces, tossed by a titan's hand, till with one final crash he fell in the corner and lay still.

Then Frau Luks, panting like a walrus, found matches and lit the gas.

The room was wrecked, utterly wrecked. The chromos were hanging at dizzy angles on the walls; the chairs lay limp and overturned and broken in all directions. the table was smashed to pieces. In the corner lay her husband, breathing heavily and quite unconscious.

But she felt no pang of regret for the ruined furniture; no pity for the sodden brute who lay worsted and senseless in the corner—the man who after fifteen years of care and devotion had sold her *musikbuchse*.

She went out heavily, still panting deeply, to the woodshed back of the kitchen and came back with a long clothesline, which she wound tightly about her husband's arms and legs, swathing him with the strong rope from head to foot.

Then she put on her bonnet and shawl, and left the house by the basement door. Round and round she walked, block after block, till she saw the capped and uniformed guardian of the peace whom she was seeking. He stood, talking with another night patrolman in a doorway.

"Mr Policemans," she said, stopping short, "I look for you. You comes pack mit me to mein house; dere iss dere a bad man, mein husband, who try to murter me; you

comes pack und takes him mit you away, yes?"

The policeman, bored from long standing, came forth with alacrity.

"What's that, what's that? Your husband tried to murder you? Where is he?"

"In mein house. I fight mit him terrible. It voss awful. All the furnichure iss gesmasht."

"Come on, Casey!" said the policeman curtly to his companion. "Go ahead, old lady. We'll fix you up all right," he said encouragingly to Frau Luks, brandishing his club, as the three started briskly out together on the lamplit, silent street, where only the hollow reverberation of their footsteps could be heard. We'll take all the fight out of *him*, you bet!"

"I mean," said Frau Luks guilelessly, "dere is not *viel* fight by him more alretty."

When she led the two patrolmen into her wrecked bedchamber, they looked at her and at each other with amazement.

"Looks like some fight," said Casey. "The guy is trussed like a chicken for the roasting pot." He turned the still insensible man over. "He's got a beautiful pair of eyes, all right. Say, old lady, how much do you weigh?"

"Vott I veighs?" said Frau Luks proudly. "I veighs vun hunderd and ninety-dree bounds. I voss verry strong. I iss a voomans, but I iss as gut as enny man!"

"Better, lady! Better!" said the other policeman enthusiastically, with a grin at Casey. "This fellow is big himself. What'll we do with him?"

"I vonts you take him to the policeman's stations!" said Frau Luks.

"You want us to arrest him?"

"*Ja*," replied Frau Luks inexorably. "You tells me fere I go tomorrow und speaks all vot he done. He got money unter false preetentiousness; he sold me mein *musikbuchse!*"

"Sold your music-box!" rejoined the policeman, with a guffaw. "Is

that why you want him pinched?"

"He selled me mein *musikbuchse*," repeated Frau Luks unmoved. "Und den he come home trunk choyriting in an ottermobile mit female voomans. Und ven he come in, he try to murter me. I fix him for all togeter. You see?"

With chuckles which they could not control, the patrolmen took up the inanimate man, and bore him out before the house; one of them then went to the patrol box at the corner and 'phoned for the wagon.

With fixed and stony face Frau Luks sat at the window and watched them put him in and drive away.

"Ja. This was the end of her marriage; a fine ending, for a fine beginning. It was better so. Now was she indeed alone. Till the white dawn came she lay awake in the big bed thinking of all her life, begun across the seas in the sunny light of youth's illusions, now ending in utter darkness so far away from home.

In the morning it was a very weak and wilted prisoner that appeared before Judge Connery in the Police Court of the district. Both eyes were puffed and closed; the face was scarred and seamed with battle, the mouth awry. Frau Luks was also there. So was Herr Trutelwitz. She had seen to that.

"Are you Mrs. Luks?" asked the magistrate curtly, when she came forward.

"Yess," said Frau Luks. "I comes here to complain."

Simply, yet with the emphasis of conviction, staring at Otto's hanging, sullen face inexorably, she told her story. There was not a loophole in it.

"Und I wants him sent away," she concluded firmly. "He voss vun bad mans; he selded mein *musikbuchse*; he try to murter me. Und he trink like fishes. I am afraid effery night ven he come home."

"It doesn't look as though you were much afraid," said the judge, gazing with astonishment from her breadth of shoulder to the kaleido-

scopic appearance of the prisoner's face.

Frau Luks smiled guilelessly, yet grimly.

"Six months," said the magistrate, briefly and concisely, after noting the testimony of Herr Trutelwitz. "Fraud and wifebeating. Take him away. Next case."

Herr Luks cast at Frau Luks a sullen yet respectful glance as he departed.

"Ja," she called after him triumphantly. "I voss a *verpfluchte alte*, und you makes me shuttup, nit? Und you sells me mein *musikbuchse*, ja? Und you choyrites mit female voomans, auch?"

Now, Frau Luks was no longer awakened by the curses of a drunken husband. For the first few weeks following her husband's exit she slept like a child in the big four-poster bed which for fifteen years had been their common couch.

"Mrs. Wolf!" she said in her dramatic way to the lady who lived with her husband on the first floor back, "I tells you I neffer sleeps so vell in fifteen year. I voss allus afraid, so nerfous, vaiting vile he comes. Now I sleeps like vood unt iron. *Herr je!* In fifteen year!"

The whole neighbourhood knew of Frau Luks's experiences and spoke admiringly of her prowess. If all women were like her, they decided solemnly, there would be fewer worthless men. An aureole of heroism haloed her round; children pointed her out on the street; and she had become a local celebrity in the neighbourhood.

Month after month went regularly and monotonously by.

Now, undisturbed by fear of any kind, Frau Luks sat in her big kitchen at night and listened to Sousa's band and "Lou", and to the "*Cigne*", with its strange and sobbing cadences, which made her thrill for some reason that she did not understand, and to the pealing and appealing of the bells.

So she sat, rocking and swaying slightly from side to side, with hands folded idly in her lap, while the shadows played with goblin-like, fantastic shapes, in the dimlit corners.

"*So mutterseele alleine. Och, so mutterseele alleine!*"

Ja! It was better so. What has she ever had from the man but parasitism, drunkenness, abuse? She was better alone; what had *he* ever been for her? How had *he* ever alleviated her deep and brooding loneliness?

Yet when one day the bell of the iron basement door rang, and she found herself facing through the latticed bars her husband, unshaven and shabby, all his old elegance departed, the stamp of prison yet upon him—her strong heart melted to water in her breast.

"Oh, it vass you," was her only comment, her hand dropping suddenly from the latch.

"Yess, I am it," said the man eagerly, even humbly. "Let me in, Millie. I vill neffer play you a doity trick again. I lost mine job now; I ain't got a cent to get a meal al-ready."

"*Nein,*" said Frau Luks, after a gigantic struggle with the weak woman's heart that beat so near the surface of the soul. "*Nein,* I vill not let you in, but I vill giff you some money and you will neffer come back und boddors me again, or I get you still one time arrested. You hear? Vait now for me a minute."

She went back, her knees trembling beneath her, to the kitchen. From an old teapot she took out a roll of bills, her rent money for that month. After much deliberation she chose a ten-dollar bill and brought it to him.

"Neffor come back no more!" she admonished, passing it between the bars.

"Oh, Millichen, don't sent me away!" said the man hoarsely. "I lofe you. I can't liff mitout you. Millie, let me in!"

She turned relentlessly and left him, and closed the inner door be-

hind her, then she went into her sitting room and watched him from behind the curtains, as with lagging step and hanging head he shuffled away toward the park.



Now, for some reason, Frau Luks slept no longer like a child in the big four-poster. Often she would lie, staring with burning eyes and throbbing temples, up into the palpitating darkness that seemed to hang not over her head, but her heart, like a pall. *So mutterseele alleine!* Otto had said something that hurt her.

Love from him? It was all a lie!

But none the less, was she quite loveless? And so it had always been. Now was no worse than then. She did not have a soul, not even a dog's—linked up with her existence.



He came again; she knew that he would come.

Shabbier was he now; and the blond stubble of his unshorn cheeks was of the growth of weeks. His hat was stoven in and he was collarless and coatless, though October, chill and biting, had already come. His trousers were frayed at the bottom and he was down at heel.

"Say, Millie, giff me some more money," he begged humbly, in a hoarse voice, which ended in a painful cough. "I'm down and out. I ain't got a cent, and I'm freez'ng."

Silently she surveyed him through the grated bars.

"Ach, Millie, don't be so hart!" pleaded the man wearily. "I wass your hussband for fifteen yahr, and now I'm down and out. Lent me *wenigstens* a dollar so I could eat und sleep to-night."

"*Otto!*" said Frau Luks in her dramatic way, but her voice was weak and soft with the woman-softness, and her blue eyes were misty. "*Otto,* you tell me now vunce, vun ting—you sorry dot you selled mein musik-buchse?"

The man's face lighted up with a gleam of unexpected hope.

"*Mein Gott*, Millie, I could tear mein heart out offer what I dit. I wass a laysy, drunken *bestie*. You gafe to me all dat wass comin' to me."

Then fell Frau Luks's broad hand upon the latch of the iron door, And, as one passes reverentially in through the gleaming gates of Paradise, so came Frau Luks's outcast husband in again to light and warmth and food and cleanliness—to *home*, whose worth in many weary months he had learned to know at last.

When Otto had gone to bed that night in the conjugal bedchamber, a changed man after a bath and shave, and the wearing of spotless raiment and Frau Luks's skilful cookery, seasoned by a very thick and black cigar which she went out herself to buy for him, and slept like a child after many months of lodgings indescribable for the down-and-outs, luxuriating in sheets fairly crackling with cleanliness, Frau Luks sat in her shadowed kitchen with her *musikbuchse*.

Expectant she sat, with folded hands, as the deep sough and cough began.

Then the bells pealed forth again through the leaping shadows. But they were no longer filled with the poignant *schmerz* which they had voiced after Otto's base betrayal. They were not even melancholy, despite their solemn chime. No longer sat she there and thought "*So mutter-seele alliene!*" A human soul was linked with hers. That soul was weak, if you will; it was capable of baseness and degradation, but it was *hers*. It depended on *her*. It needed *her*. A warm glow kindled at her heart as she thought of how he had laid his curly head in her broad lap and wept and promised *gutes leben* in the future. Her tired eyes were filled with a soft and brooding light, and the solemn chiming of the bells bore to her ears melodiously a strange and mystic message of hope and happiness; yes, and love.

The heart of woman—a strange, mysterious land!



THE REVENGE ^{that} FAILED

By Theodocia Pearce

THE editor of *The Daily Star* stirred uneasily when he heard a rap on the door of his private office. As a rule, he disliked raps, and he especially disliked this one, for he had his own idea of who was waiting admission just at that minute. Business instinct pulsed through him. Nevertheless he called, "Come in, Miss Harley." Business was business, whether pleasant or disagreeable.

The social editor stepped briskly into the office, closing the door with no slight noise. The social editor loved to make an impression, but, alas, her methods greatly annoyed the editor. He glanced up from his writing, only long enough to point to a chair, then turned to his work.

To get at the point immediately was always his method, but in dealing with a woman it was different. One had to be cautious and yet strike home. So he gripped his pen tightly, perhaps to steady himself for the ordeal.

As to the social editor, she took the proffered seat with a very sweet smile. The social editor knew the chief editor—at least she thought she did, but at any rate she was conscious of his uneasiness, if not of her own.

"Well, Miss Harley," he said, swinging round with sudden determination, "I will not detain you longer than necessary. Have you any idea why I sent for you so hastily?"

The social editor smiled again, but this time faintly. "I have thought about it, Mr. Maxwell, but as a rule I am very poor at solving such riddles."

Quickly the editor raised his hand, and slowly stroked the back of his head to glossy black smoothness. "It concerns your work, you know, Miss Harley."

"I surmised that much."

"Well, the fact is, it's going down. Understand, going down. I'm not trying to blame you, by any means, but we have decided that something must be done and done quickly."

"I understand, Mr. Maxwell," Miss Harley replied, with a sigh. "But what I can't understand is how my pages fail. I can't get a soul interested in my correspondence corner, and I don't believe there is one person who tries my choice recipes and daily menus, and it seems I just spend hours hunting up such things."

The little social editor forgot that she had once been starched, just now she felt pretty limpy.

"That's just the point, I believe. Women who read your pages haven't the time to attempt some new delicacy every day, and if they had, I don't think they would do it. We want something new—something that will take hold."

"I know it, and truly I've thought of everything, from beginning a kindergarten to a beauty competition."

The editor laughed. "It's too bad, Miss Harley. I did not think it was troubling you, but I most assuredly am convinced that you have the ability to conceive some brilliant new plan, and, moreover, carry it out successfully."

The social editor smiled. "Thank you, Mr. Maxwell," she said, "but I believe our standards of success reach the same level. Mine goes pretty high, and often casts me down as a result. But I'll do my best to unearth a good plot."

The editor took out his watch slowly.

"Just twenty minutes after ten. Now, take my advice, go away from this office. Take a good walk perhaps—somewhere where it is quiet. You'll reach some original conclusion, I know. And then come back to me, so we can talk it over."

"I will, Mr. Maxwell, if it kills me," she said, with a forced laugh, as she rose and walked to the door. "Good-bye, I'll try to return after a while, flying our colours."

"By gad," mused the editor, as he turned to his work, "that's what I call spunk. Why, from the crown of her curly brown hair to the tip of her tailored blue skirt, she is a bundle of genuine ability, and is quite capable of doing her own pushing. I'm the man on the spot to help a girl like that."

The desire to make an impression, even through banging doors, had completely left the social editor, as she entered her own office. Here was a problem to worry any woman, even if she had the strength of a Greek goddess. As Gretchen Harley stood before her mirror and fixed her new Easter bonnet of dainty blue straw over her refractory curls, she had a good mind to go home and cry it all out; but because she was a Harley right through, she didn't. Instead, she powdered her nose anew, drew on her coat and gloves with savage fierceness, and walked out from the building like a determined martyr.

Outside, the streets were a-hum with humanity, trolley cars, motors, and heavy wagons. Mr. Maxwell had said that quiet was essential, but where to go, she had no idea. A street car came along, and stopped directly in front of her, as she was trying to cross the street. Fate shoved her on, so she boarded a street car at the next corner. She now became aware that she was tired and wanted a rest. About half an hour later it was a rather irate conductor who aroused her from her reverie, demanding if she had paid her fare, and where she desired to get off.

"We go back now, Miss. This ain't no circular route."

"Well, I suppose I might as well get off here," she said calmly.

It was a strange part of the city to her—new, yet not unreal. Their district was also like this, rows and rows of decent-looking residences, the homes of the medium rich. The lawns were rapidly becoming green in the early April sunshine, and little shoots were appearing in the moist earth of the gardens.

It was very quiet, except for the rumble of an occasional milk-cart, or the hum of a motor van. She met few people, but somehow as she walked along in this new world, the sunshine of the April day crept into her heart and made her glad. She forgot her troubles, forgot she was out on a quest, but was singing with the sunshine in the heart of her.

Trouble had so completely vanished from her world that she even forgot there was such a thing, until she met it unawares. It was a long, low wail of a child, a wail that struck Gretchen Harley with pity. She looked around. On the front steps of the house across the way sat a little child, bending over a slate. A small hat lay on the steps beside her, and the sun brightened anew the golden curls that fell around the little shoulders, and rested upon the pink frock. It was such a pretty picture that almost without reason the social editor made her way

across the street and up the walk.

"What's the matter, dear?" she asked softly, moving the small hat and sitting down.

The face raised to her's was sweet but tear-stained.

"I can't add! Teacher said go home until it was right, and now mother isn't here and it won't get done right."

"Well, I'll help you; shall I?"

The child nodded, and with a shy little smile passed her slate over to the stranger. Two heads bent close together for a while, and soon it was all "done right".

"I got no mistakes anyway in spelling," the child said happily. "See," and with a little laugh of pride she turned to the other side of the slate.

It was hardly legible, but Gretchen Harley deciphered it slowly. The round, clumsy letters meant much.

"Keep up with your sums and your spelling, little girl, and some day you will make a beautiful woman."

"How do you know? Mother says I ain't pretty."

"Oh, I read it in your writing, and I don't mean beautiful in your face, I mean in here," she touched the little girl's dress above the heart.

"Will I? Where does the writing say so?"

"Oh, I couldn't explain, but I studied it once."

"What?"

"Graphology."

"Can you use it lots?"

The social editor became as a child. There was a little scream of delight in her voice, and a new light in her eyes, as she rose.

"Yes, I can, little girl, and I'm going to try. Good-bye."

Then she was gone, and the little girl was left alone.

"Get it?" the editor demanded anxiously a couple of hours later as he heard Miss Harley's voice begging admittance. But one look at her face was sufficient. "Oh, you did solve the puzzle. I knew you would!"

Gretchen Harley laughed. "Yes,

I did get it, Mr. Maxwell. And I'm happy about the idea; but, to be truthful, I'm worried about the results."

"Tut, tut, let your ambitions down for a time. But tell me your plans."

"Not such a lot after all, Mr. Maxwell, but I think I shall do the mysterious and read character."

The editor emitted a dubious grunt. "How?"

"I've studied graphology, and now I'm going to put it in use. Who isn't always ready to know what other people think of them?"

"There's great merit there, Miss Harley. Now what do you propose?"

"Well, it's this. I'll have a *nom de plume*, perhaps *Isolde*. I planned that because I have always loved the name. We will insert something that will read something like this: 'Isolde, Lady of Mystery, will read your handwriting and reveal your character. Send sample letter with coupon printed below, and use an assumed name. Answers will appear daily in the Graphology Column.' Then, Mr. Maxwell, I expect to have letters come pouring in to me, and it will be very interesting. Honest, though, I do believe it will succeed, but I am bound to talk as well as hope, I suppose."

"Praise and cash are what you need, and what you will get. But are you sure you can do it?"

Pride was nipped, and the social editor glared at him coldly. "Do you suppose I would try if I couldn't?" she demanded.

"No, I know you wouldn't. We will give it a try and hope for the best."

Saturday the notice was printed in large type on her pages. Gretchen had laughed when her brother read and she found a seat unoccupied in a the notice to the family, but she also kept silent. Her people didn't really know what she could do. Saturday night she rescued her old text-books and graphometer from the attic, but she didn't laugh as she entered *The Star* building about nine o'clock the

following Monday morning. She pressed her bundle of books tightly over her heart, to keep it from jumping out.

"Any mail?" she asked the office boy carelessly.

The boy grinned, "Well, you go in and have a look, you wouldn't believe me."

An hour later the editor found her half laughing, half crying, over a pile of letters.

"Great, isn't it?" he teased.

"Why, it's splendid. I've finished six already, and I hope to get about a dozen done for to-day's edition."

"What types of humanity?"

"Lovely, funny and sad. My six include an old gentleman, who wrote the quaintest letter. I'll keep the interesting ones, and let you read them sometime. Then there's one from a school teacher, wanting to know why she couldn't succeed."

"What did you say to that?"

"Said if her faith was as weak as her hand-writing that I didn't wonder. Oh, don't look so worried, I said nice things, too, and she deserves them. Then here are two school girls, quite charming, I imagine. They have character, too, for just look at that hand-writing. That's four. The other is a boy, a small one of the age that sister's beau does not appreciate, I imagine. And this last is so sad—from a little lame girl; yet her letter is so like sunshine it hurts my eyes. I'm giving her a good reading, and if she doesn't receive red roses from Isolde, it will be queer."

"That's splendid. Perhaps we may start a regular relief fund—but not public, you understand. How many letters in all to-day?"

"Fifteen altogether, but you forget about to-morrow, and to-morrow—"

"Oh, let to-morrow take care of itself. I'm satisfied with to-day."

But the to-morrow came, doubling the fifteens, and even the thirties. Graphology ruled the city. The children in the schools wrote letters, the girls at dancing classes organized

graphology parties, as well as the society dames at their five o'clock teas. Men in the factories formed clubs. Everyone was anxious and alert to learn more about themselves. The question of the day was, "Say, had your character read yet?" Men carried clippings in their note-books, women bought scrap albums in which to keep their clippings. Always the question arose, "Who is this Isolde?" But in spite of plots and plans, they never found out.

All this took time, but once launched, Gretchen Harley had the patience to wait. She loved the work, and instead of saving character studies, she had boxes full of quaint letters from strange people. Often she discussed Isolde with her friends, and to satisfy them was obliged to write a letter to herself. She was happy indeed, until the day the fatal letter came.

Isolde knew the hand-writing the minute she picked it up, and her heart began to beat wildly. She wondered if he remembered her studies. Hastily she broke the seal, and drew out the letter:

Dear Lady of Mystery, I wonder would you be so gracious as to tell me what I am. Long I have desired to know, but courage has failed me. However, Lady of Mystery, I will await your judgment, and beforehand, thank you for your kindness,

Sincerely,

Jack.

"Well," the social editor sneered, "if you don't know what you are, I do. And I won't hesitate to tell you, either. I'm mighty glad you don't know who I am. Here's where I get my revenge. Once you left me for silly Leone Davies because you had an idea she was so very beautiful and wore such charming clothes. I could not be tricked on your writing in years, for I always knew it, and always shall."

With a look of determination in her brown eyes, Gretchen Harley set to work over a character sketch that occupied two hours of precious time.

Not that it was so long, but it was so hard to write. To tell your former fiancée what you think of him for hunning off with another girl is no little task, especially when you don't want him to know you wrote the opinion.

"That will fix him," she mused, as her pile of readings went to the editor. "Imagine how he will feel now, and so many people read it. I do hope Leone Davies chances upon it. It's all true that he is conceited, and fresh, and untruthful, and it will do him good to know it."

It seemed an age before a letter returned from "Jack". But when it did come it was a surprise:

I never knew I was quite as bad as all that. You certainly hit me hard; but perhaps, after all, it is true. You made one mistake, however, for I am not conceited over my looks, because I haven't any. I see where I shall have to sign a pledge to reform, and if you will help me, I will try to keep in the narrow way. Can't we meet sometime soon?

The social editor was so surprised and angry that she actually kicked the waste-paper basket over.

"The idea of his thinking I want him back. Well, I guess I don't. And as for meeting him now—it's not necessary, since I have already met him enough to do me all my days, and I'll tell him so. He must have changed a little, though, if he wants to reform. But I don't believe a pair of bishops could change him."

She reached for her pad and wrote:

Jack:

The meeting is quite unnecessary, as we have already met. As for my aiding you in reforming, it is beyond me. I advise you to seek a bishop. As for your looks, I never said you were handsome; I said you thought so.

Saturday night the reply appeared in the "Graphology Column", at the very top, and Gretchen Harley spent a wretched Sunday as a result. She had had her revenge, and had been perhaps a little too hard. If she remembered aright, she had been about

as horrid as Jack in those old days. But that conviction she never allowed to grow.

All day Monday she worked in misery. Her head ached, but her heart ached more. Her pride would not allow her to apologize, yet she loved honesty and justice. She wrote a long, personal letter to the little lame girl, striving to ease her tortured mind, and during the noon hour sent her a new book of stories.

"I suppose I must make up with someone, and if ever he writes again, I'll never read it."

But there was no letter that day—at least, not from Jack. She pretended to be thankful, but she knew she wasn't. At five she was so tired and dizzy she could work no longer.

"I'm going home, because I have to," she acknowledged to her assistant.

But she didn't, not just then. The office boy, his freckled face beaming with smiles, came into the room and landed a big box in the middle of the floor.

"Left outside for Isolde," he snickered, and disappeared as quickly as he entered.

The social editor lost her dignity, and also her headache. "Land of goodness, I wonder if it's a joke!"

In a jiffy wrappings were removed, and before she reached the prize she really believed it was a fake.

"If it is, it won't be one very long," she cried fiercely, pulling at what she hoped was the last wrapping.

The final tissue paper coverings were at length withdrawn, and in cool green depths lay masses of crimson roses. Finally she got at the message:

Dear Lady of Mystery:

I've racked the dictionary of my barin, and I can't for the love of Mike think who you are. If I have met you once, I would give a lot to meet you again. You are mighty hard on a fellow, but I like your spunk. Won't you meet me in the main entry of the Public Library this evening, about 7.45? I am sure you would enjoy the play at the Grand, and I will

enjoy your company. Won't you please come? And won't you wear a flower so I may know you?

Sincerely,
Jack.

Would she go? Gretchen Harley wanted to, with all her heart. But the social editor didn't. So there was a fight. Isolde sat on the floor by the roses, and fisted the social editor. Gretchen Harley wanted to see Jack, not because she wanted him back, but she was honestly sorry and wanted to say so. And, besides, she just adored red roses.

The poor social editor forgot the standard of her ambitions and was cruelly treated. Gretchen Harley was going to the Library at 7.45, but not to the Grand. That was the conclusion she reached at ten minutes after six.

"Well, I can't carry this box home. I'll leave these flowers here, and when I find out where he lives I'll send every last one of them back. Except—well—I'll wear one or two to-night."

At 7.45 she was waiting in the main hall of the library.

After she had found a seat where she could see and yet not be seen plainly, she deliberately unpinned the roses and hid them behind her back. What was the use of wearing his roses anyway? She would know Jack as plainly as his hand-writing.

At eight o'clock the social editor returned. No Jack had appeared, and she knew now it was a joke. Her cheeks were rosy with anger, and her eyes wanted to shed tears. It was a mean shame. At 8.15 she was furious. She picked up her roses and made for the main door.

"I'll get out before I'm caught," she muttered.

At the door she was confronted by a tall stranger who gazed first at the flowers, and then at the girl, with a puzzled expression on his face.

"May I get by?" she asked politely.

"If I may, I'd like to know why you are in such a hurry to go, when

you have already kept me waiting about forty minutes," the stranger replied calmly, as he slowly buttoned his overcoat.

"I was quite unaware of the fact," remarked the social editor coolly.

"Well, you have, Lady of Mystery."

It was Gretchen Harley that jumped and looked surprised.

"You're not Jack?" she stammered.

"The same," the stranger replied, smiling.

"Your name is not Becker, I'm sure it isn't. You are no more like Jack Becker than—" her voice failed.

"No, not Becker, of course, but Simpson."

The anger had died away. Gretchen Harley shuddered.

"Oh, this is awful! Whatever do you think? I thought you were an old friend of mine. Your hand-writing is miraculously like Jack's, and I didn't even read your character by it's form. I just told you what I thought. It was my revenge. Oh, this is awful," she ended lamely.

Simpson laughed, a big low laugh that somehow healed her hurt.

Gretchen glanced up at his face, and it was indeed handsome.

"Oh, dear, if I did call you a cad, and a dozen awful things, there is one thing that was right—you are not very truthful."

"Don't mind, for I don't. Come on, we are late as it is."

"Why, I can't go. I need to hunt a bishop to reform *me*," she smiled faintly.

"Now, see here," began Simpson earnestly, "you have been pretty hard on me. The only way to reform is to begin by obliging me now."

Gretchen frowned. It seemed true, and she didn't like it. "Must I? What are your commands?"

"The first, is to come with me; and the next is to cheer up and be friends."

Gretchen Harley laughed.

"All right," she said happily; "one at a time, please. Just now I comply with the first."

THROWN OUT

By Mary Russell.

MY name was Lucy Northway. I was sitting in the waiting-room of a small railway station in Alberta, at the end of my long journey out from England. My father was a clergyman in a small English town, and I had never been more than forty miles away from that small town in all my life before. You can imagine how my brain was whirling round with sixteen days' travelling, first in an evil-smelling boat, and then in stuffy trains. Only the last short part of my journey remained—the drive from the railway station to the ranch where I was going as lady's help and governess.

All I knew of the people was their name—Hill—and they were English people with four children, two boys and a girl of teaching age, and a baby. Teaching three children did not seem to be a great task to me, as I was the oldest of a family of ten, and had taught all the younger ones at times. As they grew older and went to public schools, my mother thought I should see something more of life, and when a friend wrote and asked if one of us would care to go to a distant friend of hers in Canada, as lady's help, my opportunity seemed to have come.

Father said he would pay my passage out, and then I would be independent. Sometimes the lady wanting help would pay the passage

money for her, then no wages were paid until the money was worked out. That meant staying nearly a year with the people, whether you liked them or not.

Of course I wondered greatly what my employers would be like. I had received a letter from Mr. Hill in Calgary, saying he would meet me on Thursday afternoon at the little village where I was now waiting. He hoped my luggage had come through all right, so as to avoid two trips to town, a distance of twenty miles.

I had safely got my luggage, two small boxes and one big one, which were waiting on the platform outside.

The station man passed in and out, in his shirt sleeves, and a small straw hat on the back of his head. Sometimes he was busy at the telegraph, which clicked away all the time, and sometimes he was out in the baggage room thumping boxes around. He was the only other living creature about the place.

The afternoon sunshine of a hot June day poured through shadeless windows into the little bare room, whose only furniture was a long seat along one side and a huge stove. I had yet to experience an Alberta winter, and how glad one is of these big coal heaters.

Just as I was getting very drowsy I heard voices and the rattle of a

wagon. It was Mr. Hill, who introduced himself to me. He was a big fresh-looking Englishman, all energy and impatience. His manner was off-hand and gruff, yet I felt he was a kindly man. He hustled me out to the wagon and introduced me to Mr. Copeland, a neighbour of theirs, who was seated in the wagon holding a horribly restless team.

There was only one seat in the wagon.

"Come along, Miss Northway," fussed Mr. Hill, "jump into the seat, I'll sit behind on one of your boxes, if they'll stand my weight."

"No, please no," I urged. "Let me sit behind, you can talk to Mr. Copeland then."

I certainly did not want to talk to a perfect stranger all the way, while he sat behind and listened.

"All right, if you want to," he answered, "only don't let us waste time arguing about it. Jump in."

I jumped in somehow, and he sprang into the seat in front. Then we started off at a tremendous pace along a rough lumpy road which evidently had been very muddy a short time before.

The men talked away to themselves. Once Mr. Hill turned round and inquired loudly whether I was there.

"Oh, yes, thank you," I shouted back, above the rattle of the wagon.

We drove on and on. The road seemed to get rougher all the time, and little insects attacked me fiercely and bit me anywhere they could, raising big irritable lumps which nearly drove me to distraction.

Mr. Hill shouted out, "Mosquitoes bad?"

I couldn't answer, I was so busy fighting off the horrible creatures.

So these were mosquitoes! I had always imagined if *one* bit you, you certainly would have malarial fever or something poisonous; and they were actually in thousands here and had bitten me all over my face and hands and ankles. I had to fight with only one hand; with the other

I had to clutch tightly to the edge of the wagon to prevent falling out. We were going at a reckless speed, over hills and holes and stones.

The sun was sinking now, and I could not see the rough places ahead or be prepared for jolts. Suddenly one terrific bump sent one of my boxes out. I made a frantic plunge after it and lost my balance, and then fell, or rather rolled, right over the back of the wagon onto the ground!

The men did not look round. The rattle of the wagon was so great that they could not hear me and my box fell out. I shouted loudly, again and again, still they did not turn round; and gradually they went over the top of a hill and were lost to view; while I was left alone in the middle of the prairie, my only company the ever-increasing and ever-tormenting mosquitoes.

Of course. I must walk on, following their tracks if possible in the dark, but I felt a little shaken and bruised, and glad to sit quietly for a moment or two.

Then a most awful howl seemed to rise from the ground beside me, a long, mournful, lonesome howl, which echoed all round. I crouched down and covered my ears with my hands. I had heard of wolves and wild beasts in Canada. Were they coming now? What could I do? To run from them would be no good, even if I knew which way to run for safety. In terror I closed my eyes and waited.

It was then I heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs, someone riding along the road we had come. I looked up to see a tall, fair boy swing himself off his saddle, a short distance away, and come walking towards me. His horse was badly frightened at the unaccustomed sight of a woman and a box in the middle of the road, and would not come near. The boy raised his cowboy-hat and smiled in a questioning way.

"Will you please tell me the way to Hill's ranch?" I asked quickly. "I

am going there as lady's help. I was dropped here my Mr. Hill and Mr. Copeland; at least I fell out of their wagon. They drove so hard, and they never looked back, not once. My name is Lucy Northway."

The fair boy again raised his hat and bowed. Then he burst into laughter, in which I had to join. It was a ridiculous situation! He finally spoke in such a cheery boyish way that I could not help being amused.

"Excuse me laughing, Miss—Miss Northway, but just fancy those two old duffers throwing you out like that and never looking round. Making you sit behind, too! Just like them; you wouldn't be good enough to have the front seat. In fact, there's very few of us here good enough to sit anywhere near them."

"Please," I interrupted, "Mr. Hill offered me the front seat and I wouldn't take it. I wanted to sit behind; I didn't want to have to talk to a perfect stranger all the way out."

"Then," he said laughingly, "I must beg the old duffer's pardon, but you must be jolly tired sitting on a box."

"And fighting mosquitoes all the way," I added.

"Yes, and that's no blooming joke, either, we must think of something we can do."

"Instead of my sitting here talking to a perfect stranger," I said, with a smile. He smiled, too; then asked thoughtfully.

"Can you ride?"

"No," I answered, "I never rode a horse in my life."

"Then I suppose you will have to walk. Hill's ranch is about two miles from here, down a long hill, beside the river. I never go near the place myself. You see, I'm a Canadian, although my people came from Scotland. My name is Robert Armstrong. The Hills and some others round here are very English, and won't have anything to do with the Canadians. You will not be suppos-

ed to speak to me," and his eyes twinkled.

"Nonsense," I said, "I will speak to anyone I like, and—and—I have been so glad to see you now."

"Yes," and his eyes still danced with amusement, "but you would have been glad to see any human being just now. A coyote howling is a lonesome sound at any time."

"Was that a coyote? I thought it was wolves."

"Well, a coyote is a kind of prairie wolf, quite harmless, and cowardly with people, though they sometimes attack sheep and calves. They are a great nuisance for that. Listen, I hear something—wheels, I think."

In a few moments the noisy wagon re-appeared. They were coming back for me. Mr. Hill was greatly excited and most apologetic until he saw Robert Armstrong standing beside his horse. Then he stopped suddenly and stared in the rudest way without even saying a civil "good-evening". He turned to Mr. Copeland, who was lifting my box, and loudly remarked:

"If you drop anything round here, someone is sure to take possession of it immediately."

Then they both laughed. I thought it most rude, and not a bit funny.

I was then helped into the wagon, into the front seat this time, and I dared not resist again. And I could not thank the boy for his kindness and for his wish to help me. We drove off rapidly, and I could only get a slight backward view of him as he mounted his horse, raised his hat, and rode off in the direction he had come.

We drove more slowly down the long hill leading away to the river bottom, where the ranch lay among the timber. Mrs. Hill received me at the door, and took me into the general living-room, a big, comfortable room, where the evening meal was spread, waiting for us. She was a small woman, dark and vivacious, almost gushing.

"I must be so tired!" and "I must

have my tea at once," and "We were later than she expected."

"We wouldn't have been so late," said her husband, "only we had to go back for Miss Northway. We dropped her on the way."

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "You are fooling."

"No," I said. "My box fell out, and I clutched at it, and lost my balance. I had to wait there until they came back for me."

"I don't think you minded waiting very much, did you?" he asked, with a laugh. Mrs. Hill looked surprised, and he went on:

"She had quickly found a young man to talk to, young Armstrong," and he laughed again. I felt I must explain to Mrs. Hill.

"He came riding along the road as I was sitting there, and of course stopped. I asked him the way here, and he told me. We were thinking how to get here when Mr. Hill returned. It was so dark and lonesome, and I was glad of his company."

Mrs. Hill's mouth closed in a determined way.

"Well, you won't have his company here. Remember, if I ever hear of his being here I shall send you away at once. I won't have these ill-mannered, uneducated Canadians round my house, remember that."

It was a bad beginning; there seemed to be all sorts of suspicions about nothing at all. I could not see that I had done anything wrong, and resented very much being spoken to in this way. Mrs. Hill's friendly gushing manner was quite gone, though she now asked me if I would like to go into the schoolroom and see the children on the way to my room.

We passed through a narrow hallway and opened a door, from which issued shouts and yells. Every bit of furniture in the room was piled in one huge heap in the middle of the floor; tables, chairs, a couch, one on top of the other. On the very top of the pile perched a boy of about nine, with a fishing-rod in his hand, with

which he viciously whacked his younger brother and sister, who were tied together as horses with the fishing-line.

"Geoffrey," called Mrs. Hill to the boy on top, "come down at once."

"I won't come down," shouted the boy rudely. "This is my coach, and George and Gladys are my horses. Get up, get up there, damn you," and gave them another flick with his fishing-rod. His mother made no reproof nor command. She turned to me with a shrug of her shoulders.

"There, Miss Northway, do you wonder I need a lady's help? Will you take charge now? Get them settled somehow, and then come to tea."

Then, before I had even taken my hat off, I had to subdue those children. By sheer force of will I made them stop shouting, put all the furniture back in place, untangle all the fishing-line and roll it up.

The two younger ones were not bad. Gladys, indeed, was a most lovable child, with winning ways; and George was gentle, although very stubborn; but Geoffrey! Words really fail to express the roughness and bad temper of that child, to which was added a wretched habit of telling tales on everyone. His mother rather encouraged this.

"Oh, Miss Northway," she would often say, "please don't stop the boy telling me things. It is such a comfort to have a boy who makes a confidante of his mother. I know he tells me everything that happens; that is why I never punish him."

"Yet he gets the others punished, and he is just as much to blame, very often more so," I replied.

The boy should have been thoroughly broken of the habit, but I could not do it. He did not do it to escape punishment, I was sure, for he was a brave little fellow, afraid of nothing, which was his one redeeming good point.

Of course I did not find all this out at first; I struggled away for weeks before I found the best way to

manage them and their different little ways. Their mother had no control over them. She shrugged her shoulders and left them, as she had always done, apparently, after they were a certain age. The little baby she looked after most of the time, though I took it out in the perambulator every afternoon.

The mornings were devoted to work till ten. Then lessons till twelve, and dinner was at one. Lessons came again at two, until four o'clock; then afternoon tea and the walk with baby. In the evening, after all the children were got safely to bed, I had to do all the mending, and often had to mind the baby if Mrs. Hill wanted to go out.

It was a busy household. There was only one small general servant to do the housework, and there were always extra people for meals, and two hired men.

I did not go anywhere except round the place in my daily walk. Mrs. Hill was always saying I should ride, but the children always wanted the quiet horses. At last, one evening, I was allowed to try old Whisker, Geoffrey's old horse.

Mrs. Hill did not offer to lend me her side saddle, so I rode a stock saddle, with my knee curled over the horn, and I got along quite well. It was splendid to get away by myself.

I rode along the river bank, among the spruce trees, until I came to a creek running across the road. This Whisker refused to cross, for some reason, and I could not coax him. If only I could have sworn at him, like Geoffrey, perhaps he would have done it. My feeble shouts and whipping were no use; he just kept going backwards, and I did want to cross that creek and up the hill on the other side to get the view.

I tried him once more. He put down his nose and took a drink, but not one foot would he put into the water. I looked up in longing to the top of the hill on the other side and saw Robert Armstrong watching me.

"I want to come there," I shouted. "Whisker won't go, he just backs all the time."

"Turn him round and let him back," he shouted. "Back him into the creek."

Why hadn't I thought of that? I turned him round, gave him a good cut of the whip, and he backed beautifully into the water and across to the other side; then he quite contentedly went in the usual way of progression up the hill.

Why are forbidden pleasures so sweet? If the Hills had not objected to this boy I would not have found a little talk with him such a pleasant and exciting proceeding.

It seemed only right I should thank him for his kindness that night. It need not be more than that; yet I lingered after the words of thanks were spoken. We talked of other things. He told me his father's ranch lay some miles across the river. He was the only son, and did all the riding.

"I have seen you quite often," he said, "from the top of the bank on the other side."

"Yes," I said, "I take the baby out every afternoon."

He was looking right away across the river, and his thoughts slowly expressed themselves.

"I wish—I wish—it was nearer and easier to come from over there."

"No, no," I exclaimed, "you must not come again. There may be trouble as it is."

"Yes, I know that," he replied.

I gave him my hand and said "good-bye."

He shook it gently and I rode off down the hill.

"And—I may not—try to see you again?"

"No, no," I called back, "you must not, really."

Of this little meeting I said not a word to anyone. It had been an accident, anyway, and would not likely happen again. Nevertheless in my afternoon walks my eyes fre-

quently turned to the other side of the river. Sometimes they saw a rider away in the distance, and they watched intently until he disappeared from view.

One day in September Mr. and Mrs. Hill said they were going to town for one night. I was to be left with the care of the house and the children except the baby. The work I did not mind. The children were my dread. They would fall into the river or fall off a horse or something I knew, and I would be responsible.

I forbade them strictly either to go down to the river or to go out riding. It was a wrong move. When I called them to their tea in the evening Geoffrey was missing, and Whisker was gone, too. It was most annoying. He had done it on purpose.

We had our tea, and still he had not appeared. I left George and Gladys to go to bed and went out to find him. I was very angry, yet when I met him, walking, half a mile from the house, I felt so relieved I could not scold him.

He looked very woebegone, and his hands were covered with blood. I exclaimed sternly:

"What in the world have you been doing; and where is Whisker?"

"I tried to jump a wire fence," he sobbed, "and Whisker stumbled and cut his leg."

"He kept wiping the tears away with his little fists, leaving red smears all over his face.

"I knew something would happen," said I. "Only it's better old Whisker than you, I suppose. We must go and see what we can do. It's the result of you going riding when I forbade you. Why did you do it?" I questioned.

"I was going to ride if I wanted to. A girl is not going to stop me. Still, I'm sorry Whisker is hurt, and I shouldn't—"

"Shouldn't what?" I said gently.

"Shouldn't have ridden him over that fence."

He would not admit he was sorry

he had disobeyed me, and there was no time to talk with him. We had to hurry along to the place where Whisker was lying with his foot caught in the barbed wire. When we were in sight we saw someone had come to the rescue before us. I seemed to know the bending figure.

"Why," said Geoffrey, "that's Bob Armstrong; how did he come here? Dad would be angry!"

"Well," I answered quickly, "he's saving your horse from bleeding to death perhaps, so you better be nice to him."

Whisker was lying on the ground with one foot held up by the jagged wire, and it was bleeding. Bob Armstrong was trying to lift the horse enough to get his leg off the wire. I rushed forward and put all my weight on the wire to hold it down, and managed to scratch my hand in doing it. Meanwhile Geoffrey lifted the leg gently over.

Then we wished each other good-evening. I smiled and said, "the third time!"

He smiled back, saying, "Lucky or unlucky number? I wonder which it will be."

Geoffrey was busy getting the horse on his legs, and I hoped did not hear what we said. Whisker could stand all right on three legs, and limp a few steps. Robert looked closely at the cut, and said he would get well in time. Geoffrey had better leave it in this pasture, where he would find lots of feed and water.

"Then," I said, "we must all go home and wash our hands."

"Oh, I'll wash mine in the creek as I go along, Miss Northway," said Robert Armstrong.

"Nonsense," I replied, "if you help us, we must do that much, anyway."

We all walked together to the house, Robert leading his horse, and we all washed our hands in the wash-house by the pump. It was only then that Robert noticed the scratch on my hand, and when Geoffrey was emptying the basin outside, he took my

hand, partly in fun, partly in earnest, and lightly kissed the scratched part.

I drew my hand away just as Geoffrey came in, and went on drying it with the towel. Then I thanked him for his assistance, and he walked away quickly to where his horse was tied, mounted, and rode off in the gathering darkness, without another word.

All went well after that, until Mr. and Mrs. Hill returned the following evening. Then Geoffrey began his story about Whisker.

"Yes, mother, and Robert Armstrong was there and lifted him up, and he got his hands all bloody, too, and Miss Northway asked him to come up to the house and wash them, and when we were washing our hands in the wash-house, he took her hand and kissed it, where she had scratched it. I saw it all, and when she saw him she smiled and said it was the third time."

I gasped in sheer, dumb amazement. Oh, the horrible little tale-bearer! And the unlucky third time we had met!

Mrs. Hill grew purple with anger. I was almost afraid she would strike me.

"I knew it, I knew it," she shrieked. "She's been carrying on with that common fellow all the time, and the impertinence, the boldness, to have him here when we were gone. How do we know this is all? It's the third time he's been here, is it? Speak, you hussy, and then get out of my house."

"Hush, hush, Gertrude," Mr. Hill broke in. "You can't turn a strange girl out-of-doors, and, besides, you've given her no chance to make any explanation."

I looked at him in grateful surprise. I had always felt he was the kinder of the two, in spite of his gruffness and his loud laugh. Falteringly I tried to make explanation.

"You knew about our meeting the night I arrived. The second time was

quite an accident. It was the night I rode Whisker and couldn't make him go across the creek. I met him there and talked to him for a few minutes."

"Then why did you conceal the fact? Why didn't you tell us when you came back?"

"Because I knew you didn't like him, and there was no good causing a fuss about nothing; besides, I told him he was not to come back."

"Oh, you did, did you?" she sneered. "Then why did he come last night? When we were away, too!"

"I'm sure I don't know," I truthfully answered. "I never said a word to him that Geoffrey hasn't told you. It was the third time we had met, that was all I meant. I only asked him to come and wash his hands, a common civility after him helping us."

"Yes, you can talk of it as nothing, when it ended in him kissing your hand. No, my fine girl, I have let you make your explanations, but out of my house you go to-morrow morning! I told you what would happen at the very first. I gave you warning! One of the men can drive you into town to the place you came from."

"Gertrude," expostulated Mr. Hill, "you can't do that; the girl came from home, and she probably hasn't got money to go back."

That was only too true. All the money I possessed was ten dollars. Mrs. Hill had not paid me any wages, though I had been there more than three months.

But Mrs. Hill was too angry to listen.

"No, Henry, you must not interfere," she said. "I engaged this girl, and I will send her away. I could never trust her now. I will pay her in the morning and she can go, anywhere she likes, perhaps to this fascinating young man!"

This was a last thrust, to which I would not reply. I was hurt and humiliated, but above all, I was angry, furiously angry, with the injustice

and very bad temper of Mrs. Hill.

Nothing in the world would have induced me to stay longer than she had said; indeed, I would have gone willingly that moment, and have walked to town if necessary, yet I wanted my luggage, and I wanted my wages, a small return for the hard struggle with those children for these three long months.

In dead silence the evening meal was eaten; even the children had gone to the schoolroom without a word. Before I went to bed I packed all my boxes, and laid my wraps ready for the morning's drive.

Mrs. Hill held to her word. At nine in the morning she paid me my wages. I wrote a receipt and said, "Thank you, Mrs. Hill," and that was the last I saw of her.

At half-past nine the wagon came to the door, my boxes were packed in, and I followed, after shaking hands with Mr. Hill, and kissing the two younger children. I simply *couldn't* kiss Geoffrey.

I asked to be taken to the waiting-room at the station, and there I sat on my boxes and seriously considered what I was going to do; perhaps I would ask the station man's advice when he appeared.

I heard steps outside, and a man's form filled the doorway. It was Robert Armstrong—his light shirt open at the front, the perspiration rolling down his flushed hot face. He gasped as he tried to speak.

"Miss Northway, don't go away, please. I only heard this morning. I never rode so hard in my life. My horse outside is white with foam. I had to catch you. I cannot let you go away."

His words tumbled out in a breathless way, and I motioned him to sit down.

He sat down and wiped his forehead with a handkerchief all covered with dust, then began:

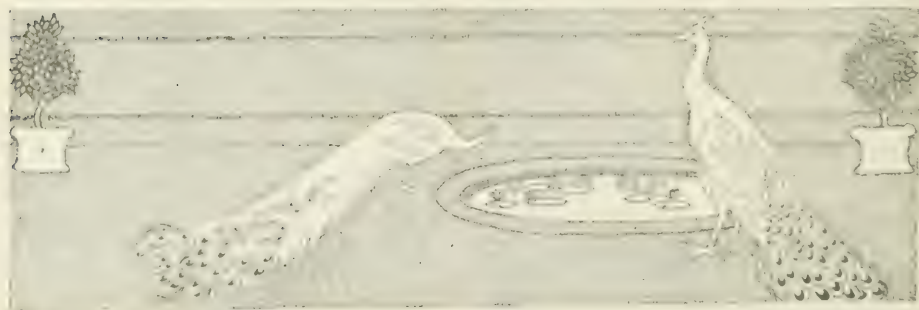
"It's all my fault, anyway."

"No, no," I managed to say. "Who told you?"

"Oh, I heard a good deal and can guess the rest. And you're not going away. I know someone who will only be too glad to have you, and she is not like Mrs. Hill at all."

"I have come to take you there, until I can give you a home of your own. My lonely little girl, will you follow my plan? Isn't it a good one?"

He took my hand and kissed it, properly this time, and I did not draw it away.



WITH CANADIANS from the FRONT

By Lacey Amy

II.—THE LIFE-SAVERS

THE mission of mercy on the battle-field is not the earliest stage of battle, but its importance is not lessened thereby. As the soldier cannot live without food, so a successful campaign does not permit him to die without the best of attention. The men who care for the wounded do not figure in the number of the enemy they kill, but in the number of friends they save. From those daring men who carry relief to the very cannon's mouth, back to the skilled surgeons who give their brains and experience to great war hospitals, the worst of the horrors of war are eliminated by means of an organization that is as complete as the commissariat. The battle is won just as surely by the Red Cross brassard as by rifle and gun.

Through these unselfish, sacrificing men human life in the Great War becomes an individual treasure, not a great mass to be preserved in the aggregate but neglected in the unit. Even to those who understand the tremendous system built up for the soldier's care when he is stricken the fatal casualties are so few as to seem miraculous. Against every engine of destruction the world can devise, against every devilish development of the perverted German mind, the millions of allied soldiers face trench life with as little danger of the final payment as in some of the hazardous occupations of civilian life.

The forces that surround him with

a wall of protection that is a constant surprise to him are made up of organization, medical efficiency, and personal bravery. The organization rests in the hands of men who sit at desks far from the sound of the guns, their fingers nevertheless on every beating pulse of the service. Everywhere, from the trenches to the hospitals in England doctors work as they never thought to work, for wages they never expected to accept. But up at the front, where the shrapnel shrieks, where death and disaster lurk in every space, is another branch of the Red Cross that has been unsung too long.

Ask the wounded soldiers who saved their worst suffering, to whom they owe their lives, and the list will be headed by the stretcher-bearers, the fellow-soldiers who brave everything they brave without the satisfaction of taking revenge, who stand and await their call without any of the hysteria of battle or the hope of a safety-valve in some glorious rush. Theirs is the personal bravery branch of the great life-saving service. Beneath the jagged bursts of shell fire, in the face of rifle and machine-gun, where every enemy eye is focused for destruction, the stretcher-bearer, the wounded soldier's friend, crouches at work.

Unarmed, save by the Red Cross brassard on his arm, outfitted only with a water bottle and a medical bag, he clings with his mate close to every bombarded trench, to every hideous

crater, to every perilous mission. Where danger lies his only sphere of duty. Right at the front, or in a small auxiliary trench where he will be out of the way of the fighting men, he awaits the call that is sure to come. There is nothing for him to do to take his mind from the perils, and always his work is with the horrors. Fatigue duty, which is often relief duty, is not permitted him, for he always must be ready. He sleeps fitfully, boots and medical bag on.

It is not even as if he were trained for his work. Somewhere available there is usually one with some medical training, but seldom has the stretcher-bearer time to apply more than what his common sense and growing experience teach him. It is one of the peculiarities of military training that the Red Cross end of war is trained to a finish—in the things that don't matter. Months and months of hard, dry drill are thrown about the careers of thousands of military doctors whose helping hands millions of wounded soldiers are longing for. And never for a moment will those doctors have use for one sentence of what they are driven into before they can apply their skill where it is needed. Many stretcher-bearers enter the front trenches without a knowledge of field dressings, although that is their entire work. But necessity and the very interest they must have in their duties to assume them are swift teachers. For the next war the wasted drilling and time may be eliminated for the training that counts.

"Stretcher-bearers, on the double!" It is the cry the stretcher-bearer is always waiting for. It is always "on the double". Also it is one of the products of the moment of excitement that the report mentions many casualties, even though there be but one. To this excitement he alone dare not yield. Coolly, methodically, he cuts away the clothing from about the wound with a large pair of scissors carried for that purpose, decides instantly as to the necessity of an opiate,

and completes the dressing with as little pain as possible.

Always he is in touch with the reserve by telephone. If the casualties are few and slight he and his mate may attend to their conveyance to the dressing-stations at the rear, but usually a fatigue party is sent forward for that purpose. It is seldom that the communication trenches permit the transport of the wounded even on the backs of the bearers. In exceptional cases, however, the wounded are carried "out over" when darkness comes. In the dug-outs or beneath the firing-platform (the raised platform beneath the parapet on which the soldiers stand to fire) they lie through the weary hours of daylight, dependent entirely upon the skill and attention of the stretcher-bearer.

In some battalions there are standing orders that the stretcher-bearers must not go over the parapets save in the wake of an attack. The wounded must be brought in to them by their companions. But with or without orders the stretcher-bearer is everywhere with the wounded, even to the desperate chance of No Man's Land, where no sane person ventures unwounded in daylight.

It is these bearers of comfort who bring in the stories of real grit. P., No. 13789, a stretcher-bearer of the 5th Battalion, tells of unflinching heroes who took their wounds almost as a matter of course. One, of the 7th, his right hand gone, the left shattered, lower jaw almost shot away, thirty wounds in his chest and as many in his legs, and two in his abdomen, wrote his name for them on a parados of the trench. Nothing could be done to deaden his pain, for the condition of his jaw prevented his taking a pill, and the stretcher-bearers had lost their hypodermic. But all through the dressings he never winced. His two wrists he held up for the bandages, and as occasion required he shifted his body in order to assist the work.

"Did he get over it?" I asked.

"Pooh!" replied P. "You couldn't kill a fellow like that. He just would not give in."

When heavy "strafting" is on, every wounded man who is able to walk must find his own way back to the dressing-stations. Only the incapacitated are carried out. And the manner in which they respond to the appeal to shift for themselves in order that their less fortunate fellows may be attended to is a record of self-sacrifice and grim grit.

One day when the Germans let loose there was in one trench a casualty list of three hundred and sixty-five. It was impossible even to dress the slighter wounds, and everyone who could had to shift for himself. Off one who had been wounded from foot to chin every stitch of clothing had to be cut, and when they were finished with him the wounded man was swathed like a mummy. It was a terrible moment, with the trench blocked with casualties and an attack impending. The call was given for every wounded soldier who could to make his way back through the communication trenches. One of the first to stagger to his feet was the mummy, a stiff twist on his face, but grit to the last inch of him.

"I should worry," he smiled, took three steps, and dropped dead.

Under excitement men tramp back to the dressing-stations with bullets in their legs, or crawl back with gaping wounds that would, under ordinary conditions, render them utterly helpless. Once when P. and his mate were struggling back over the open with a badly-wounded man, a shell whistled over their heads. P. felt the stretcher suddenly lighten behind him, and then a bounding figure sped past him. The wounded man, startled by the shell, had leaped from the stretcher as a method of progress too slow for the occasion. The last they saw of him he was still racing at top speed. They never learned what became of him.

On another occasion a shell burst in a room adjoining a dressing-station full of stretcher patients. Half the wounded got up and bolted. It was not that they had been "swinging the lead", as the soldiers speak of deception, but that a form of hysteria had put into them unnatural strength.

It is only in special cases that the open is risked for the conveyance of the wounded by daylight. The wounds may be of such a nature as to demand immediate attention beyond the skill of the stretcher-bearer, or one of those strange moments of insane bravado may drive bearer and patient to take the chance. Once a shell claimed two victims in P.'s trench, one with a bad gash in his back, the other with wounds they could not fathom and severe nervous shock. It was a case of risking the open or depriving both men of every chance they had. The sergeant looked at P., and P. looked back.

"We'll run 'em out over," said P., whose leave was to start the next day.

"All right," replied the sergeant. "If you're game I am."

It was put up to the wounded men. "If you can keep still," they told the shell-shock victim, "we'll take you first." The poor fellow realized his condition, but doubted his ability to hold himself under the heavy shelling. After a time he promised to try. But in the midst of the passage, with shells shrieking about them, he could not control himself. Twice he threw himself from the stretcher. Twice they had to stop and force him back.

"If you don't keep still," they warned him, "we'll all be pushing the daisies." But at the next shell his nerves gave way again. Forced to take heroic measures that might seem cruel to the uninitiated, but are sometimes necessary for the safety of the sufferer, they finally reached the dressing-station.

Back in the trenches the other waited. He could not stand to be touched, and they placed the stretcher beside him that he might shift himself onto

it. But he could not lie down. All the way through that danger zone they trudged back to the dressing-station, the wounded man resting against P.'s back, a cigarette puffing furiously. And not a shell fell near them. To-day that man is back in the trenches getting even with the Hun with double fury.

At the moment of writing P. is in a convalescent home recovering from shell-shock and slight wounds, the result of being buried by a shell, with many of his patients, fifteen feet beneath the surface.

Sergeant W., of the 13th, has been buried six times, four within twenty-four hours during the big Canadian battle at Hooze in early June. And yet he has returned to the trenches apparently as fit as ever. He was through the terrible crater fighting before Ypres, and every minute of his work for the relief of his wounded companions was under heavy shelling.

While lying in one of the craters recently recovered, dressing the wounded, the Germans blew up the communication trench back to the line. In an adjoining crater a soldier lay groaning with a shattered leg. Sergeant W. crawled over, dressed the wound, and with a companion carried the man through the open back to the protection of the trenches. Not a German fired on them. In this connection it is only fair to say that the stretcher-bearers, as a rule, speak well of the Germans. There have been glaring exceptions, but there is not the deliberate sniping of Red Cross workers we are sometimes led to believe. With but one exception the stretcher-bearers to whom I have talked have expressed their conviction that any seeming inhumanity in this respect has been under the stress of excitement. It must not, too, be taken for granted that even the Canadians are completely blameless. In the strain of action a soldier is scarcely accountable for every bullet he fires.

There are, of course, well authenticated instances of German brutality

and callous disregard of the ordinary demands of humanity. I have been told of one instance when an ambulance rushed right across the rear of the front lines in broad daylight, taking on its load of suffering, without a single shot being fired at it. Another time an ambulance had just started back with its burden of wounded, during a lull in the fighting, when the Germans commenced shelling again, obviously of intention, with the ambulance as the mark. Two of the wounded were killed, together with the horses. The rest were hastily unloaded back into the trenches.

The seriousness of Sergeant W.'s work did not prevent his seeing some of the lighter incidents of warfare as coming within the range of the stretcher-bearers. One of his friends had always insisted that, should he be wounded, he would bolt. One day a whizz-bang came over the parapet into the parados, and a few small fragments slightly wounded him about the head. Instantly he put his hands to his head, shouted the familiar "stretcher-bearers, on the double," and dashed off down the trench. Behind him chased a stretcher-bearer, a Scotsman, pleading in expressive Scots for him to stop, clinging grimly to a pipe and scattering bandages all along the way. W. could follow the course of the chase by the shouts of laughter that came back to him from all along the trench. Right to the section held by the British the fleeing soldier continued, but there he was stopped. Fifteen minutes later Sandy came triumphantly back, leading the bandaged soldier as if he were a German prisoner. He was taking no more chances on that special variety of relief work.

One of Sergeant W.'s experiences was to have a water-bottle shot from his shoulder. With the recklessness that so often comes to the soldier, he was returning overland to the trenches through a fog, a bottle of water balanced on his shoulder. Suddenly the sun came out. W. felt a slight jar

and heard a crash, and then the water flooded over him. There are cases of rum jars having suffered in the same way, but the lament was always louder.

*

Back of the stretcher-bearers come the ambulance men. At the dressing-stations, and from there back to the hospitals, they complete the work begun by their fellows in the front trenches. Their place is not so dangerous, their work not so arduous in some ways, but they are in closer touch with the more skilled part of the treatment of the wounded. Sometimes, on ambulance duty, they are exposed to shelling, and not infrequently the dressing-stations are under fire.

In the hospitals another body of men continue the care of the wounded. It is with no lack of appreciation of their necessity that the soldier thinks of the R.A.M.C. as the Rob All My Comrades branch. From dressing-station to the hospitals in England the wounded soldier has little chance to pull through with the smallest of the trophies and souvenirs he has so zealously collected in France.

But the hospital workers are not charged with neglect of duty, however free many of them may be with the common pelf of war. His life of grind is lightened with few bright spots. free many of them may be with the Queen's Base Hospital, has been cut short by a physical breakdown from which he is slowly recovering, has seen the active service of the hospital unit in Egypt and France. Formerly an efficient attendant at the Asylum in Kingston, he enlisted with the supply force sent out to the Queen's unit. In

Egypt he faced flies and heat and disease. With others he contracted dysentery, was brought to France when the unit was moved to that section of the front, and was given every possible attention in an effort to procure his intelligent service as soon as possible again. Not recovering so fast as they wished, he was shipped to England for the added care possible there. Now he is fighting his way back to health through a nervous collapse. When you feel cold water running off your chest hour after hour it is time to rest up against the strange delusions of war.

*

B., a well-known Toronto jockey and polo pony trainer, a member of the 58th, enlisted in September, 1915, as one of the comparatively few whose sympathies went out to the suffering horse. A horse to him was more than a dumb, unfeeling creature. Unfortunately he was one of the many who suffered from the red tape and disorganization that is only too evident in some war departments.

He was kept in Shorncliffe for months, not training, but doing odd jobs and acting as batsman to an officer. Reaching France at last, he became ill of pneumonia and rheumatism, and finally reached the hospitals. With the approach of the time when cavalry might again be called into service, he was sent, upon recovery, back to France, where such men as he will be needed.

The development of official recognition of the horse as a combatant factor of war, with all the care of a special branch of the service, is a result of this war, as are a score of other details never before suspected.

The next article of this series will describe the work of the bombers and snipers.

FROM THE TRENCHES

By Patrick Macgill

Author of "Children of the Dead End" etc

NO. 6—THE CHAPLAIN

"I WISH I was in the Ladies Volunteer Corps," said Bill Teake, the Cockney rifleman, as he sat on the firestep of the trench, and looked at the illustrated daily which had been used in packing a parcel from home.

"Why?" I asked.

"They were in bathing last week," said Teake. "Their picture is here; fine girls they are, too! Oh, blimey!" Bill exclaimed as he glanced at the date of the paper. "This 'ere photo was took last June."

"And this is the 27th of September," said Pryor, who speaks French, and finds us billets in the villages by the firing line when we are taken from the trenches for a rest at rear.

We needed a rest now after our charge at Loos, but we still were in the trenches by the village holding on and hoping that fresh troops would come up and relieve us.

"Anything about the war in that paper, Bill?" someone asked.

"Nuthin' much," Bill answered. "The Bishop of — says this is a 'oly war. . . . Blimey, 'e's talkin' through 'is 'at. 'Oly, indeed, it's 'oly 'ell. D'y'e mind when 'e came out 'ere, this 'ere Bishop, an' told us 'e carried messages from our wives, our fathers an' mothers. If I was a married bloke I'd 'ave 'arst 'im wot did 'e mean by takin' messages from my old woman."

"You interpreted the good man's remarks literally," said Pryor, lighting a cigarette. "That was wrong. His remarks were bristling with metaphors. He spoke as a man of God so that none could understand him. He said, as far as I can remember, that we could face death without fear if we were forgiven men; that it was wise to get straight with God, and the blood of Christ would wash our sins away, and all the rest of it."

"Stow it, yer bloomin' fool," said Bill Teake. "Yer don't know what yer talkin' about. S'pose a Bishop 'as got ter make a livin' like everyone else; an' 'e's got ter work for it. 'Ere's somethin' about parsons in this paper. One is askin' if a man in 'Oly Orders should take up arms or not."

"Of course not," said Pryor. "If the parsons take up arms, who'll comfort the women at home when we're gone?"

"The slackers will comfort them," someone remarked. "I've a great respect for slackers. They'll have to marry our sweethearts when we're dead."

"We hear nothing of a curate's regiment," I said, "In a Holy War young curates should lead the way."

"They'd make damned good bomb-throwers," said Bill.

"Would they swear when making a charge?" I inquired.

"They wouldn't beat us at that," said Bill.

"The holy line would go praying down to die," parodied Pryor, and added: "A chaplain may be a good fellow, you know."

"It's a woman's job," said Bill Teake. "Blimey! s'pose women did come out 'ere to comfort us, I wouldn't 'arf go mad with joy. I'd give my last fag, I'd give—oh! anything, to see the face of an English girl now. . . . They say in the papers that hactresses come out 'ere. Never seen one, 'ave we?"

"Actresses never come out here," said Pryor. "They give a performance miles back to the R.A.M.C., Army Service Corps and Mechanical Transportmen, but for us poor devils in the trenches there is nothing at all, not even a decent pay."

"Wot's the reason that the more danger men go into the less their pay?" asked Teake. "The further a man's back from the trenches the more 'e gets."

"Mechanical transport drivers have a trade that takes a long apprenticeship," said Pryor. "Years perhaps—"

"'Aven't we a trade, too?" asked Bill. "A damned dangerous trade, the most dangerous in the world—"

"What's this?" I asked, peeping over the parados to the road to our rear. "My God! there's transport wagons going along the road!"

"Blimey! you're sprucin'," said Bill, peeping over; then his eye fell on a wagon drawn by two mules going along the highway. "Oh, the damned fools, goin' up that way. They'll not get far."

The enemy occupied a rise on our right, and a machine gun hidden somewhere near the trench swept that road all night. The gun was quiet all day long; no one ventured along there before dusk. A driver sat in front of the wagon, leaning back a little, a whip in his hand. Beside him sat another soldier. . . . Both were going to their death, the road ahead crossed the enemy's trench.

"They have come the wrong way," I said. "They were going to Loos, I suppose, and took the wrong turning at the Vallé cross-roads. Poor devils!"

A machine gun barked from the rise; we saw the driver of the wagon straighten himself and look round. His companion pointed a finger at the enemy's trench.

"For Christ's sake get off!" Bill shouted at them; but they couldn't hear him, the wagon was more than a quarter of a mile away from our trench. "Damn it!" exclaimed Bill; "they'll both be killed! There!" The vehicle halted; the near side-wheeler shook his head, then dropped sideways on the road and kicked out with its hind legs; the other animal fell on top of it. The driver's whip went flying from his hands, and the man lurched forward and fell on top of the mules. For a moment he lay there, then with a hurried movement he slipped across to the other side of the far animal and disappeared. Our eyes sought the other soldier, but he was gone from sight, probably he had been shot off his seat.

"The damned fools!" I muttered. "What brought them up that way?"

"Wot's that!" Bill suddenly exclaimed. "See, comin' across the fields behind the road! A man, a hoffer. . . . Another damned fool, 'im; 'e'll get a bullet in 'im."

Bill pointed with his finger and we looked. Across the fields behind that stretched from the road to the ruined village of Maroc, we saw for a moment a man running towards the wagon. We only had a momentary glimpse then. The runner suddenly fell flat into a shell hole and disappeared from view.

"He's hit," said Pryor. "There, the beastly machine gun is going again. Who is he?"

We stared tensely at the shell-hole. No sign of movement. . . .

"'E's done in," said Bill.

Even as he spoke the man who had fallen rose and raced forward for a distance of fifty yards, and flung him-

self flat again. The machine gun barked viciously.

Followed a tense moment, and again the officer (we now saw that he was an officer) rushed forward for several yards and precipitated himself into a shell-crater. He was drawing nearer to the disabled wagon at every rush. The machine gun did not remain silent for a moment now; it spat incessantly at the fields.

"He's tryin' to reach the wagon," I said. "I don't envy him his job, but, my God! what pluck!"

"'Oo is 'e?" asked Bill. "'Ee's not 'arf a brick, 'ooever 'e is!"

"I think I know who it is," said Pryor. "It's the Roman Catholic Chaplain, Father —. He's a splendid man. He came over with us in the charge, and he helped to carry out the wounded till every man was in. Last night when we went for our rations he was helping the sanitary squad to bury the dead; and the enemy were shelling all the time. He is the pluckiest man in Loos."

"He wanted to come across in the charge," I said, "but the brigadier would not allow him. An hour after we crossed the top I saw him in the second German trench. . . . There

he is up again!"

The chaplain covered a hundred yards in the next spurt; then he flung himself to earth about fifty yards away from the wagon. The next lap was the last; he reached the wagon and disappeared. We saw nothing more of him that day. At night when I went down to the dressing-station at Maroc I was told how the chaplain had brought the wounded transport driver down to the dressing-station after dusk. The driver had got three bullets through his arm, one in his shoulder, one in his heel, and two in the calf of his leg. The driver's mate had been killed.

Often at night the sentry on watch can see a dark form between the lines working with a shovel and spade burying the dead. The bullets whistle by, hissing of death and terror; now and then a bomb whirls in air and bursts loudly, as a shell screeches like a bird of prey; the hounds of war rend the earth with frenzied fangs, but indifferent to all the clamour and the tumult the solitary digger bends over his work burying the dead.

"It's old Father —," the sentry will mutter. "He'll be killed one of these fine days."

The next, and last, sketch of this series—to appear in the November number—is entitled "For 'Blighty'".





THE LADY WITH THE HYDRANGEA

From the Painting by
Henri Caro-Delvaile

One of the French Exhibits at the
Canadian National Exhibition

THE IMPERSONATOR

By Edith G. Bayne

MR. AMOS GRAINGER turned into his own street and bent his steps towards number eleven, his own particular domicile in that long uniform row of dingy, brick, semi-detached houses.

There was a stiff east wind that whipped stinging gusts of snow in his face and made him bow his head and burrow his chin deeper into his collar as he hurried on. Once he paused with a start and clapped his hand to his right-hand overcoat pocket. He had almost forgotten the presence there of several small parcels—the result of some purchasing commissions Cleo had given him that morning. He had shopped with the same zealous care that he applied to other tasks, large or small, had matched samples according to his masculine lights, and now he hoped Cleo would be satisfied. He did not dare entertain the hope that she would congratulate him on his skill and taste. Like her namesake, the imperious Egyptian queen, Cleo was of the *genus termagant*, and if she were only passively content with the result of his labours, it would be enough to hope for.

There was however, one rather important event which Amos trusted would not *yet* be quite overlooked by his wife. To-day was his birthday! On leaving home in the morning his pride had prevented him from refer-

ring to the fact, and not once throughout the day had Cleo as much as telephoned to him at the bank to wish him many happy returns. He was a bit sensitive on the subject of anniversaries. Never had he forgotten *her* birthday, and never had he overlooked their wedding anniversary, nor that of the day upon which they had become engaged.

There were times when Amos almost wished that he had married the clinging vine type of woman, the woman who meets her husband at the door with a smile on her face and his easy slippers in her hands, and who appeals to him in every domestic contingency, relying on his superior intelligence and displaying little or no intellect of her own.

Cleo was self-assertive and somewhat aggressive, and far from deferring to his opinions she regarded him with a sort of pitying scorn. Always she seemed to wear an air of resignation as if saying: "Well, I've made my bed and must perforce lie in it!"

Amos knew that he was a failure, oh, yes, he knew it. If there were moments when he seemed to have lost sight of this painful fact, Cleo was always sure to refresh his memory. For Amos Grainger occupied a tall stool in the same bank in which he had started to work as a youth of twenty and he was now forty-five.

His mode of progression from one position to another had been slow and unsatisfactory, and he was—as he admitted to himself without bitterness or rancour—a failure. Possessing no “push” and a large modesty, and being the put-upon creature that we call a “willing work-horse,” he had been obliged to stand by and see men, some of whom were much younger and less able, promoted over his head.

Amos ascended the steps of his home, and from force of habit carefully wiped his feet on the wire mat at the threshold, which said in white marble letters, “Emoclew”. As soon as he had stepped into the vestibule, a full contralto from upstairs greeted him.

“That you?”

“Yes, my dear,” he replied, as he switched on a light and proceeded to hang up hat and coat.

“It’s about time you got home! Do you know that it is nearly seven?”

“Yes, my dear.”

“What on earth kept you?”

“Oh—a little matter of business and then—the shopping, you know, my dear, I—”

“Did you bring the lace?”

“Yes, my—”

“And the ribbon?”

“Yes, my—”

“And the embroidery insertion?”

The owner of the voice now appeared on the stairway and began to descend. She was a large woman, with black hair and eyes, and a determined mouth.

“Yes,” replied Amos, as he handed over the parcels to his wife.

“Does it match the sample I gave you?” demanded Cleo, almost snatching the packages the while she fixed a cold eye upon poor Amos.

“Match it? Perfectly, my dear. I spent ten minutes—”

“That coral silk,” went on Cleo, opening the parcels, “did you get it cut on the bias as I told you.

“I couldn’t get that silk anywhere.”

“What! A pretty shopper you are, I must say!”

“I’m sorry, my—”

“Did you try Anderson & Greenway’s?”

“Yes.”

“And Dunfield’s?”

“Of course. I went everywhere. I—I’m rather hungry, my dear. Is—is dinner ready?”

“Dinner! I dined an hour ago. This is Hilda’s night out, too, so you’ll have to eat in the kitchen. Your dinner has been kept warm for you on the back of the range. And don’t forget to pile your dishes in the sink afterward.”

So saying, the lady, having been unable to find fault with Amos’s purchases, merely sniffed and laid them aside. Then she went upstairs.

Amos departed kitchenward, and soon was discussing some lukewarm viands and a pot of bitter tea. As he ate his cheerless meal he read the evening paper that he had been too busy even to glance at until now. Finally, finishing his meal, he rose to clear away his plate and cup, when his elbow accidentally overturned the sugar bowl, and he tore a sheet from the paper and with a knife began to gather the spilt sugar upon it. It was one of the classified advertisement sheets. As he bent to scoop up the last of the saccharine grains, his eye was caught by two words in large type.

Perhaps no other two words would have so quickly arrested his attention. They happened to spell the name of Amos’s greatest hero—the man he had tried, in vain, as he thought, to pattern his life after. Indeed, people had remarked at various times his physical resemblance to the great and good Abraham Lincoln, and it was always with a swelling of the heart and an undisguised pride that Amos Grainger listened to these folk. He drew the sheet closer to his short-sighted eyes and read, among the advertisements, the following announcement:

Wanted—At once, man to take the part that no screen experience was necessary? And where else in the length and breadth of the land would it be possible to dig up another Lincoln prototype? Lincoln's face was engraved in a nation's heart; it was known and loved the world over. It was scarcely possible to duplicate that face very often!

Amos read it twice. Then he glanced across at the cloudy mirror where blonde Hilda was wont daily to view herself. Even from that distance—six feet or more—he saw that indeed he did rather closely resemble the object of his lifelong hero-worship.

Critically he examined every feature of his homely, rugged face.

Yes, undeniably he looked very like the man who had split rails and lived in a log cabin before being called to occupy the highest position in the gift of a nation. There was the same lofty brow, the hollow eye sockets, the prominent lower lip, the high cheekbones, the melancholy air, the grave and kindly eye. Amos's figure, too, tall and spare, with the slightly stooping shoulders, was much like Lincoln's.

With a wig now, and a frock coat of the style of '59, and—

But how absurd! That he, Amos Grainger, forty-five, married—ah, yes, very much married—should harbour the thought of becoming a moving picture actor! Yet stranger events occur daily. Men become celebrated over night in these rapid times.

Amos sighed. Then he crumpled up the paper and threw it into the coal scuttle. He sighed again, and stood looking reflectively into the bed of red coals that showed dimly through the open damper of the range. He was thinking of that adventurous streak in him that had never been gratified. It is in most of us to a greater or less degree.

"Why not, for once, gratify it?" spoke Amos's inner voice, the voice of his youth perhaps.

He smiled at the promptings of this daredevil spirit.

Big chance they would accept *him*! And yet why not? Didn't it state

Still engrossed in these thoughts and speculations, Amos made his way to the cosy library where he usually spent his lonely evenings. He heard his wife come downstairs and go out, so removing his boots he drew on a pair of easy slippers, stirred up the fire in the grate, and making himself very comfortable in a deep wing-chair, he took up a book and began to read. But between every line he saw the face of Abraham Lincoln, and by-and-by, finding that he was unable to concentrate his attention upon the reading, he leaned further back into the cushioned depths of his chair and resumed his pleasant conjectures.

Some moments passed. Amos's face became a veritable playground of emotions. Doubt, eagerness, pride, humour, a feeling of abashed modesty that he should so much as dream of offering himself as an impersonator of Lincoln, doubt again, renewed longing, speculation, pride once more—and then decision.

"I'll do it!" he cried aloud, slapping his knee suddenly. "We only go through life once, and I'll do it! I'll go down there right after lunch to-morrow! They'll turn me down, but I'll have the adventure anyway!"

*

The candidates for the honour of impersonating America's great man, hero, and President were many, and of varied types. Amos amused himself by looking them over as he stood, the last in a long line of applicants that stretched from the outer door of the cold and draughty ante-room, right up to the ground glass and mahogany door of the manager's

private sanctum. Next to Amos stood a short fat man whose red neck lay in three rolls on his collar. This individual had a short, bulbous nose and a squint. Beyond him there stood a tall, angular youth in a checked overcoat, with tan shoes, a *rah rah* cravat and a Charlie Chaplin manner of applying swift and sudden kicks to the shins of his neighbour.

"Cut that out!" admonished the fat man. "What'd you come down here for, anyway? Think they'll take you?"

The youth turned round.

"Sure! I used to know Abe. He was head-waiter at the Greasy Platter, where I used to feed. You ain't got a chance in the world, Fatty. Abe was a *thin* nigger and my figure and his are as like as two peas. I——"

"Gwan! Abe was no head-waiter. I knew Abe in my old home town! He played shortstop on our backlots ball-team. It was there he got his training for the Big League!"

Amos shifted his weight to his other foot and glanced along the line beyond the hopeful pair—who continued to argue—and he saw big men, little men, men with Roman noses and men with very little nose to speak of, men with receding chins and men with bulldog chins, men old, men in their prime, and men who hadn't yet voted. They were a remarkable, but scarcely convincing, lot. At length, after hours of weary waiting, and just as Amos was on the point of giving up the project and returning home, the office door up front opened, and out stepped a brisk, business-like, clean-shaven young man with One - Hundred - Per - Cent. - Efficiency written all over him.

A moment he stood there, his eyebrows raised in astonishment as he noted the long line. Some of the front men tried to push forward, but he held up a warning forefinger.

He began to pass down the line and he smiled—his smile growing broader as he went. Never, in his whole ex-

perience as a movie manager, had he encountered so much blind optimism as this.

He shook his head at each man as he passed along, disregarding all of the eager overtures, the importunities, the complaints.

Then he came to the end man, Amos Grainger. He stopped.

"Ha!" he ejaculated, and his amused smile faded, while a keen look replaced the contemptuous one in his eyes. "Ha! *You'll do!*"

Amos had begun to lose interest in the affair. He stood, with a weary, bored expression on his face, scarcely hearing what the manager was saying. He submitted to a close and detailed scrutiny of his features and figure, and then, at the other's request he followed him into the inner room, the rejected applicants dispersing, some in high dudgeon, others sorrowfully, but most of them with an indifference that was born of many like disappointments.

"Do you know the Gettysburg Speech?" demanded the manager of Amos, as he pointed to a seat.

"By heart?" returned the accepted applicant, his heart beating so thickly he was afraid he would choke. "I do! I have known it since I was in knee trousers."

"Good! That does away with one difficulty then. You won't require to learn *that*. Now listen."

The speaker proceeded to give detailed directions for standing, walking, gesturing and even speaking.

"But—but this is *screen* drama, isn't it?" interjected Amos at one point. "Why, then, do I have to do any speaking?"

"Because," replied the efficient young man, pressing the tips of his long white fingers together and smiling tolerantly, "because, my dear sir, the movement of the lips is something that we have to reckon with. Formerly, before our art was properly understood, before *we managers* had fully learned it, in fact, or estimated the tremendous business it would lead

to and the increasing rate of speed at which criticism would be hurled at us, we put on some very careless, immature plays. The actors and actresses would carry on a wholly irrelevant conversation during, say, the progress of a love scene or a marriage ceremony. In one case that I know of, the officiating clergyman, instead of speaking the words in the book that he held, asked the groom which he preferred, chicken a la king or lobster a la Newburg for luncheon, and a group of deaf-mutes who witnessed the play in some middle western city understood perfectly what was being said and reported it *verbatim* to the papers. And even people who are not deaf or mute, but are, nevertheless, expert lip readers——”

“I see,” said Amos, nodding. “And so I must throw myself into the part—actions, speech, and all.”

“Exactly. You have, of course, attended motion picture exhibitions?”

“Y-yes, oh yes. My—er—my wife and I go quite frequently.”

“Good. Then you understand how mercilessly accurate the camera is. It records *everything*. Many actors shrink from what we call a ‘close-up’ because it reveals every least wrinkle, every wart, every blemish.”

“Will—will I have to have a ‘close-up’?”

“Of course. But you need not fear. Your face resembles Lincoln’s so closely—why, my dear sir, you fairly took my breath away out there when my eye fell upon you! I do not overpraise. My opinions are always conservative. I seldom go into ecstasies over people, but believe me, my dear Mr. ——”

“Grainger.”

“My dear Mr. Grainger, never have I looked upon a face that seemed to me to be such an *exact replica* of Abraham Lincoln’s!”

“That—that’s what many people have told me,” said Amos, thrilling with rapture, while a flush mounted to his sallow cheeks.

“I do not wonder. This will probably make my fortune—and yours too. I have made a find! I shall have to guard you jealously.”

And the speaker sent an arch glance at Amos, who was twirling his hat about to hide the trembling of his hands.

“Your salary now——” and the manager coughed deprecatingly. “I hardly dare name a figure——”

“Oh—*salary*! I—I had forgotten the salary,” said Amos, blind indeed to everything but the high honour that had just been conferred upon him.

“Of course, in the picture profession we can afford to give big salaries,” continued the young manager blandly. “We have some high-priced stars—people who receive each week the equivalent of a king’s ransom. There is Polly Mickord and Marguerite Darke, and Genevieve Parrar, and Millard Wacke and Alice Grady and Roscoe Shoebuckle and Charlie Maplin and hosts of others, Mr. Grainger. Now—ahem—What do you say to five thousand a week, to start on?”

Amos’s heart skipped a beat.

“Eh?” he demanded, blinking.

“Five——”

“Five thousand dollars a week.”

“Five *thousand*?”

“Five thousand dollars a week.”

“My dear sir, you—you are stringing me!”

“Indeed not!”

Sudden tears rose to Amos’s eyes, and he dove into a rear pocket and brought forth a polka-dotted handkerchief which he used vigorously.

“Now, Mr. Grainger, go over to that side of the room nearest to the window,” directed the young man, returning to his old business-like manner. “But don’t stand in the light, I want to get your three-quarters face or profile. Yes—that will do nicely. Now, imagine you have a frock coat on and a vest that has one button—undone. (Yes, that’s right, undo a button of your own

vest.) Now thrust your left hand into the aperture—easily, you know, not self-consciously. There! Now you have something approaching a statesmanlike attitude.”

“What—what shall I do with my other hand?”

“Thrust it out before you, palm outward and down. You are referring to the graves of the Gettysburg heroes, you know. ‘These dead shall not have died in vain,’ and so on. Yes, that is something like it. Hold your head up. You are proud—proud of those dead. Try to assume an exalted expression. Now, Mr. Grainger, repeat the great speech—slowly, distinctly, giving each golden word its full value,”

“‘Four score and seven years ago,’” began Amos, in a voice that shook slightly, but grew firmer as he proceeded, “‘our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.’”

“Fine! Go on.”

“‘Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any other nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure.’”

Amos cleared his throat and proceeded with the speech, while the manager leaned back in his swivel chair, one eye partly closed, watching Amos critically. As the latter neared the end of the famous address, his voice rose full and clear and resonant. His soul seemed to have cast loose from the body, and to be rising high, high, and yet higher, until it had attained the topmost crest of patriotic fervour at the clause:

“... and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth!”

But what had happened? Amos Grainger suddenly felt his shoulder violently shaken. The manager’s face faded, faded—like one of his own “slow dissolves”. Everything grew dark.

Then everything grew light! And a voice behind him spake unto him, saying:

“Amos Grainger, do you know that it is a quarter to twelve, and that you’ve let the furnace fire out, and forgotten to wind the clock and put the cat down cellar? And what was that you were mumbling about, ‘Government of the people’? I’ll have you to understand that you’ll vote as I vote!”

“Yes, my dear,” and Amos sighed, stretched himself, rose slowly, concealed a yawn and prepared to attend to his neglected evening tasks.

His wife spoke again. This time her voice was a trifle less harsh.

“You’ll find a small parcel on the hall table. It is a little gift I bought for you this evening. I had quite forgotten until I went out, that this was your birthday, but ‘better late than never’. It is a picture of your idol, Abraham Lincoln. If you would try a little harder to be more like that great man, try to emulate—”

“Yes, my dear,” interjected Amos. “Thank you very much, my dear.”

And after he had wound the clock he departed thence and took his way down to the lower regions, where it came to pass that he spent a strenuous half hour shaking down “clinkers” and shovelling coal and coaxing a new fire along—a labour that brought into play more muscle and involved a greater degree of patience and perseverance than ever could have been required of that ancient form of toil known as “rail-splitting”.

CURRENT EVENTS

By Lindsay Crawford.

CANADA'S part in the great war is represented in terms of finance by an additional loan of one hundred million dollars, which will, it is safe to predict, be over-subscribed. The Finance Minister wisely decided to place this loan on the home market. It requires no expert economist to appreciate the advantages of such a course. When peace comes Canada will occupy a stronger position if a good part of the interest on her war loans is payable to her own people instead of to the foreigner. Nor will the country need to be informed that a national war loan, like any other money obligation, will be more easily met the greater the economy practised on the part of the nation, as well as of the individual. Circulation has been given to the mischievous suggestion that Government waste and extravagance at the beginning of the war were excusable, on the ground that the suddenness of war and the unpreparedness of the Allies gave little opportunity for a rigid control of expenditure. In any case, it required no gift of statesmanship to understand the danger of awarding to foreigners contracts which home manufacturers were only too eager to obtain. Then there was and always is the fear that through the enormous cost of the war and the habit of thinking in millions, those responsible for expenditure might lose their sense of proportion. What has happened in the case of human life

may very well happen in the sphere of finance. Men no longer value human life as they did before the war. The emotions are no longer stirred by the reports that thousands of casualties take place each week on the fighting fronts. Men and women who stood appalled by the horror of the *Titanic* tragedy give no more thought to the daily lists of killed and wounded. Our fine sense of values has been destroyed. This blunting of the sense of values is seen also in the case of at least one Canadian city council, which attempted to evade its obligations solemnly entered into with its citizens who enlisted for overseas service.

These reflections lead one inevitably to the conclusion that unless steps are now taken, while the war sentiment is still strong, to make adequate provision for the future of disabled and returned soldiers, the advent of peace and the reversion to normal conditions may find the country forgetting its duty to those who have fought its battles. I well remember the return to England of the troops that had been engaged in the South African war. The first arrivals received a royal welcome. There were echoes of Mafeking night, when London went riotously mad, intoxicated by the reaction from the long series of reverses. But it was noted by many soldiers who were not fortunate enough to be among the earlier arrivals that the chilling depression of an English

dockyard or landing-stage with thousands of men crowding the transport's sides from the moment the cliffs of England were sighted, and looking eagerly for the welcoming cheers of grateful countrymen that never were uttered, was one of the greatest tragedies of war. The public memory is short-lived. Reconstruction after the war in so far as the future of Canadian soldiers is concerned, should now be enjoying the attention of the best minds of the nation.

✱

PROHIBITION IN ONTARIO

Ontario is numbered with the dry belts. On September 16th prohibition came into force for a period of three years. During this period no liquor will be sold within the Province save for medicinal or scientific purposes. Various are the causes assigned for this sweeping change in public sentiment. That many moderate drinkers were prepared to make some sacrifice during the war was, without doubt, a deciding factor in bringing about the change. The campaign of the Committee of One Hundred laid emphasis on the fact that economy would help to win the war, and that abstinence from drink would be a practical form of economy. All the Allied countries saw the necessity of greater abstinence in the fight with Germany. Vodka, absinthe and whisky were placed under ban as obstacles to military efficiency in war-time, and total abstinence during the period of the war became a popular method of "doing one's bit", even in the most exalted circles. That such abstinence must result in good for all the nations concerned goes without saying. Whether they will ever again revert to former habits is doubtful. These changes are not the result of special legislation so much as of the transforming habits of the people. The drinking customs of a past generation are no longer held in reverence. Temperance reformers will be wise not to attempt to drive public opinion. No intelligent man likes to

be shepherded into the Kingdom of Heaven. Nor can a nation be saved by acts of Parliament. Now that the Committee of One Hundred has put its hand to the plough, it must not turn back. It must see to it that the sober workman is not a sober slave, and that sumptuary laws that discriminate more heavily against the poor man than the rich will not be an additional excuse for starvation wages that drive so many people to drown their financial worries in the glass that cheers. By all means a sober Canada, but in Heaven's name let us have a Canada in which freedom as well as sobriety will be championed by social reformers. I have heard of blatant social reformers who have waxed fat these war times by reducing their staffs, as well as the salaries of those who remained in their employment. But I have not discovered a Committee of One Hundred to champion the rights of these victims of pious charlatans who carry big Bibles on the Sabbath and occupy the front seats in the synagogue.

✱

THE BEST PHASE OF THE WAR.

What many hope is the best phase of the war is now in full blast on every front. The fighting is undergoing a decided change, and is gradually assuming more of the character of open, above-ground warfare. The campaign in the Balkans is developing rapidly, and promises to eliminate, at an early date, some of the ill-advised supporters of the Kaiser. There is no longer any doubt of an Allied victory. The only point that remains unsolved is as to the staying powers of Germany when hemmed in by her victorious adversaries. With a shortened line of defence, and her internal organization adapted to straitened conditions, it may be possible for the war to drag on for another year. So much depends on the German diplomatists, who must now be deeply immersed in the study of alternative plans for saving the Kaiser's face. And so much depends

upon the temper of the German people, and the plans of Allied statesmen. Anything short of the complete overthrow of the Hohenzollern dynasty, and of the military system on which it rests its arrogant claim of divine rights, would be indignantly rejected by Canadians. That, at least, is the temper of the man in the street. There is every indication that the British citizen is equally determined to overthrow any Government that would propose an unsatisfactory peace. Armoured cars of a most peculiar design are now employed by the British in pushing the Germans back on the western front. They are a sort of dry-land battleship, running over ditches and uneven ground as easily as a Dreadnought surmounts the rolling waves. I had a letter a few days ago from a British officer whose regiment had just suffered heavily in one of the advances north of the Somme. Of the total casualties, he observed, eighty per cent. would be back in the ranks in a few days, their wounds were so trivial. He further remarked that things are not quite so bad at the front as the lists of casualties seem to indicate. Everything that ingenuity can suggest and science devise is being done to save the British infantry during their incessant offensive.

One of the most extraordinary features of this war is the part it plays as a show-place for favoured visitors. Jealously guarded against spies, the zones are freely traversed by those provided with the magic pass from headquarters. Many distinguished Canadians have been honoured by invitations to visit the front and carry away vivid impressions of the bloodiest war in history. In olden times it was customary for non-combatants to follow the fortunes of the army in the field, but since the Napoleonic wars the opportunities have been few and far between.

*

LABOUR AND DEMOCRACY

Mr. N. W. Rowell, K.C., M.P.P.,

the Opposition leader in the Province of Ontario, has just arrived home after a visit to the western front. During his trip to Europe he has met the leading statesmen of France and England, and has come back armed with a budget of facts and figures as to conditions in the old land. Few men in Canada have such an intelligent grasp of the problems of the day, or are so alive to the democratic tendencies of the age. Canada is far in the wake of some European countries in democratic thought. It possesses no Labour Party, and is wanting in the keen demand for reforms that characterized the United Kingdom ten years ago. The rise of the latent democratic movement in Great Britain synchronized with the close of the South African war. There has been nothing like it in Canada. So long as Labour remains as it is in the Dominion progress will be slow. It is doubtful if British Liberalism would have broken with its old traditions in 1906 had not Labour sent to Parliament a force independent of both the historic parties and strong enough to command attention. The result was the assimilation of Liberal doctrines to Labour demands, and the close co-operation of all the democratic forces throughout the country. I doubt if in Canada the Labour leaders can command an independent following sufficiently strong to shake free of Liberal and Conservative affiliations. Every workingman in Canada, so to speak, carries the presidency of a railway or a bank in his dinner pail. He hopes some day to be an employer of labour and is not particularly anxious to make things hard for himself when he reaches that estate. Not so in Great Britain. Class distinctions there operate to an extent undreamt of in Canada, and the man who is born a workman in nine cases out of ten dies a workman. Great changes are bound to follow the close of the war. Will social reform be the big issue? Everything points to a lining up of parties on the great question of Imperial reconstruction. It

is possible that the next general election in Canada will be fought on this issue. Conservatism has lost ground in recent elections throughout the Provinces, and unless they manage to dish the Liberals by going the whole hog on social legislation there is every likelihood of the Liberals greatly improving their standing at Ottawa. There is one thing, perhaps, that should reconcile any party to defeat. For after the war there will be the thankless task of liquidating a colossal national debt, and the difficulties that must be confronted in any policy of reconstruction put forward.

In Great Britain these questions are being studied by all classes. One regiment in the war is known as the Artists' Rifles, and now there is *The Artists' Rifles Journal*, the first copy of which has appeared. These artists, even, are taking up the subject of

employment after the war. An editorial in the first issue is in part as follows:

We are rather an octopean body—we Artists' Rifles—and our tentacles stretch out into every regiment in the British army. That means a great deal. It means that as a body we can be of incalculable value in solving those problems of employment, which, unless handled in time, will be bound to assume enormous proportions. It is up to us to prescribe limits to those problems; and let each one of us who reads this journal, this faltering first effort, realize his responsibilities as a unit, and an important unit of the Empire, one who has been a leader of men.

The importance of the individual has never been greater than now, and his responsibilities increase in a like ratio. Each of us must think out wherein he can help, and help others to help in reducing the sorrow and anxiety which would otherwise mar the first few years of peace, and which would handicap a speedy recovery from the devastations of war.



THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE HEART OF RACHEL

By KATHLEEN NORRIS. Toronto: William Briggs.

ALTHOUGH this novel deals with some of the deplorable aspects of alcohol, it is by no means a temperance tract. It is, on the other hand, an exceptionally fine novel, containing several excellent characterizations, one in particular, that of Rachel Breckenridge, being an unusually brilliant portrait. This woman gradually discovers, during her honeymoon at Paris, that she is married to a man who has social position at Newport and wealth to support it, but who has, as an offset to these advantages, an uninteresting personality and a profound addiction to drunkenness. He has, as well, as a result of a former marriage, a daughter of the butterfly type, and apparently his sole object in marrying a second wife was to provide a safe companion for this daughter. But the daughter and the mother-in-law do not agree on all subjects, which is not an unusual situation. The mother-in-law, however, does the best she can in all the circumstances, and because of her own beauty, her own poise and will-power, she is able to relieve many on awkward incident. She is an unusually beautiful woman, unusually clever, and unusually tempered. She attends to all the social duties. When her husband is so much influenced by liquor that he is not fit to attend a dinner party to which they have been invited, the wife makes the excuses as best she can. When the daughter engages in a dan-

gerous flirtation the wife interferes at the right moment. All this goes well enough for a time, but it is a case where time will not heal wounds that are being opened repeatedly. So that Rachel at length begins to think about divorce. She considers her youth, her desires, her possibilities. But one real condition confronts her: she is penniless apart from the money that comes from her husband. But the mood has possessed her, and she indulges it, until at length, on one particular night when her husband is so bad that he has sent for the doctor, she determines to end it. The doctor discovers her alone in the library. He and she have been intimate friends for years, and in a moment of desperation she unburdens her heart. The doctor is sympathetic, so sympathetic, indeed, that they fall in love with each other. After a very brief exchange, the doctor goes upstairs to attend the prostrate husband. In a short time the way is open for Rachel and the doctor to marry. But Rachel, who by this time is passionately in love with her new husband, discovers that he has had involving relations with a woman who now comes darkly between them. Here is a new vice, and she finds that no sooner has she got away from one than she becomes entangled with another. Which is the worse? She did not love her first husband, so that there was only disgust and impatience. But now, when her whole being has been awakened, it is different. We must leave the reader to discover how Rachel confronts this severe ordeal and faces the world in the face of it.



MR. S. T. WOOD

Author of "The Rambles of a Canadian Naturalist."
From a snapshot taken while admiring a wayside flower

THE ANVIL

By LAWRENCE BINYON. London: Elkin Mathews.

BINYON is too good a poet to need any words of praise. This little book of his verse is one of the fine examples of what is being done in literature as a direct result of the war. We quote "Fetching the Wounded":

At the road's end glimmer the station
lights;
How small beneath the immense hollow
of night's
Lonely and living silence! Air that raced
And tingled on the eyelids as we faced
The long road stretched between the pop-
lars flying
To the dark behind us, shuddering and
sighing
With phantom foliage, lapses into hush.
Magical supersession! The loud rush
Swims into quiet; midnight reassumes
Its solitude; there's nothing but great
glooms,
Blurred stars; whispering gusts; the hum
of wires.

And swerving leftwards upon noiseless
tires
We glide over the grass that smells of dew.
A wave of wonder bathes my body
through!
For there in the headlamps' gloom-sur-
rounded beam
Tall flowers spring before us, like a dream,
Each luminous little green leaf intimate
And motionless, distinct and delicate
With powdery white bloom fresh upon the
stem,
As if that clear beam had created them
Out of the darkness. Never so intense
I felt the pang of beauty's innocence,
Earthly and yet unearthly.

A sudden call!

We leap to ground, and I forget it all.
Each hurries on his errand; lanterns
swing;
Dark shapes cross and re-cross the rails;
we bring
Stretchers, and pile and number them;
and heap
The blankets ready. Then we wait and
keep
A listening ear. Nothing comes yet; all's
still.
Only soft gusts upon the wires blow shrill
Fitfully, with a gentle spot of rain.
Then 'ere one knows it, the long gradual
train
Creeps quietly in and slowly stops. No
sound
But a few voices' interchange. Around
Is the immense night-stillness, the expanse
Of faint stars over all the wounds of
France.

Now stale odour of blood mingles with
keen
Pure smell of grass and dew. Now lan-
terns' sheen
Falls on brown faces opening patient eyes
And lips of gentle answers, where each
lies
Supine upon his stretcher, black of beard
Or with young cheeks; on caps and tunics
smeared.
And stained, white bandages round foot
or head
Or arm, discoloured here and there with
red.
Some of all corners of wide France; from
Lille,
Douay, the land beneath the invader's
heel,
Champagne, Touraine, the fisher-villages
Of Brittany, the valleyed Pyrenees,

Blue coasts of the south, old Paris streets,
Argonne,
Of ever smouldering battle, that anon
Leaps furious, brothered them in arms.
They fell

In the trenched forest scarred with reeking shell.
 Now strange the sound comes round them
 in the night
 Of English voices. By the tapering light
 Quickly we have borne them, one by one,
 to the air,
 And sweating in the dark lift up with care,
 Tense-sinewed, each to his place. The cars
 at last
 Complete their burden: slowly, and then
 fast.
 We glide away.

And the dim round of sky,
 Infinite and silent, broods unseeingly
 Over the shadowy uplands rolling black
 Into far woods, and the long road we track
 Bordered with apparitions, as we pass
 Of trembling poplars and lamp-whitened
 grass.
 A brief procession fitting like a thought
 Through a brain drowsing into slumber;
 nought
 But we awake in the solitude immense!
 But hurting the vague dumbness of my
 sense
 Are fancies wandering the night: there
 steals
 Into my heart, like something that one
 feels
 In darkness, the still presence of far
 homes
 Lost in deep country, and in little rooms
 The vacant bed. I touch the world of pain
 That is so silent. Then I see again
 Only those infinitely patient faces
 In the lantern beam, beneath the night's
 vast spaces,
 Amid the shadows and scented dew;
 And those illumined flowers, springing
 anew
 In freshness like a smile of secrecy
 From the gloom-buried earth, returns to
 me.
 The village sleeps; blank walls, and win-
 dows barred.
 But lights are moving in the hushed court-
 yard
 As we glide up to the open door. The Chief
 Gives every man his order, prompt and
 brief.
 We carry up our wounded one by one.
 The first cock crows; the morrow is begun.

*

FRIENDS OF FRANCE

By Members of the Field Service
 of the American Ambulance. To-
 ronto: Thomas Allen.

IF for nothing more than its eighty-
 eight illustrations, many of which
 are reproductions of photographs act-

ually taken in the zone of the war,
 this book would be well worth pub-
 lishing. But the text is, as well, of
 uncommon interest. It contains the
 direct record of the work done by
 Americans in giving succour to the
 French in Flanders. The ambulance
 service, the organization of which was
 in itself a great undertaking, was able
 to do a much-needed work. In read-
 ing about it one gets glimpses of act-
 ual conditions that are really enlight-
 ening.

*

A CHANT OF LOVE FOR EN- LAND

By HELEN GRAY CONE. Toronto: J.
 M. Dent and Sons.

THIS is a most attractive volume
 of miscellaneous verse, some of
 which is a direct result of the war.
 The first, which gives the title to the
 book, has a fine patriotic flavour. We
 quote it in full:

A CHANT FOR LOVE OF ENGLAND

A song of hate is a song of hell;
 Some there be that sing it well,
 Let them sing it loud and long,
 We lift our hearts in a loftier song:
 We lift our hearts to Heaven above,
 Singing the glory of her we love—
 England!

Glory of thought and glory of deed,
 Glory of Hampden and Runnymede;
 Glory of ships that sought far goals,
 Glory of swords and glory of souls!
 Glory of songs mounting as birds,
 Glory immortal of magical words; ;
 Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,
 Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott;
 Glory of Shelley, glory of Sidney,
 Glory transcendent that perishes not—
 Hers is the story, hers be the glory—
 England!

Shatter her beauteous breasts ye may;
 The spirit of England none can slay!
 Dash the bomb on the dome of St. Paul's—
 Deem ye the fame of the Admiral falls?
 Pry the stone from the chancel floor—
 Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no
 more?

Where is the giant shot that kills
 Wordsworth walking the old green hills?
 Trample the red rose on the ground—
 Keats is beauty while earth spins round!
 Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,

Cast her ashes into the sea—
 She shall escape, she shall aspire,
 She shall arise to make men free:
 She shall arise in a sacred scorn,
 Lighting the lives that are yet unborn;
 Spirit supernal, splendour eternal—
 England!

*

GENERAL SKETCH OF THE EUROPEAN WAR

BY HILLAIRE BELLOC. Toronto: T. Nelson and Sons.

AFTER months of waiting, marked by more than usual impatience on the part of thousands of readers, the Second Phase of Mr. Hillaire Belloc's "General Sketch of the European War" has appeared. The author explains that the delay was caused by difficulties, insurmountable as they proved to be, in obtaining all the facts that he would have liked to embody in the history. This second volume is devoted to a study of the Battle of the Marne, one of the great decisive battles of the Great War. And having described it in as much detail as is possible for the contemporary historian, he makes this notable conclusion:

The Marne was that moment of issue in which a soul is saved or lost. The enormity of consequence with which those four blazing September days were filled, our generation—an inch away from them, so to speak—cannot gauge at all. We know generally, and generally state, that the Germanies have learnt their lesson imperfectly from the south and from the west; we know that of the Germanies Prussia was the basest part. We know, upon the analogy of all historical things, small and great, that the less creative, the dullest and the worst element may destroy, and has frequently attempted to destroy, the vital, the more creative, and the best. We appreciate—but dully and confusedly, like men not yet fully recovered of a fever, their bodies still full of pain and their minds clouded—that the presence of death is removed, and that the corner of the road is turned; there is even a landscape before us. We owe that salvation to the Marne.

But all these things are still in flux, unstable within our minds. Those for whom the large persment of history is

absent or imperfect or forgotten, and those who grasped very slowly (being in a secure place) the magnitude of the affair, may still, even after twenty months, ask me, perhaps with irony, whether I have not distorted to exaggeration the vast scale of those September days.

No, I have not so distorted them. Upon the contrary, I find here in these concluding words of mine a sort of impotence. The thing is far too great for my pen. Said St. Jerome of the Auxiliaries sacking Rome at last: "Perdidi vocabulum." I might repeat that phrase.

I have throughout this book dealt with the story of the Marne as military problems should be dealt with, I think—that is, so that one indifferent to the victory of either side should be able from my narrative to comprehend the movement of troops and their effect, and be disturbed by nothing else.

Had it been my task to turn to the awful reality, the living powers at work behind and beneath these phenomena of strategy and of tactics, I would surely have attempted a vision of personal spirits in conflict far beyond the scale of mankind. In such an attempt, I should have failed. A thousand years will pass, and no historian will ever successfully record it.

*

THE GERMANS AND AFRICA

BY EVANS LEWIN. Toronto: Cassell and Company.

THIS is a book which reveals in a convincing manner the far-sighted and determined plans of Germany to increase her holdings in Africa. The author gives abundant evidence of a close acquaintance with the subject, and while he discloses the German policy of putting a finger on the map and saying, "Here we must go, and here, and here. This must be joined with that. Here we must establish towns, here drive railways, here win some scrap of territory now held by Britain, or France, or Belgium," and so on. A perusal of the book convinces one that official Germany has been constantly scheming and conniving for her own aggrandizement at the expense of her sister nations. It is a book that should be read for an understanding of the colonial ambitions of the German Empire.

TWICE-TOLD TALES

DOOMED

Here is a specimen of Australian frightfulness found in the advertising columns of a Melbourne paper:

"We refuse to supply the Kaiser with ——'s Herbal Skin Ointment. Let him suffer."

Even the thickest skin must feel this.—*Manchester Guardian*.

*

SHE WAS PREPARED

The Bishop of London is very fond of telling stories of his life in the East End. Recently he told me a yarn of a certain woman who fell from a third-storey window and was picked up dead. He added that he went to her neighbour and remarked: "I am afraid Mrs. Jones was not prepared?" "Oh, yes, she was," replied the neighbour, "because as she passed my window in her fall I heard her say, 'Now for the bump.'"—*London Citizen*.

*

HIS PARTNER HAD THE "ROSE"

He was a member of the Stock Exchange. Generally he went out to lunch punctually, but last Alexandra Day he was found pacing impatiently up and down long after his usual hour for feeding.

"Hullo!" said a friend. "Aren't you lunching to-day? I'll stay here and take your 'calls', if you like, old man."

The Scot looked apprehensive.

"Thanks, very much," he said, "but I'll not go out the noo. I'll just wait till my partner comes back—he's got the rose, you see!"

IN THE AIR

"So he praised her singing, did he?"

"Yes, said it was heavenly."

"Did he really say that?"

"Well, not exactly; but he probably meant that. He said it was unearthly."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

*

Various dishes in the Hungarian restaurant were numbered for the convenience of the waiters and the benefit of the patrons. A young couple entered. The orchestra struck up the "William Tell" overture. Turning to her escort, the young woman said: "That's familiar—what is it?" The man glanced up at the orchestra and saw the number three displayed. Then, with the air of one who is accustomed to café life, he looked up No. 3 on the bill of fare. "That," he replied, when he had located it, "is 'Filet Mignon,' by Champignons."—*New York Tribune*.

*

THE MIGHTY McDONALDS

Martin Sheridan was telling Pat McDonald a story about the athletes in Ireland, says Bob Edgren.

"I hear there's a young fellow over there who can throw the 56-pound weight over fifty feet with one hand," said Martin.

"Go on," said Pat. "It's impossible. No man living will ever do that."

"But his name is McDonald," said Martin.

"One of us McDonalds!" exclaimed Pat. "Well, maybe it's true. I'd not be a bit surprised."

HEARING AT LAST

There was a terrible dynamite explosion near a small town the other day. An old lady, hearing it, turned toward the door of her sitting-room and said:

"Come in, Bella."

When her servant entered the room she said:

"Do you know, Bella, my hearing is evidently improving. I heard you knock at the door for the first time in twenty years."—*Tit-Bits*.

*

AN OBSTACLE
THE DEADLOCK EXPLAINED

"Before I left the United States," said Col. George Harvey recently in London, "I agreed with a Columbia professor who said preponderant power in men and money was bound to win the war; but now I have a stronger argument—one which fell from the lips of a recruiting-sergeant in the Strand yesterday.

"Don't you want to be on the winning side?" said the soldier to a group of civilians who he was suggesting should don khaki.

"How do you know ours will be the winning side?" asked a prospective recruit.

"Well, my lad," said the sergeant, "you know the Germans have been trying for more than a year and a half to win, and have failed, don't you?"

"Yes," replied the questioner.

"Well, then, we've been trying to lose during the same period, and we couldn't."—*New York Herald*.

*

THE WORRIED WIDOWER

"He says his poor children need another mother."

"Then why doesn't he take one home to them?"

"It seems that the children pay the rent, and they are very hard to convince."—*Exchange*.

SYMPATHETIC TOMMY

"Run upstairs, Tommy, and bring baby's nightgown," said Tommy's mother.

"Don't want to," said Tommy.

"Oh, Tommy! If you are not kind to your new little sister she'll put on her wings and fly back to heaven."

Tommy's reply came.

"Well, let her put on her wings and fly upstairs for her nightgown!"

*

A sergeant was entering a new enlistee into his book. "And where do you hail from, Angus Macdonald—England, Scotland or Ireland?" he asked with a sarcastic smile at the six-foot brawny giant. "Nane o' them," was the ready answer. "De ye ken whaur Aberdeen is? Weel, I come frae Aberdeen."

*

PRUNING IT

Not long ago the editor of an English paper ordered a story of a certain length, but when the story arrived he discovered that the author had written several hundred words too many.

The paper was already late in going to press, so there was no alternative—the story must be condensed to fit the allotted space. Therefore the last paragraphs were cut down to a single sentence. It read thus:

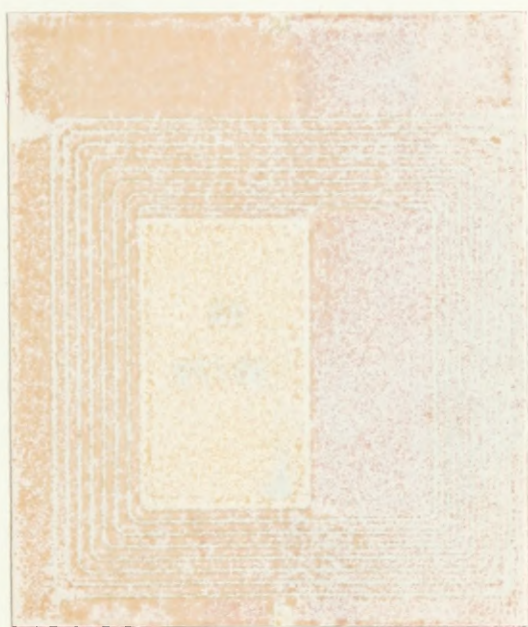
"The Earl took a Scotch high-ball, his hat, his departure, no notice of his pursuers, a revolver out of his hip-pocket, and, finally, his life."—*Everybody's*.

*

"Yes, grandma, I am to be married during the bright and gladsom spring."

"But, my dear," said grandma earnestly, "you are very young. Do you feel that you are fitted for married life?"

"I am being fitted now, grandma," explained the prospective bride sweetly. "Seventeen gowns!"—*London Opinion*.



GIG
REF
CIR
SR

REF
CIR ✓



